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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

U.K. welcomes Iggy Pop

(Page 7)

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(and nobody else's)

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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending March 5, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	WHEN I NEED YOU	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	6	1
2	(4)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Heatwave (GTO)	5	2
3	(5)	CHANSON D'AMOUR	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	4	3
4	(3)	DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA	Julie Covington (MCA)	10	1
5	(9)	ROMEO	Mr.Big (EMI)	3	5
6	(7)	JACK IN THE BOX	Moments (All Platinum)	5	6
7	(2)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US	David Soul (Private Stock)	10	1
8	(6)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY	Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes (CBS)	6	4
9	(13)	THIS IS TOMORROW	Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	3	9
10	(18)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS	Mary MacGregor (Ariola)	2	10
11	(10)	SING ME	The Brothers (Bus Stop)	6	10
12	(24)	SOUND AND VISION	David Bowie (RCA)	3	12
13	(16)	THEY SHOOT HORSES DON'T THEY	Racing Cars (Chrysalis)	3	13
14	(19)	WHAT CAN I SAY	Boz Scaggs (CBS)	5	14
15	(8)	SIDE SHOW	Barry Biggs (Dynamic)	10	3
16	(14)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY	Thelma Houston (Motown)	5	14
17	(20)	BABY I KNOW	Rubettes (State)	2	17
18	(11)	DADDY COOL	Boney M. (Atlantic)	9	5
19	(22)	SATURDAY NITE	Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	2	19
20	(26)	ROCKARIA	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2	20
21	(—)	KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU	Abba (Epic)	1	21
22	(25)	MORE THAN A FEELING	Boston (Epic)	5	22
23	(17)	CAR WASH	Rose Royce (MCA)	9	5
24	(28)	MIGHTY POWER OF LOVE	Tavares (Capitol)	2	24
25	(29)	GO YOUR OWN WAY	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	2	25
26	(—)	DARLIN' DARLIN' BABY	O'Jays (Philadelphia)	1	26
27	(—)	MAYBE I'M AMAZED	Wings (Parlophone)	1	27
28	(12)	ISN'T SHE LOVELY	David Parton (Pye)	8	4
29	(27)	YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING	Real Thing (Pye)	2	27
30	(12)	SUSPICION	Elvis Presley (RCA)	7	7

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
MOODY BLUE — Elvis Presley (RCA); CRAZY WATER — Elton John (Rocket); GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF — Stranglers (United Artists); ANOTHER SUITCASE IN ANOTHER HALL — Barbara Dickson (MCA).

ALBUMS

Week ending March 5, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest Position
1	(1)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS	(EMI)	5	1
2	(2)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	4	2
3	(4)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	8	3
4	(3)	EVITA	Various Artists (MCA)	8	1
5	(11)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	15	1
6	(6)	20 GREAT HEARTBREAKERS	(K-Tel)	4	6
7	(10)	LOW	David Bowie (RCA)	7	7
8	(5)	DAVID SOUL	(Private Stock)	13	2
9	(12)	MOTORVATIN'	Chuck Berry (Chess)	5	9
10	(7)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	20	1
11	(9)	RED RIVER VALLEY	Slim Whitman (United Artists)	8	1
12	(16)	BOSTON	(Epic)	4	12
13	(8)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	10	4
14	(20)	WHITE ROCK	Rick Wakeman (A&M)	5	13
15	(19)	WIND AND WUTHERING	Genesis (Charisma)	8	8
16	(13)	ABBA GREATEST HITS	(Epic)	48	1
17	(14)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	(EMI)	9	8
18	(15)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	13	8
19	(—)	STATUS QUO LIVE	(Phonogram)	1	19
20	(17)	DANCE TO THE MUSIC	(K-Tel)	4	17
21	(18)	SONGS FROM THE WOOD	Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	2	18
22	(28)	IN YOUR MIND	Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	2	22
23	(30)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	2	23
24	(21)	JOHNNY THE FOX	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	10	9
25	(22)	A DAY AT THE RACES	Queen (EMI)	11	2
26	(—)	THEIR GREATEST HITS	Eagles (Asylum)	38	1
27	(24)	22 GOLDEN GREATS	Bert Weedon (Warwick)	13	3
28	(—)	GREATEST HITS	Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons (K-Tel)	15	4
29	(—)	ELVIS IN DEMAND	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	29
30	(—)	BEST OF LENA MARTELL	(Pye)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
VISIONS — Don Williams (ABC); PETER GABRIEL (Charisma); BEST OF TONY BENNETT (Warwick); BEST OF JOHN DENVER II (RCA); JOAN ARMATRADING (A&M).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending March 6, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(4)	LOVE THEME FROM 'A STAR IS BORN'	Barbra Streisand
2	(1)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS	Mary Macgregor
3	(3)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller
4	(5)	I LIKE DREAMIN'	Kenny Nolan
5	(6)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
6	(7)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
7	(8)	DANCING QUEEN	Abba
8	(14)	RICH GIRL	Daryl Hall & John Oates
9	(10)	CARRY ON WAYWARD SON	Kansas
10	(11)	GO YOUR OWN WAY	Fleetwood Mac
11	(12)	THE THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE	10 c.c.
12	(13)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY	Thelma Houston
13	(2)	NEW KID IN TOWN	Eagles
14	(15)	BOOGIE CHILD	Bee Gees
15	(16)	LONG TIME	Boston
16	(20)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US	David Soul
17	(9)	ENJOY YOURSELF	Jacksons
18	(18)	LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE	Smokie
19	(28)	MAYBE I'M AMAZED	Wings
20	(27)	CRACKERBOX PALACE	George Harrison
21	(19)	BLINDED BY THE LIGHT	Manfred Mann
22	(29)	SAY YOU'LL STAY	Tom Jones
23	(—)	DO YA	Electric Light Orchestra
24	(21)	SAVE IT FOR A RAINY DAY	Stephen Bishop
25	(—)	SO IN TO YOU	Atlanta Rhythm Section
26	(—)	THE FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST	Rod Stewart
27	(17)	WEEKEND IN NEW ENGLAND	Barry Manilow
28	(—)	FREE	Deniece Williams
29	(22)	LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE	Bread
30	(—)	HERE COMES THOSE TEARS AGAIN	Jackson Browne

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending March 6, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	A STAR IS BORN	Streisand, Kristofferson
2	(2)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
3	(4)	BOSTON	Boston
4	(5)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd
5	(13)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
6	(3)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
7	(7)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
8	(8)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller Band
9	(6)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	Wings
10	(11)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
11	(9)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE	Peter Frampton
12	(12)	GREATEST HITS	Linda Ronstadt
13	(10)	TEJAS	ZZ Top
14	(15)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra
15	(14)	A DAY AT THE RACES	Queen
16	(17)	LEFTOVERTURE	Kansas
17	(19)	ASK RUFUS	Rufus Featuring Chaka Khan
18	(30)	IN FLIGHT	George Benson
19	(20)	THIS ONE'S FOR YOU	Barry Manilow
20	(16)	BEST OF THE DOOBIES	Doobie Brothers
21	(23)	LOW	David Bowie
22	(22)	LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE	Bread
23	(18)	ROCK AND ROLL OVER	Kiss
24	(26)	THE ROARING SILENCE	Manfred Mann's Earthband
25	(27)	WIND AND WUTHERING	Genesis
26	(21)	A NIGHT ON THE TOWN	Rod Stewart
27	(29)	TOYS IN THE ATTIC	Areosmith
28	(25)	FESTIVAL	Santana
29	(24)	THE LIGHT OF SMILES	Gary Wright
30	(28)	THE PRETENDER	Jackson Browne

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending March 4, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	AMERICAN PIE	Don McLean (United Artists)
1	2	SON OF MY FATHER	Chicory Tip (CBS)
6	3	WITHOUT YOU	Nilsson (RCA)
11	4	GOT TO BE THERE	Michael Jackson (Tamla Mowtown)
2	5	LOOK WOT YOU DUN	Slade (Polydor)
8	6	STORM IN A TEACUP	Fortunes (Capitol)
4	7	HAVE YOU SEEN HER	Chi-Lites (MCA)
16	8	MOTHER AND CHILD REUNION	Paul Simon (CBS)
5	9	TELEGRAM SAM	T. Rex (T. Rex)
10	10	DAY AFTER DAY	Badfinger (Apple)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending March 4, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	RELEASE ME	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
1	2	THIS IS MY SONG	Petula Clark (Pye)
3	3	PENNY LANE/STRAWBERRY FIELDS	Beatles (Parlophone)
5	4	HERE COMES MY BABY	Tremeloes (CBS)
13	5	EDELWEISS	Vince Hill (Columbia)
10	6	ON A CAROUSEL	Hollies (Parlophone)
4	7	I'M A BELIEVER	Monkees (RCA)
6	8	SNOOPY V. THE RED BARON	Royal Guardsmen (Stateside)
9	9	MELLOW YELLOW	Donovan (Pye)
8	10	PEEK-A-BOO	New Vaudeville Band (Fontana)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 2, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	LET'S TWIST AGAIN	Chubby Checker (Columbia)
2	2	THE YOUNG ONES	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	3	MARCH OF THE SIAMESE CHILDREN	Kenny Ball (Pye)
5	4	WIMOWEH	Karl Denver (Decca)
9	5	CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE	Elvis Presley (RCA)
16	6	TELL ME WHAT HE SAID	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
3	7	ROCK-A-HULA BABY	Elvis Presley (RCA)
4	8	FORGET ME NOT	Eden Kane (Decca)
10	9	A LITTLE BITTY TEAR	Burl Ives (Brunswick)
8	10	CRYING IN THE RAIN	Everly Brothers (Warner Bros.)

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

KEEF & ANITA 'HEROIN' BUST

ROLLING STONE Keith Richard and his girlfriend Anita Pallenberg have been busted in Toronto on heroin charges. In Richard's case the charge is the very serious one of "possessing heroin for the purpose of trafficking," an indictment which carries a maximum life sentence.

All of the Stones had gone to Canada to complete their new live album. On the arrival of Richard and Pallenberg, Anita was arrested at Toronto International Airport and charged with possession of hashish and heroin.

Police said ten grams of hash were found, along with a spoon which, after laboratory analysis, was said to show traces of heroin.

Flashback to Aylesbury.

It was as a result of the ensuing week-long investigation that Royal Canadian Mounted Police and provincial officers from Ontario on Sunday raided Keith Richard's hotel room and, allegedly, discovered an ounce of heroin worth approximately £600 at street prices.

Keith was arrested and taken to the home of a Toronto Justice Of The Peace. He was subsequently released on 1,000 dollars bail to appear in court on Monday next week. Anita was due to appear in court today (Thursday).

The Stones had gone to Toronto planning to hire a local club in which to record material for their upcoming double live album. The NME understands that three sides of material are already in the can, comprising cuts from their 1976 U.S. and European tours (including Knebworth).

The double live album — due late spring/early summer — will be the Stones' last under their deal with WEA, prior to the switch of Rolling Stones Records' to EMI in the UK.

At presstime, representatives of the Stones were insisting that the group would remain in Canada to complete the live album project.

Richard's bust is by far the most potentially serious ever experienced by the group, and comes only weeks after his UK drugs conviction at Aylesbury. The two events together — if the one is proved and the appeal on the other is unsuccessful — must now cast an ominous shadow over the Stones' future ability to enter the U.S. (with Keith) to tour.

ALEX RETURNS

ALEX HARVEY resumes work with the SAHB this month, despite widespread speculation in various sections of the Press, suggesting that he probably will not be re-joining them. After working together on their new album for most of the spring, the Sensational Alex Harvey Band WITH Alex will take part in several major summer events, before going on the road in the autumn.

Although no confirmation is yet forthcoming, NME understands that the SAHB is in line for one of the headlining spots in the Silver Jubilee concert at London Earls Court on June 4. As reported last week. promoter Mel Bush has denied that he is negotiating with Queen for this event.

It is also learned that the Sensationals will top the bill one night during the three-day Reading Festival at the end of August — with Thin Lizzy likely to take star billing on another night.

A spokesman for Mountain Management told NME that Harvey's autumn tour will probably take the form of week-long seasons in several selected cities. He added: "This will guard Alex against the exhaustion of day-to-day touring, which was the primary reason for his collapse last year."

The new album, which gets under way this month, is a concept set titled "Vibrania." Writing will be completed in March, routining is scheduled for April, and recording takes place in May.

Cale scraps visit

J. J. CALE has, at short notice, called off his three London concerts at the New Victoria Theatre — planned for tonight (Thursday), Friday and Saturday. But the gigs have already been re-arranged for mid-May, and existing tickets will still be valid for that period — if you are prepared to wait that long!

A spokesman for the promoters, Straight Music, told NME: "Cale played what was supposed to be a short Canadian tour last month. It was so successful that the original seven days were extended into a major 20-date tour, and he finished up completely exhausted. His management advised us there was no way Cale could come over right now — he had to go to bed and stay there!"

The London dates were to have been part of a full European tour, all of which is now off. Instead, Cale will appear at the New Victoria on May 12, 13 and 14. These re-vamped dates also fall on a Thursday, Friday and Saturday — and those people holding tickets may retain them for the corresponding days. Alternatively, cash refunds may be obtained from the point of purchase.

● Cale's concert at Dublin Stadium is put back from March 1 to April 30, and the same ticket arrangements apply.

HARPER TOUR IS OFF

ILLNESS HAS finally caught up with Roy Harper. He has had to call off the remainder of his extensive British concert tour, his first for two years, leaving 15 dates unfulfilled. He was admitted to London St. Thomas' Hospital last Thursday, and is now undergoing "investigation and treatment."

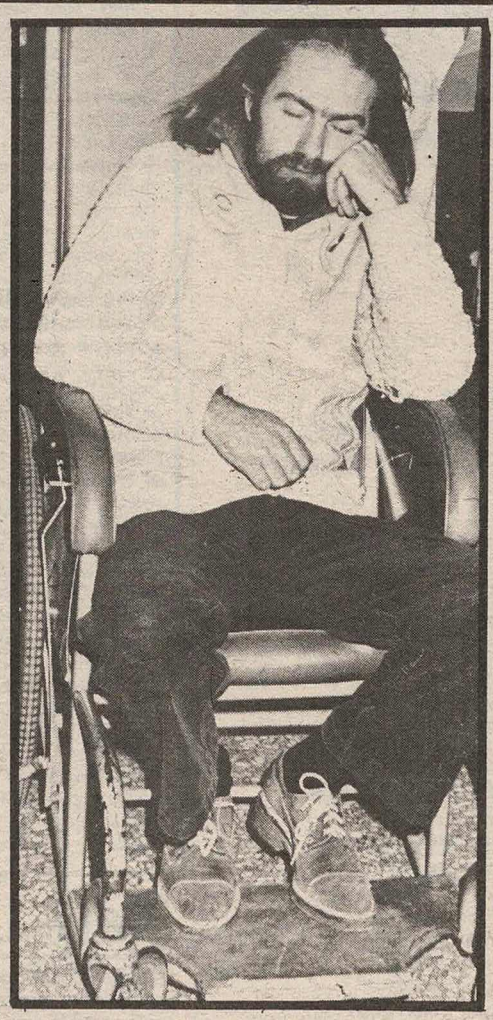
As reported by NME three weeks ago, there was some doubt as to whether the tour would ever get started, because he caught a rare infection called toxopasmosis while giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a sheep. But he appeared to make a rapid recovery, and the tour opened as planned on February 10.

As the tour progressed, Harper became more ill — until, after his gig at Birmingham Town Hall last Wednesday, doctors felt that he should be admitted to hospital. His medical adviser said that he is suffering from a suspected blood infection. "The cause is thought to be related to a known congenital disorder of the lung and blood vessels," he added.

There is as yet no evidence that the sheep kiss of life was directly responsible for Harper's latest illness, although it could well have aggravated his condition.

It is hoped to re-schedule the postponed dates as soon as possible, but no decision will be taken for about ten days, until his progress can be assessed. Ticket-holders are asked to wait until an announcement is made; if the gigs are re-set, existing tickets will remian valid for the new dates, but otherwise cash refunds will have to be claimed.

Harper and Chips were due to tour Europe after their British itinerary was completed. In the event of dates being re-arranged, it is not yet known if they would follow the band's visit to the Continent, or if the European gigs would be postponed.



ROY HARPER is wheeled into St. Thomas' Hospital.

● See also Thrills.

STOP PRESS. As NME closed for Press, Harper's manager said that his condition has worsened and is giving rise to some concern.

Billie Jo, Perkins concerts

BILLIE JO SPEARS headlines a British concert tour during the second half of April, with Carl Perkins and the Dillards as guest artists. All three acts are taking part in Mervyn Conn's Country Music Festival at Wembley Empire Pool during Easter weekend, and he is also promoting their subsequent tour.

Dates are Peterborough ABC Theatre (April 16), Oxford New Theatre (17), Aberdeen Music Hall (21), Liverpool Empire (22), Coventry Theatre (24), Croydon Fairfield Hall (27), Brighton Dome (28), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (29), Ipswich Gaumont (30) and Norwich Theatre Royal (May 1). One or two more may be added.

. . .and Edelman

RANDY EDELMAN is being lined up for a series of British concert appearances next month. Promoter Dudley Russell is still finalising dates, and expects to announce the full itinerary next week. The first venue to be confirmed is Croydon Fairfield Hall, which Edelman plays on April 12.

Reizner films black musical

BRITAIN'S first all-black cinema film "Black Joy" is now in production for late summer release, with Lou Reizner as musical director. The Real Thing have already filmed a disco scene for the movie, and are also writing soundtrack material. Reizner is currently lining up several major names to perform on the soundtrack, an album of which will be issued to coincide with the picture's premiere. The film, described as a drama with a strong music content, is directed by Anthony Simmons for West One Productions.

More TV rock

GRANADA TV announce plans for a new series of in-concert rock shows, for spring transmission. Titled "The 'So It Goes' Concerts", they will each last 30 minutes with no compere or link man. Bands being filmed include Cado Belle, Andy Fairweather Low and his Band, the Kursaal Flyers, the McGarrigles and Sad Cafe.

Bowie goes on the road

SECOND IGGY RAINBOW GIG

DAVID BOWIE goes back on the road again in the spring, when he sets out on a tour of the United States. NME understands that his show will also feature Iggy Pop and current American sensation Blondie. Exact starting date of the tour has not yet been announced, but Iggy returns to the States immediately after his current British tour — which opened on Tuesday — to prepare for it.

And it seems likely that Bowie will be playing selected British dates later in the year, though not necessarily with the same guest artists.

Meanwhile, there has been enormous ticket demand for Iggy's concert at London Rainbow on Saturday, and consequently promoter Ian Wright has added another Rainbow date at short notice. Iggy now also appears there next Monday (7) with tickets again priced at £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

And his upcoming U.S. tour with Bowie has increased speculation that Bowie may make a "surprise" guest appearance on at least one of Iggy's tour dates, for which the Vibrators are the official support act.

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FASTBACK MUSIC - BY POST

This week's best-selling songbooks

NME Book of Rock	95p	Queen/Day at the Races	£2.35
Jackson Browne/21 Songs	£5.50	Queen/19 Songs	£2.00
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.95	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.50	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Paul McCartney 13 New Songs	£1.60	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£3.50
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Stones/Black & Blue	£2.50	Yessongs/Yes	£2.95
Bad Co. 1st Album	£3.95	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£3.50
Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor	£2.95
Bob Dylan/Desire	£2.35	Rock Bass Tutor With Record	£3.50
Frampton Comes Alive	£3.95	Led Zeppelin Complete (1-5)	£4.95
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.95	Planxty 26 Songs	£1.75
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells	£2.50	Bass Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Kinks Greatest Hits	£2.50	Lindisfarne/10 Songs	£1.10
Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
Hollies Greatest Hits	£2.50	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
Rod Stewart/15 Songs	£2.95	Marc Bolan Lyric Book	95p
Allman Bros. 15 Songs	£2.95	T.Rex Songbook	£1.50
74 88 Guitar Chords	£4.00	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1	£6.95
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano ea	£3.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 2	£6.95
Status Quo/42 Songs	£2.00	Sutherland Bros & Quiver Song Book	£2.95
Eagles Greatest Hits	£4.95		
Eagles & Desperado	£4.95		
Eagles/On The Border	£3.95		
Eagles/One Of These Nights	£3.95		

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FLOYD EXTRA

— but every seat is sold

PINK FLOYD are to play a fifth night at Wembley Empire Pool this month. They are already scheduled to appear at this venue from March 16 to 19 inclusive, but now they will open there on March 15.

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith explained that the extra gig has been slotted in because of "unprecedented ticket demand". The four concerts already announced are vastly over-subscribed.

It is stressed that no more bookings can be accepted. The March 15 concert will be filled strictly from bookings already received.

Sabbath add

BLACK SABBATH have added another date at London Hammersmith Odeon on Tuesday, March 15, to follow their three preceding nights at this same venue. Tickets are now on sale.

Ramones drop 'sniff' track

THE RAMONES have been forced to drop a track from their second album, because it concerns a cleaning fluid sometimes used for sniffing purposes. This follows the controversy surrounding a song on their first album called "Now I Wanna Sniff Some Glue", which prompted Phonogram — the Ramones' British distribution outlet — to cite the Home Office's edict that "sniffing practices are harmful".

The latest offender is a track titled "Carbona Not Glue", Carbona being the brand name of the fluid. Phonogram approached the Ramones' U.S. label, Sire Records, and asked for the song to be dropped or substituted for the British market. Phonogram say Sire boss Seymour Stein has agreed to this, although earlier reports indicated otherwise.

So the album, titled "Ramones Leave Home", will be issued on March 18 minus the "offending" track. It is already on release in the States with the "Carbona" track included — and limited quantities of the U.S. set have been available here on import.

Jubilee: only two official concerts

THERE WILL BE only two official concerts to mark the Queen's Silver Jubilee celebrations in June. Impressario Robert Paterson, a member of the committee responsible for organising the events, told NME that these will be indoors at London Earls Court Stadium (June 4) and outdoors at Wembley Stadium (June 11).

This spring and summer are certain to produce a glut of concerts, festivals and open-air events, all theoretically arranged to mark the Jubilee. And, said Paterson, there is nothing wrong with that — in fact the more the merrier. But he was at pains to point out that only the Earls Court and Wembley gigs are officially approved Jubilee concerts, carrying royal patronage.

Added Paterson: "The Earls Court show falls at Jubilee holiday weekend, and it will be an all-British bill. The Wembley concert is all-American, and I think it will be the biggest rock show ever seen in this country. Both events will be attended by members of the Royal Family, and we shall be announcing full details shortly at a televised Press conference."

Among names rumoured to be in line for these gigs are Queen, Thin Lizzy and Wings for Earls Court; and the Beach Boys, Chicago and the Grateful Dead for Wembley. But even if some or all of these names were to prove correct, they would only be the tip of the iceberg, with many more attractions to be added.

BIGGEST LONDON ROCK SHOW EVER

GIANT FESTIVAL THIS SUMMER?

LEADING British promoter Mel Bush plans to stage his first festival this summer. He is currently seeking a convenient site of at least 100 acres, which could accommodate up to 200,000 people, indicating that he is thinking in terms of a lavish event. Bush has been appointed promoter of the Jubilee concert at Earls Court on June 4, but his open-air festival would not officially be connected with the Jubilee.

CHARLTON SUED OVER WHO SHOW

CHARLTON Athletic Football Club, whose Valley ground in South London was the venue for two memorable open-air events starring The Who, seems unlikely to stage another concert during the coming Jubilee summer. There are two reasons for this:

The club is being prosecuted by the Greater London Council in connection with The Who's gig last year. It is alleged that one of the 49 conditions in the GLC Code of Practice, governing pop and rock events, was broken. The action, regarded as a test case, is to heard in April. Charlton are reluctant to plan any shows until after the hearing, which would leave them with little time to organise an event this year.

Rodney Stone — who, as secretary of Charlton FC, was the driving force behind the Who concerts — has now left the club and joined Fulham in a similar capacity. Could this pave the way to a rock concert at Craven Cottage?

SEE THEM ON TOUR
FEBRUARY
28th CHESTER Quaintways
MARCH
4th CLACTON Colchester Institute of Higher Education 5th SLOUGH College
7th BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl 10th NANTWICH Civic Hall 11th WEST RUNTON Pavilion
12th MANCHESTER Electric Circus 15th BRIGHTON Top Rank 18th WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette
19th NEWCASTLE University 22nd LONDON Marquee
23rd DERBY Kings Hall 26th WAKEFIELD Technical College

THEIR NEW ALBUM
'NO SECOND CHANCE'
FEATURING THEIR
NEW SINGLE
'JOHNNY HOLD BACK'

FOLLOW UP TO THEIR
EXCELLENT
AND WELL RECEIVED
'FANTASY GIRLS'

polydor

CATCH THEM IF YOU CAN

RECORDING NEWS

Elvis interview LP

CHISWICK RECORDS are to release a series of ten documentary interview albums. The first, due out on March 14, is titled "The Elvis Tapes" and was recorded at an interview and news conference in Vancouver in 1957 — shortly before Presley filmed "Jailhouse Rock". It retails at £2.25 and subsequent releases include interviews with Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran, Gene Vincent, the Everly Brothers, Little Richard and Johnny Cash. Also on March 14, Chiswick issue an all-star rockabilly compilation set "Hollywood Rock'n'Roll."

● Reported plans for a live double-album by the **Beatles,** featuring their 1964 Hollywood Bowl concert, could not be confirmed by EMI this week. If the project materialises later this year, it would be the Beatles' first-ever live set, apart from bootlegs. EMI says they have "no comment" on the report, which could mean that they have to seek the permission of the group members before scheduling release.

● All **Gary Glitter's** back catalogue has reverted to GTO Records, who issue the 14-track album "Gary Glitter's Golden Greats" this weekend. It contains all his major chart hits.

● Barry Blue is producing the new **Moon** album, on which work began this week for late May release.

● **Sammy Hagar,** former lead singer with Montrose, has his debut solo album issued by Capitol on March 11. It was recorded recently in London with his own four-piece backing band.

● **Natalie Cole's** single "I Got Love On My Mind" comes out this weekend on Capitol, followed on March 11 by her album "Unpredictable". Also on Capitol, the album "The Best Of **Steve Miller** 1968-73" is released on March 11, and the new **Tavares** single "Who Done It" on March 25.

● **Billy Ocean's** latest single, rushed out tomorrow (Friday) by GTO, is titled "Red Light".

● A five-year-old album by **Daryl Hall and John Oates** titled "Past Times Behind", never previously issued in this country, is released by the Chelsea label later this month.

● Pye Records have signed a deal to distribute America's Casablanca label in this country. First release will be the **Kiss** LP "Rock And Roll Over", to be followed by albums from **Parliament** and **Angel.**

● **Ian Hunter** is in London, none the worse for the incident of his house explosion in Canada, reported three weeks ago. He is adding vocal tracks to, and mixing, his new album. Titled "Overnight Angles", it is due for April release by CBS.

Neil Diamond latest

IN RESPONSE to numerous phone and mail enquiries from readers, it should be stressed that no British dates for Neil Diamond have yet been confirmed. It now seems virtually certain that he will be coming over in the late spring or early summer, and it is understood that he is keen to play a London season. Asked about reports that Diamond is in line for a week at the London Palladium, his British representative Robert Paterson commented: "Obviously someone backstage at the Palladium has been talking! Certainly we went along to assess the theatre in terms of Neil's current show, but I can assure you that it's only one of several possible venues we are checking out."

ON THE ROAD

CITY BOY

undertake an 11-venue club and college tour this month, to tie in with the release of their new Vertigo album "Dinner At The Ritz." It is a concept LP comprising seven self-penned tracks, which will form the basis of their new stage act. They play **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (March 9), **Penzance** The Garden (10), **Bristol** Polytechnic (11), **Oxford** Polytechnic (12), **Leeds Polytechnic (13), Birmingham** Barbarella's (15), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (16), **Leicester** Polytechnic (17), **Manchester** Polytechnic (18), **London City** University (19) and **Plymouth** Fiesta Suite (21).

FLINTLOCK

are on tour to promote their new single "Carry Me" (out March 15) and album "Tears & Cheers" (April 1). They play **Norwich** St. Andrew's Hall (March 20), **Dundee** Caird Hall (April 4), **Glasgow** City Hall (5), **Newcastle** City Hall (6), **Huddersfield** Town Hall (7), **Stowmarket** Regal Theatre (8), **Southampton** Guildhall (9), free gig in **London Battersea** Park (Easter Sunday lunchtime, April 10), **Birmingham** Odeon (11) and **Bristol** Colston Hall (12).

EDWIN STARR

begins a British tour this weekend. Dates so far confirmed are **Retford** Porterhouse (tomorrow, Friday), **Dunstable** California (Saturday), **Sheffield** Bailey's (Sunday), **London Hammersmith** Odeon with The Moments (March 7), **London W.1** Gullivers (9), **Hull** University (16), **Norwich** Cromwell's (17), **Andover** Country Bumpkin (18), **March** Cromwell's (25) and **Brighton** Top Rank (30). He will be promoting his new GTO album "Afternoon Sunshine," and further gigs are being set.

MICHAEL CHAPMAN

has added another eight dates to his current tour with his new three-piece band, in which the other members are Keef Hartley and Rod Clements. Extra gigs are at **Newcastle** Mayfair (March 11), **Glasgow** University (12), **Manchester** University (16), **London** Polytechnic (18), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (19), **Nottingham,** Playhouse (22), **London** Marquee Club (24) and **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (25 instead of 11).

NASTY POP

have a string of March gigs to promote their Polydor album "Mistaken I.D.," out this week. They play **Plymouth** Woods Centre (today, Thursday), **London Strand** King's College (Friday), **Liverpool** Eric's (Saturday), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (Sunday), **Doncaster** Outlook (7), **Norwich** East Anglia University (9), **London** Marquee Club (10), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (11), **Bradford** University (12), **Bournemouth** The Village (14), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (18), **Manchester** Electric Circus (19), **Nottingham** Boat Club (20), **London** Marquee (24), **Brighton** Kings West Suite (29), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (30) and **Bath** Viaduct Hotel (31). First confirmed April gigs are **Dudley** J.B's Club (1), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (6) and **Scarborough** Penthouse (8).

PAICE, ASHTON, LORD

have announced booking arrangements for their debut British concerts at **Birmingham** Odeon (March 26), **Liverpool** Empire (27), **Newcastle** City Hall (28), **Glasgow**

Apollo (30) and **London** Rainbow (April 1). Box-offices are now open, and ticket prices at all venues are £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 and £1.00. The band — comprising former Deep Purple members Ian Paice and John Lord, plus Tony Ashton, Bernie Marsden and Paul Martinez.— will be known simply as PAL.

FLEETWOOD MAC are now confirmed for a third concert at **London** Rainbow Theatre on Sunday, April 10. NME originally forecast exclusively on January 29 that Mac would play three nights at the Rainbow (April 8-10), and this is now proved correct.

"KICKING MULE" TOUR 1977 features John James, Tom Paley, Bob Hadley and Happy Traum. Dates include **London** Troubador Club in Old Brompton Road (March 8 and 15), **Watford** The Hartspring (9), **Kingston** Polytechnic (10), **Coventry** Warwick University (12), **London Woolwich** Tramshed (14) and **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse Downstairs (20). Venues in **Basingstoke** (March 11), **Cheltenham** (13), **Staines** (17 and **Brighton** (18) have still to be confirmed.

ORIGINAL PLATTERS return to Britain at the end of this month for a one-nighter and cabaret tour. First confirmed date in **London Camden** Dingwalls on March 28.

LIVERPOOL EXPRESS have gigs this month at **Northallerton** Community Centre (tomorrow, Friday), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (Saturday), **Bury St. Edmunds Focus Cinema (Sunday), Southampton** Top Rank (March 9), **Burton** Allied Breweries (11), **Bangor** University (12), **London Southgate** Royalty Ballroom (18) and **Dorchester** Clay Pigeon (25).

JOHN DAVID GLADWIN, songwriter member of the original Amazing Blondel, has re-written and re-orchestrated the band's album "Fantasia Lindum." It will be presented in its new form by full orchestra and choir at **Louth (Lincolnshire)** St. James Church on April 3.

JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO are in concert at **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (March 17), **Guildford** Civic Hall (18), **London** Royal Festival Hall (19), **Chichester** Festival Theatre (20), **Bristol** Colston Hall (21), **Birmingham** Town Hall (22), **Leeds** Town Hall (24), **Hull** City Hall (25), **Manchester** Ardwick Apollo (26) and **Southport** New Theatre (27).

PINK FAIRIES headline a benefit concert for Release at **Brighton** Sussex University on March 11. The all-nighter also features Tim Blake (ex-Gong), Here & Now, Mirror, Sksywhale and Amazorblades, among others. Tickets are £1.60 (advance) and £1.80 (on the night).

THE SYLVERS, leading American R'n'B group, pay a promotional visit to Britain in May. While they are here, they will be concluding a deal for a concert tour later in the year.

SHUSHA plays her first **London** concert for 18 months at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on March 21, accompanied by a five-piece band including G.T. Moore on guitar, and with Jeremy Taylor as support act. The Persian singer also appears at **Glossop** The Centre (March 12), **Oldham** Grange Arts Centre (13), **West Bridgford,** Rushfield Leisure Centre (18), **Sutton-in-Ashfield** Centre Theatre (19) and **Newark** Palace theatre (20).

FABULOUS POODLES have gigs, in addition to those reported last week, at **Leicester** University (March 16), **Croydon** Red Deer (31), **Salisbury** College (April 1), **Tolworth** Toby Jug (4), **London Putney** Railway Hotel (5), **London** Marquee (8), **Basingstoke** Brighton Hall Centre (16), **London Camden** Dingwalls (May 2), **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (7), **Dundee** University (12), **Manchester** Electric Circus (20) and **Dudley** J.B's (21).

BRANDY, the all-girl rock group recently signed by Polydor, have March gigs at **Wigan** Casino (this Saturday), **Martletwy** Crosshands Inn (12), **Devizes** Corn Exchange (18), **Knighton** Norton Arms (19), **Newton Abbott** Seale Hayne College (25), **Paignton** Penelope's (26), and **London** Cunard - International Hotel (29. They also have a Wednesday-night residency throughout March at The Rose in Morden, **South London.**

COUNT BISHOPS latest gigs: **Newcastle** Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (Friday), **Kingston** Polytechnic (March 11), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (12), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (13), **Burton** 76 Club (18), **London Camden** Dingwalls (19), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (24) and **Cardiff** College of Education (26).

SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE McGHEE are now confirmed for a return British visit, starting towards the end of next month. First date to be announced for the blues duo is at **Manchester** Royal Exchange Theatre on April 24.

MUSCLES — now featuring new band member, drummer Mel Gaynor — have gigs at Birmingham Newman College (tomorrow, Friday), **Bishops Stortford** Hockerill College (Saturday), **Barton Stacey** Bumpers (March 10), **Canterbury** Kent University (17), **Retford** Porterhouse (18), **Coventry** College of Education (19), **Mirfield** New Pentagon (24), **Leeds** Pentagon (25), **York** St. John's College (29), **Colchester** Institute of Higher Education (30) and **Gloucester** Jamaican Sports Club (April 2).

STRANGLERS have added six extra dates to their current tour—at **Egham** Royal Holloway College (March 18), **Plymouth** Polytechnic (19), **Stafford** Top Of The World (21), **Hastings** Pier Pavilion (26), **Croydon** Greyhound (27) and **Leeds** Polytechnic (April 1). But their previous-reported gig at **Wolverhampton** Layfayette tomorrow (Friday) is off.

TWIGGY headlines seven major concerts next month to promote her new Mercury album "Please Get My Name Right", released on March 25. They are **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (April 15), **Birmingham** Odeon (16), **Liverpool** Empire (17), **Bristol** Colston Hall (26).

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR return from their current European tour to play **Uxbridge** Brunel University on March 25. Further British dates are being set.

PROCOL HARUM have cancelled their scheduled gigs at **Preston** Polytechnic (this Sunday) and **Newcastle** Mayfair (March 11) for "contractual reasons". But they have set new dates at **Tunbridge Wells** Assembly Hall (March 16) and **Hatfield** Polytechnic.

QUINTESSENCE II — featuring Jake Milton (drums), Raja Ram (flute), Sambhu (bass) and Sita Devi (keyboards — appear every Saturday in March at **London Hammersmith** Riverside Studios at 6.30 pm, plus an extra show on March 19 at 10 pm.

Eric the C spring tour

ERIC CLAPTON and his band set out on a major tour of Europe and Britain at the end of April, with Ronnie Lane and Slim Chance as special guests on all dates. Clapton will be touring with his regular line-up of George Terry (guitar), Carl Radle (hass), Dick Sims (keyboards), Sergio Pastora (percussion), Jamie Oldaker (drums) and Yvonne Elliman and Marcy Levy (vocals).

Clapton's management, the Robert Stigwood Organisation, said this week that specific dates and venues will be announced shortly. But it seems that the tour will open on the Continent, taking in dates in Eastern Europe, and subsequently come to Britain in the late spring.

Kinks, Can: London gigs

THE KINKS interrupt their current American tour to play a one-off concert at London Rainbow Theatre on Thursday, March 24, promoted by Barry Dickins of MAM. Tickets are now on sale priced £3, £2 and £1.

The band fly in specially for this gig, with the primary object of promoting their recently-released Arista album "Skeepwalker", which is rapidly climbing the U.S. Hot 100.

This will be the Kinks' only British date until the summer at the earliest, because of heavy commitments abroad.

CAN are to headline two major London concerts at the new Sound Circus venue in Kingsway on Wednesday and Thursday, March 23 and 24. The gigs will be the highlight of the band's current British tour, and they replace a previously-announced London date at the Lyceum. Can, whose personnel now includes Rebop and Rosko from the last Traffic band, promise "many surprises and special effects" during these concerts.

Ticket prices are £2, £1.75 and £1.50, and they are on sale now at the box-office and through the usual agencies. As already reported, the Sound Circus — formerly the Royalty Theatre — opens with two concerts by John Miles on March 10 and 11.

Widowmaker: tours, album

WIDOWMAKER support Golden Earring in their concert at London Rainbow on March 25, and in April they are to headline their British tour. Prior to the Rainbow gig, the band play a series of dates in Europe with Ted Nugent, and they again support him in an American tour during May. Widowmaker's second album "Too Late To Cry", produced by Chris Kimsey (who also produced the "Frampton Live" album), is released by Jet in early April.

Moody Blues to re-unite?

IT SEEMS more and more likely that the Moody Blues will re-form later this year. Informed sources suggest that they are planning to get together to record an album, which would be followed by a tour to coincide with the release of the LP. It is not clear if they envisage the reunion as a one-off or on a permanent basis. No confirmation of the project could be obtained from their Threshold company.

Rudolph band in debut gigs

PAUL RUDOLPH and Alan Powell, two of the recent departures from Hawkwind, have now completed the line-up of their new band Kicks. Joining Rudolph (guitar, synthesiser and vocals) and Powell (drums) are sometime Quiver member Cal Batchelor (guitar and vocals) and ex-Carol Grimes bassist Steve York.

They play their first London gigs at Covent Garden Rock Garden (April 1), Camden Dingwalls (2), Chalk Farm Roundhouse supporting Dirty Tricks (3) and Kensington Nashville (8). Provincial dates follow, and these are now being finalised.

Top Cardiff venue closes

ONE OF THE only established rock venues in Wales, Cardiff Capitol, is closing on May 14. The 2,500-capacity theatre has staged concerts by nearly every major act in the business, from Pink Floyd to David Essex. But apparently it is not a viable proposition in its present form. It seems likely that Ranks will convert it into a triple cinema.

Six extra by Dory

DORY PREVIN is confirmed for six more British concerts in May, in addition to the three already announced, thereby giving her visit the status of a full tour. Extra gig s are at Birminghma Town Hall (May 16), Bristol Colston Hall (24), Leeds University (26), Oxford New Theatre (29), Brighton Dome (June 1) and Southampton Guildhall (2). She also appears in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on May 17. Previously-reported dates are at Edingburgh Usher Hall (May 22), Manchester Free Trade Hall (23) and London Royal Albert Hall (28), as well as a visit to Eire to headline at Dublin Staduim (19).

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Can on tour.

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4	BIRMINGHAM	Aston University
5	AYLESBURY	Friars
6	CROYDON	Greyhound
10	HUDDERSFIELD	Polytechnic
11	EDINBURGH	University
12	GLASGOW	Strathclyde University
13	REDCAR	Coatham Bowl
15	PLYMOUTH	Woods Leisure Centre
16	BOURNEMOUTH	Winter Gardens
17	BRISTOL	University
19	NOTTINGHAM	University
20	MAIDENHEAD	Skindles
21	NORWICH	University of East Anglia
23	**LONDON**	***Sound Circus**
24	**LONDON**	***Sound Circus**
25	CAMBRIDGE	Corn Exchange
26	SOUTHEND	Kursaal
27	WOLVERHAMPTON	Civic Hall

*Sound Circus, Royalty Theatre, Portugal St., Kingsway,WC2
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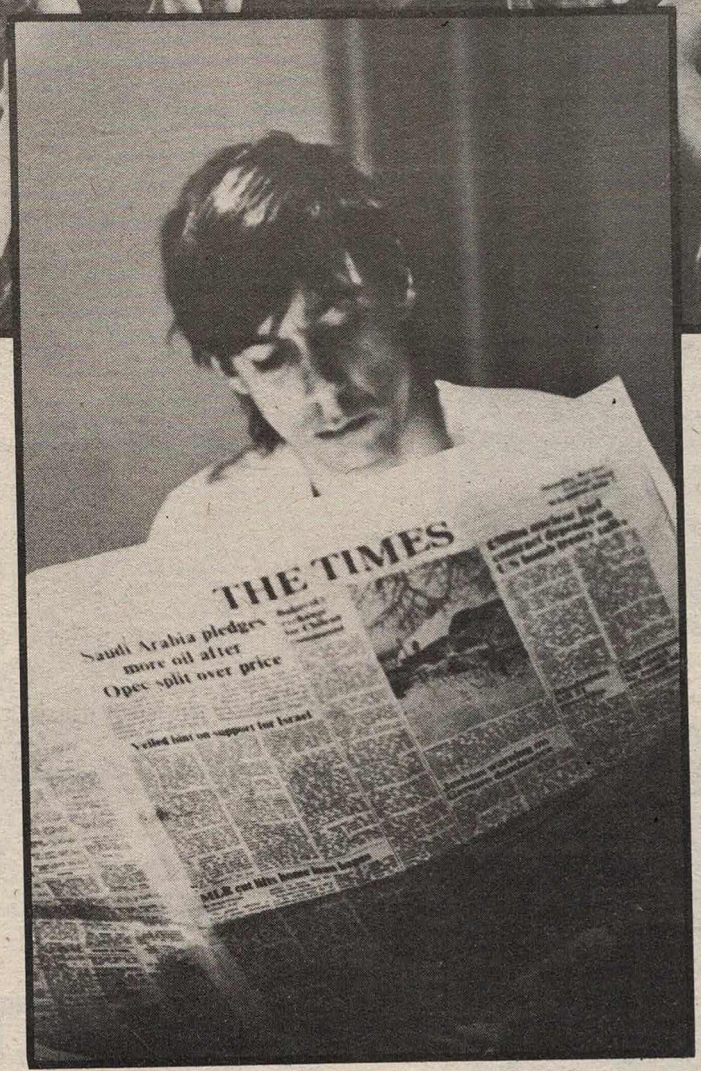


Hm — must get hold of one of these here concussion bombs for my act. (Pic: RITVA SAARIKKO a.k.a. BRIAN'S GIRLFRIEND)

POP CRAZY —OFFICIAL

In which IGGY POP, Grand Vizier of Schizophrenia and Primal Prince of Punk, phones up to promote his new record. Whatever next?

"THE ONLY CHANCE FOR ME TO BE MYSELF — the self I *wanted* to be — was through my music. And what I do is to put forth how I feel and get other people to share it. And, if they do, that makes me very happy."

A clue or two: white American male entertainer, thirty years old, around a decade in showbusiness.

Neil Diamond?

Well, of course not. Any fool can see from the lay-out that this piece is about Iggy Pop, unholy terror of the bourgeois boards, visceral inconoclast of every covenant between artiste and audience, piercer of the collective character-amour of the West, blah blah.

The Direct Opposite of Neil Diamond, in fact.

On the phone from Berlin between rehearsing his new band for their forthcoming promotional tour, Iggy is clearly tired.

He is also being pestered by your humble scribe with a series of Obvious Questions, such as might be put by one who has never witnessed a Stooges performance and is familiar with only one of Pop's five albums ("Raw Power").

Which is, indeed, the case.

Taking this into account — along with our subject's long-standing reputation as a full-time loony — Iggy's replies are a model of legend-belying courtesy and charm.

In fact, he's so downright *pleasant* that one beginning to think that here is something quite unique: a rockstar who actually *enjoys* having to do phone-interviews to promote public interest in his impending professional activities — when, suddenly, an unwelcome question (concerning our man's relationship with benefactor David Bowie) causes the mask to slip.

"I think I've had enough," says Iggy, gruffly.

Beg pardon?

"The interview. I don't want to do any more."

It's an Awkward Moment.

Assuming that he must have inadvertently touched a sensitive spot, your faithful scribbler subsequently attempts to soft-pedal the encounter to a more comfortable conclusion by posing a handful of safely banal queries to which safely stock replies may be returned. In the way of a peace-offering.

And Iggy responds admirably, if wearily, with what's expected.

Probably our little chat *had* been going on a bit, though not excessively so. And possibly it's a little presumptuous to base an impression of someone's character on such skimpy evidence.

However, the notion of an intelligent, meticulously polite adult personality precariously grafted onto the seething soul of a self-indulgent, rebellious child — kind of mild, urbane superego thinly cloaking wild urban id — would certainly account for many of the apparent contradictions in the career of Iggy Pop.

CURIOUS TO DIVINE the rationale of a man who can, at one end of the behavioural spectrum, slash his chest with broken glass and proceed to walk out *onto* his audience on their upstretched hands — whilst, at the other, being perfectly capable of enjoying a quiet round of golf in the California sun — your obsequious hack began by probing deep into his subject's artistic consiousness.

Like — *why*, Iggy?

"Why do I do what I do to my audience? Okay, I'll tell you. What I'm doing to them is appealing to them on a personal level with a very strong dose of very hyped-up music and sound, and lyrics that are below the level of argument based on an analytical attitude."

I see. You're trying to circumvent the intellectual distancing that we in the West —

"Not circumvent it. I just *smash* it. You understand?"

Uhuh. So what do you suppose is left after this object is attained?

"I have no idea. What I *hope* is that, through that, someone can come and see me and that they can *feel* the things I feel. Share my feelings.

"I think everyone does that. I think half of all argument is really just someone screaming 'I want someone to *agree* with me!' That's how I started playing, in fact. I had some very hard attitudes about music and how it should be played — and about being a person and about how *that* should be played — that seemed unacceptable in my environment. . . which was being a kid in middle America. . ."

And so on.

Without indulging in gratuitous sarcasm, your slavish stenographer is still a little vague concerning the ultimate motive for Pop's righteously committed onslaught upon the established tenets of taste and decorum.

Intending to demand amplification of the evidently powerful "feelings" burning in our hero's soul, your cowering caligrapher unfortunately ends up burbling a rather inappropriately flowery request of his charge, to wit, that "you condense your credo into a few pithy sentences."

To which Iggy laughs.

"I think I've already said it. Just put a few dots between *those* sentences."

Ha. A closet journalist.

"What I do," relents Iggy, "is very narcissistic. There's a lot of self-love in it. And I don't try to hide it. Beside that, there's a love of the noise. I grew up on it."

What — *industrial* noise?

"Speak up."

There follows an interlude during which your cringing chronicler lengthily recounts the tale (originally reported by Nick Kent) of how David Bowie, interrupted by a stray executive during the cataclysmic playback of some "exploratory" tracks he was producing for Iggy a couple of years ago in Los Angeles, explained to the bemused visitor that "noise" was not only most certainly *not* a pejorative term when used in connection with comtemporary music but that, moreover, it was "what the earth is all about".

Since your supine scrivener had regarded this utterance as possessing at least a modicum of potential controversy, he is a little disappointed at Iggy's guarded response.

"He said that, not me."

True. On the other hand ...

"Anyway, it's *my* noise and it's my choice of musical instruments. No-one's hearing a factory when they come and hear *me*."

A few dots would seem to be in order here ...

Returning to the more promising topic of narcissism, your genuflecting jotter poses a query of deceptive simplicity.

Why this strenuous assertion of self, Iggy?

Pop's tones are faintly acid this time. "Because, failing that, you leave yourself prey to a thousand pricks of fate. Every day. A hundred little nitty things." Pause. "Don't you?"

It's certainly possible.

"Well, I think that someone

■ *Continues over page*

ROCKIN' DOSTOYEVSKY

should have recourse against such things in some way."

The impression is that a crassness has been committed. Never mind. Prattle on regardless.

What about the *annihilation* of self?

A rueful chuckle. "I *have* tried that in the past — with some success, I might add."

But you gave it up?

"I do it on weekends."

Touche.

METALLIC K.O.", a live recording of one of the Stooges' last gigs issued recently on the Skydog label, has added considerably to Iggy's reputation for being a provocative fucker.

The sound of bottles — hurled from an appreciative audience of Mid-Western psychopaths — smashing into the band's equipment while they blaze out their terminal gesture of badboy defiance ("Louie Louie"— in E flat major) forms the crowning glory of this monument to modern mayhem. (I bet Tony Bennett doesn't have this trouble.)

What does Iggy think of it, though?

"That night was probably the most violent and paranoid ... probably the *height* of paranoia and violence of that edition of my group. In fact, *too* paranoid for my taste — and a little too violent.

"But I liked the record. And only because it was a faithful recording of what actually happened that night. Actually, it was much stronger had you been there."

Mm. Just exactly how violent does it have to be before it's too violent for your taste?

Pop is perfectly matter-of-fact. "There's a line between, uh ... There's a violence implied by just swiftness of action, right? But when it becomes malice then I don't think that's so enjoyable. That evening was a bit malicious on my part . . . In fact, everyone there."

Cover-shot from the Ig's fab new waxing, "The Idiot"— in your shops soon, ravers.

What seemed to be the trouble?

From p. 7

"I think it was myself battling it out with a gang of bikers, as I remember. It wasn't so much what happened as . . . that's where it was at then. Also, I'd just done a very malicious tour of America."

And after that? Back to Welfare?

"A very long lull. I left the group of my own choice because I wasn't happy. I knew that in the end I'd do my best work by stepping back at that time.

"So I lay around in the sand for a while. Drank. Wandered around. And, eventually, circumstances led to this new album. And here I am."

THIS NEW ALBUM" being "The Idiot", shortly to be released on RCA and featuring a programme of collaborative efforts by Pop and Bowie, reportedly mixed in an unusually dense manner. ("Listening to it," quipped Brian Eno upon his recent return from Berlin, "is an experience akin to being encased in a block of concrete".)

Suspecting, in the light of the indubitably futuristic "Low", that "The Idiot" might manifest a similar bias, your prostrate pronatary attempts to pry from Pop an opinion on the future of rock'n'roll (if indeed it *has* one, which is open to a certain amount of serious doubt in this recessive era).

Iggy, though admittedly tired and possibly by now a little fed up with being asked so many stupid questions, is nonetheless surprisingly bland on the issue.

"That's something I've never though about. I'm not teasing. In my reality, the last year and a half has been just dogged determination to tour again and record again and to do a more pointed job — which I think 'The Idiot' is — of putting across, in words and music, my feelings.

"And I've had such a difficult time that I haven't had the sort of viewpoint that leads to that kind of reflection."

I'm not boring you, am I? I think I am.

Ah well.

FOR FACT FANS, Iggy and the new Stooges will commence their lightning British tour on March 1, close down again five days later, and head forthwith to California via Montreal.

With the man will be Tony and Hunt Sales on bass and drums, plus Rick Gardiner "from Scotland" on guitar.

Material will be drawn from all five Stooges albums and the over-all approach will be "exactly the same as before".

"I had a mirror last night," explains Iggy, "and I looked at it and it seemed to say ... I just said, Wow this is just like ... you know?"

He laughs.

R. G. Brickmaster

Discigraphy:

The Stooges (Elektra 1969)
Fun House (Elektra 1969)
Both albums import only; scheduled for re-release WEA in March.
Raw Power (CBS 1973)
Deleted; no plans of re-release. (See Virgin Warehouse.)
Metallic K.O. (Skydog 1976)
The Idiot (RCA 1977)
To be released this week.

ROUTE 77 Tour

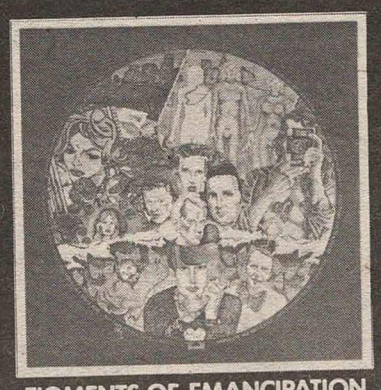
FEBRUARY
16 Salisbury, City Hall
17 Middleton, Civic
18 Bridlington, Spa Royal Hall
19 Leicester Polytechnic
20 Redcar, The Coatham Bowl
21 Stafford, The Top Of The World
23 Tunbridge Wells, Assembly Rooms
24 Leeds, Polytechnic
25 Newcastle Polytechnic
26 Loughborough University
27 Canterbury, Kent University

MARCH
1 Penzance, The Gardens
2 Plymouth, The Fiesta
3 Eastbourne, Winter Gardens

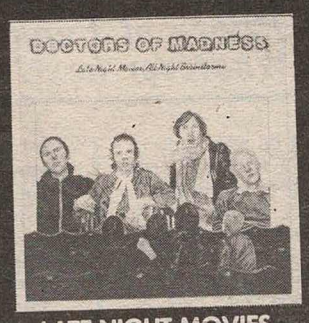
Bath University 4
Reading University 5
St. Albans City Hall 7
London, The Marquee Club 8
(Doctors of Madness Only)
Keele University 9
Glamorgan Polytechnic 10
Retford, The Porterhouse 11
Northampton, Cricket Club 12
Sheffield, Top Rank 13
Doncaster, Outlook 14
Cleethorpes, Winter Gardens 15
Bournemouth Town Hall 17
Cromer, The West Runton Pavillion 18
London, The Rainbow 19
(Pat Travers Only)

Tour arranged by Cowbell Agency

DOCTORS OF MADNESS



FIGMENTS OF EMANCIPATION



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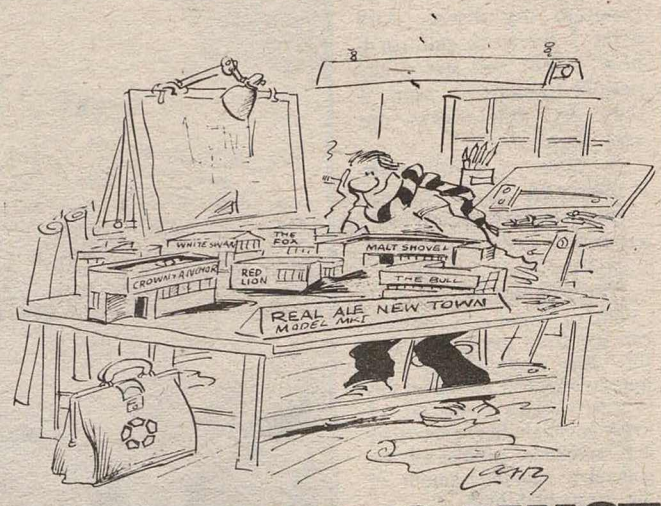

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The Babys first album is out now. Weight at birth 8oz.

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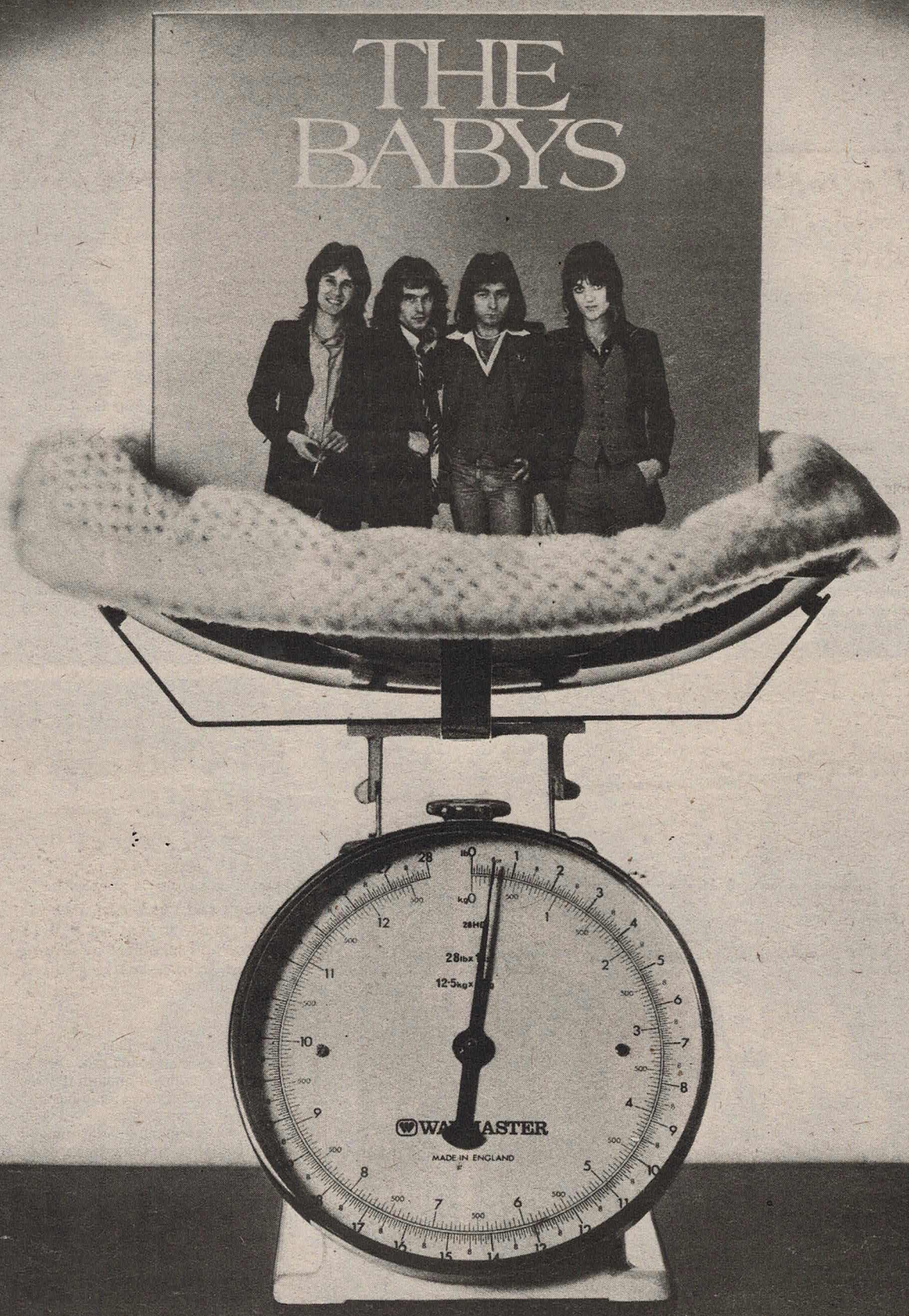


The album already released in the States has attracted a few rave reviews.

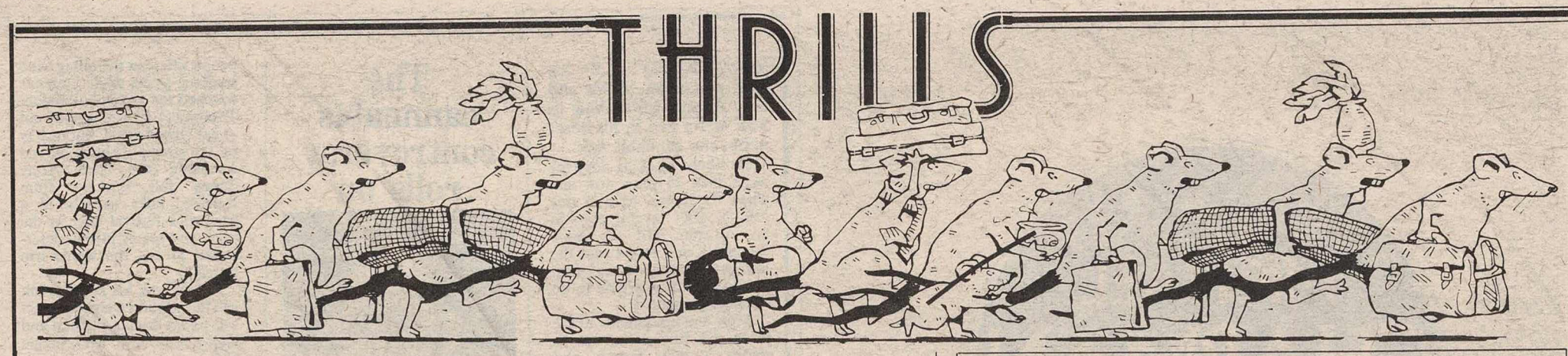
"Instrumental work is nearly flawless."
Cash Box.

"The debut album is a classy Rock set produced with panache by Bob Ezrin... the material ranges from seething ballads to the sound and fury of early Free."
Record World.

"Although its members look like pretty-boy lightweight bubblegummers, it plays steel solid, fluently rocking music in a wide range of styles."
First Time Around.

THE BABYS CHR1129

Chrysalis Records & Tapes



Led Zeppelin? — Wish we'd never invented the name!

JOHN ENTWISTLE gets pissed off with Page, pans punks, denies fart charges, and claims Townshend has no plans to annex the Sudetenland . . .

NME HADN'T BEEN ON THE STREETS more than a couple of hours before John Entwistle was making it known that he was *not amused* by Jimmy Page's assertion (February 26, 1977) that The Who were nothing more than a musical dictatorship with Herr Peter Townshend in the role of Fuehrer.

For a man with such a low public profile — he once jested that he was going to dress in black and accept the job of Bill Wyman's shadow — Mr Entwistle was extremely "pissed off" at Mr Page's suggestion that The Who could possible be a less-than-democratic organisation.

During a break in recording a set of self-penned demos for the next Who album, he requested the right of reply.

"In almost every Led Zeppelin interview I've read over the last couple of years," Entwistle began, "Jimmy Page always manages to get in a dig about The Who and that Townshend-as-Fuehrer crap.

"In fact, whenever I see any magazine advertising a Zeppelin interview on the cover, I pick it up to make sure that stuff is in it.

"And *there it was again* — right after Zeppelin's customary commercial about 'togetherness'.

"If you really want to know," he continued, "it bloody infuriates me, because the only session of ours that I can ever remember seeing Page at was when he played rhythm guitar on 'I Can't Explain', and that was in 1965!

"Actually, if he's ever got the time, I'd like to invite Page along to a Who session *without* his guitar — and let him see for himself what *really* happens.

"Pete's *never* told me what to play on bass . . . I don't think he'd dare. But then, I've never told him either.

"Sure, if there's something wrong with the way a song sounds . . . maybe it's the bass, maybe Moon, maybe Pete himself, we'll approach it from another angle. But *nobodby* dictates what the rest of The Who play."

WITH BOTH The Who and Led Zeppelin being such indubitably huge attractions throughout the world, Entwistle wondered if perhaps Page's attacks on The Who could be attributed to a soupcon of paranoia.

"It seems the easiest way for Page to stick The Who on one side of his brain — intimating that the band doesn't really exist, that it's just a figment of Townshend's imagination! ("Led Zeppelin? I wish we'd never invented the name!")

As to whether this current sniping had any connection with the Boring Old Farts syndrome, Entwistle neither knew nor cared.

"To be truthful, I wouldn't mind in the least if a musician who was far superior to me, doing something so completely new that it blew my mind away, called me an old fart — because in all probability I would *be* an old fart by then."

He claimed to know precisely where the *nouveue vague* was coming from because both he and The Who had made the same trip. It's common knowledge, was the word, that Damned drummer Rat Scabies had more or less updated Keith Moon's stance.

"Really, John — you mustn't let these fart charges faze you. Concentrate instead on this excellent champagne and the fact that our next royalty statements come through in a fortnight . . ."

"I move in another dimension — and at the weekend I go home to my mother."
(PATTI SMITH at home with mater and pater. Pic by KATE SIMON).

"Poor bleedin' sod," mumbled Entwistle.

"I suppose, of all the established bands that the punks are having a right old go at, we're the least susceptible because we've done it *all* before and they bloody well know it!

"Personally, I don't feel that I'm anywhere *near* past it, because I'm not a rock idol. I'm a rock musician and my reputation comes from having the respect of other musicians."

Entwistle's opinion was, however, that the reason so many punk bands consistently slag off the more established bands is simply because it's the most obvious way of securing cheap publicity.

"We did it when we first started. We knocked *everything* and everybody hated us.

"I think they still do."

□ ROY CARR

BLOOD ON THE TRACKS

THE LAGOS HOME of Nigeria's and Black Africa's best-known musician was on Feb 18 attacked and set ablaze by several hundred troops, sparking off a five-hour riot in the slums of Lagos.

The musician, Fela Anikulepo-Kuti — better known as Fela Ransome-Kuti — is an outspoken critic of the Nigerian government on both records and public performance, and has had his commune style home — a well protected "compound" surrounded by barbed wire, housing upwards of 60 people, and known as The Kalekute Republic — raided before.

A 1974 police raid left him with bad head wounds, and led him to prosecute the government for 1.8 million dollars damages. That case still continues.

Kuti has also been arrested several times in the past.

In the raid two weeks ago, it has been reported that soldiers set fire to three vehicles and the Kuti house, and according to witnesses, stripped and beat the occupants badly before taking them to hospital for treatment. Also set ablaze was Kuti's night club, "The Shrine", scene of many diatribes against the government.

The leading figure in modern African music, 38-year-old Kuti's standing among Africans seems to be an amalgum of villain, Marley, and Charlie Parker. He is a vigorous opponent of the "Westernisation" of the black African population, whom he urges to stay true to traditional styles, dress and culture, in the face of "Coca Cola colonisation". (Hence his recent change of name).

He recently refused to appear at and later condemned the West Africa festival when told he could not use his own band, Africa 70.

His whereabouts and condition after the new raid are so far unknown.

Trouble between soldiers and civilians is not uncommon in Nigeria. Many of the soldiers are neither in barracks nor under the direct command of an officer. There appears to have been some trouble between local soldiers and members of Kuti's commune shortly before the raid.

And you thought that being banned by the GLC for four letter words was heavy.

□ NEIL SPENCER.

THE EAST IS BORING

NO SOONER is our beloved Chairman six feet under, watching his toenails grow, then all manner of *filth* invades the Chinese pop charts.

An unsavoury little ditty entitled "Oh How I Love To Carry Manure Up The Mountainside For The Commune" has slithered its smelly way right to the top of the Chinese charts.

The song is said to have a "Country and Western *flavour*" (talk about bad *taste*) and is thought to express the "robust Good Earth philosophy" of all them stinky little yellow Reds.

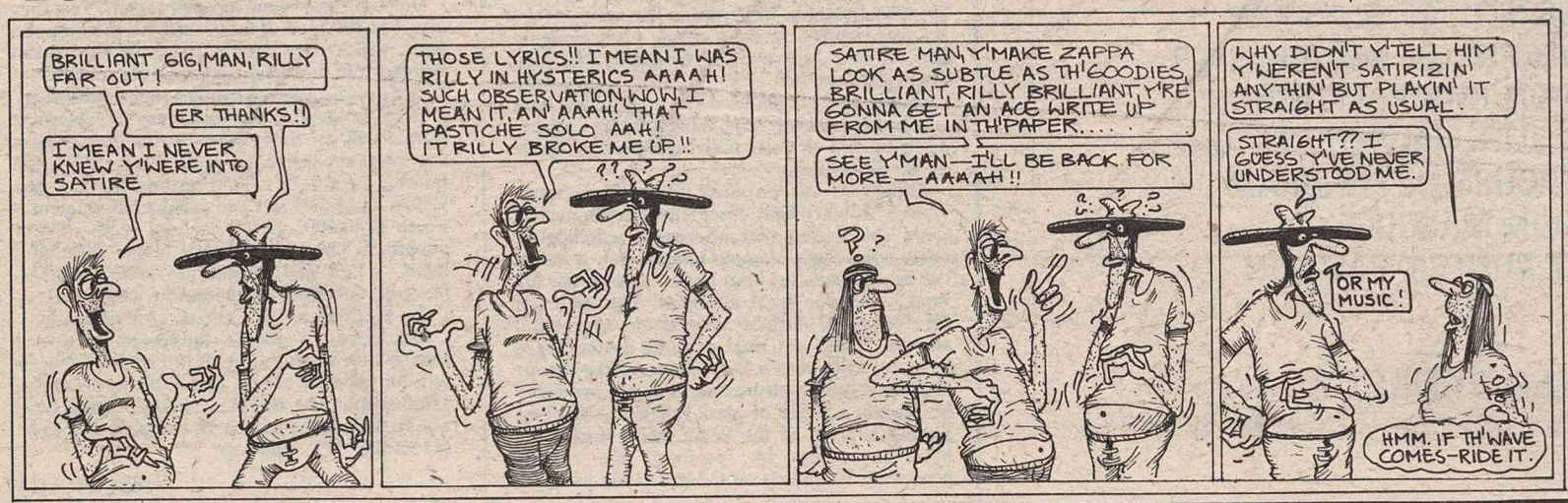
After Mr Mao's death, you see, disc jockeys were ordered to revive revolutionary hymns. And they were ever resuscitated!

Titles include "The Three Main Rules Of Discipline And The Eight Points For Attention" and "The East Is Red".

But one very popular little nugget was dropped some months ago for its rather long-winded title.

I'd really love to see Tony Blackburn wrap his tonsils around "Firmly Grasp The Key Link Of Class Struggle And Talk About The Basic Line Every Day While Criticising Ten Hsiao-Ping." **JULIE BURCHILL**

LONE GROOVER — *BENYON*


BRILLIANT GIG, MAN, RILLY FAR OUT!
ER THANKS!!
I MEAN I NEVER KNEW Y'WERE INTO SATIRE
THOSE LYRICS!! I MEAN I WAS RILLY IN HYSTERICS AAAAH! SUCH OBSERVATION, WOW, I MEAN IT, AN' AAAH! THAT PASTICHE SOLO AAH! IT RILLY BROKE ME UP!!
SATIRE MAN, Y'MAKE ZAPPA LOOK AS SUBTUE AS TH'GOODIES, BRILLIANT, RILLY BRILLIANT, Y'RE GONNA GET AN ACE WRITE UP FROM ME IN TH'PAPER....
SEE Y'MAN—I'LL BE BACK FOR MORE—AAAAH!!
WHY DIDN'T Y'TELL HIM Y'WEREN'T SATIRIZIN' ANYTHIN' BUT PLAYIN' IT STRAIGHT AS USUAL.
STRAIGHT?? I GUESS Y'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD ME.
OR MY MUSIC!
HMM. IF TH'WAVE COMES—RIDE IT.

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6th	PRESTON POLYTECHNIC
9th	YORK UNIVERSITY
11th	MAYFAIR BALLROOM NEWCASTLE
12th	UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW
16th	UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER
18th	LONDON CITY POLYTECHNIC
19th	LEES CLIFF HALL FOLKESTONE
22nd	PLAYHOUSE NOTTINGHAM
24th	LONDON MARQUEE
25th	WEST RUNTON PAVILION

MARKETED BY DECCA

The cannnabis controversy rolls on

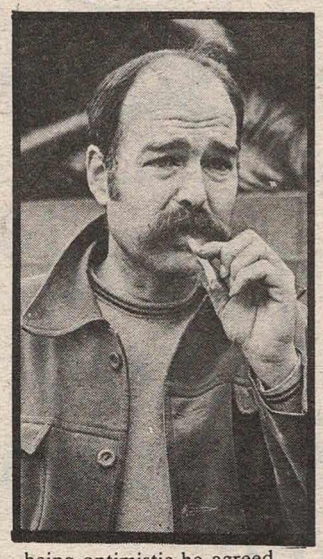
TONY REED is, by his own admission, down and out: A guy with nothing to lose and a bee in his beret about the cannabis laws.

He's been smoking dope for more than 20 years now and when he arrived back in this country after several years in an Algerian jail for dope smuggling and found that the law hadn't changed one iota, he reasoned it was time to do something about it.

After announcements to the press, his first move was to smoke a joint outside and inside the Houses of Parliament. By his account there were 20 policeman there, but the word had come down — no arrests, no publicity, no photographs. This kind of case is the last thing the forces of law and order want to deal with.

So Tony began lighting up around London, was eventually busted, and is currently out on bail. His lawyers, David Offenbach and Co., are defending him for nothing, he claims, and he plans to go for trial by jury.

Then, in the witness box, he will produce what he calls his "nice line of chat" and convince them to acquit him. When I suggested that he was being optimistic he agreed.



Despite all this, Tony Reed was back in action at the foot of Nelson's column last Friday where your reporter caught up with him. A small group of people stood in the biting wind smoking joints while lookouts watched for any police action. The object it seemed was not to get busted again, but to stay on the streets, lighting up and spreading the word. Tony claims full backing from Release, talks vaguely of a hash rock festival later in the year, and seems utterly determined to see the whole trip through.

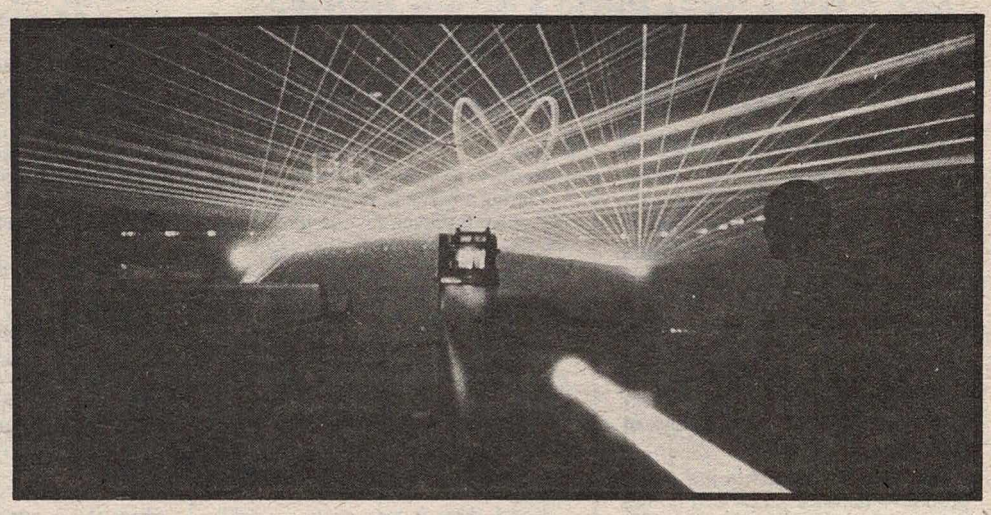
He told me his latest prank will be to take a weight of grass someone's donated to him and mail a little bit to every single MP.

Elsewhere the week has not been without incident. Three more magistrates' court cases involving cannabis leaves have resulted in acquittals.

In another legal move the Court of Appeal ruled that cannabis seeds were not illegal under the terms of the Misuse of Drugs Act, while in Parliament too the wheels are turning. More news as it happens.

In answer to all the letters, further details about any aspects of the Legalise Dope campaign should be addressed to Release, 1 Elgin Avenue, London W9. Tel: (01) 289 1123.

□ DICK TRACY



SHOCK HORROR PROBE

(This time it's the real thing)

WE'D BEEN talking about how more and more bands are using lasers in their stage shows and suddenly one august editor opined that that seemed like a dangerous thing.

I mean aren't lasers the ultimate James Bond style weaponry, searing beams of light capable of cutting through nine inch steel.

Surely the idea of hundreds of brain damaged lighting men rushing around peaking on the pretty patterns lasers produced was a threat to the health and security of the massed rock punters of the world?

I set off to get the lowdown.

I soon found out there is really only one guy to talk to on this burning question.

His name is John Wolff — managing director of The Who's company, their lighting man, and also a laser expert. He's not, however, a university boffin. Wolff describes himself as 'just a bum' with a fascination with light, and that all he knows, which is a great deal, he picked up as he went along.

Wolff certainly likes to keep ahead of the pack. Having pioneered the first mobile stage lighting rig in those dim days before the equipment explosion made it de rigeur to carry about your own illumination, his interest in lasers was sparked by seeing them on *Tomorrow's World* and he began developing his own equipment in order to incorporate them into The Who's stage show.

Basically, a laser is a long glass tube full of a gas, usually argon or krypton. The atoms of the gas are trapped inside a strong electromagnet and fed large quantities of electricity. As each atom gets charged up it produces a miniature explosion and is converted into a particle of light — a photon. This is happening millions of times a second and all these individual photons make up the laser beam.

The beam can be used in two basic ways. Unlike ordinary light, laser waves are in perfect step. This means that whereas a searchlight's beam will begin to fan out immediately it leaves the light source, the laser beam stays exactly the same width for great distances. This makes it ideal for use in outdoor concerts and, to give you an idea of the potential of these devices, they have even bounced a laser beam off the moon.

The pretty fan-shaped patterns are produced by placing a piece of glass called a diffraction grating in front of the beam which breaks the light down into its spectrum, the colours produced depending on the gas being used.

So far so good, but what about lasers being dangerous.

"They're as dangerous as a truck; it depends what you do with it," was Wolff's considered opinion and he should know. You see back in 1975, he planned to use lasers for the first time ever at a rock concert, but ran up against the might of the GLC Technical Officers.

It turned out that they knew less about lasers than Wolff did but still managed to ban him from airing his new toys.

Their reasons were that there was a danger of the laser beam reflecting down from the light fittings onto unsuspecting patrons below. As Wolff patiently pointed out, the second the beam leaves the laser it begins to lose power as it passes through the atmosphere.

In addition, even the most powerful reflectors would not bounce back the beam at full power and when you consider the fact that the light fittings in Wembley Empire Pool hadn't been cleaned for 40 years or more the idea that anything could be reflected off solid gunk was laughable. Since then he's had no trouble however as they seem willing to accept he knows what he's doing.

But what happens if you look into a laser beam? Well, you could damage yourself — but Wolff takes a great deal of care to make sure nothing like that could happen.

He says he wouldn't be in the business of damaging eyes "unless I wanted to sell Who eye patches."

But can't lasers cut through metal? Yes, they can, but the type of laser used is called a pulse laser, which stores up the beams of energy and delivers it in powerful packages. No such device would ever be allowed inside a rock auditorium.

It seems unlikely too that many irresponsible people will get their hands on the gear. Lasers are very expensive for one thing, and need trained operators. Wolff estimates that The Who's rig of six lasers and auxiliary equipment is worth £250,000, and it takes a team of four people to operate it. Other bands have used them — Led Zep, McCartney and Genesis — but with generally disappointing results.

As Wolff says, "It's not an easy game."

Meantime, if you're interested in seeing exactly how far the state of the art has progressed be sure to check out Wolff's upcoming exhibition at The Royal Academy. Called *Light Fantastic* it opens March 15 and promises to be spectacular . . . and safe.

□ DICK TRACY

MOTORCITY MADMAN FOILS THE FEDS

YOU CAN always tell when an artist is starting to shift records. His albums are swiftly removed from the assorted A-Z browser bins and given a diver of their own. And his former record companies go berserk re-packaging everything they can lay their hands on.

During the past year Ted Nugent browser cards have begun appearing — stacked-up behind his most recent Epic albums, "Ted Nugent" and "Free For All", at least a dozen re-issues, compilations, cut-outs and imports strewn over the labels of Mainstream, Polydor and DiscReet.

Now that Nugent is at last retailing albums faster than they can press them up, everyone wants *their* pound of vinyl.

This time last year most people in Britain were unaware of his existence. Today, Ted Nugent automatically sells out almost any place his name is advertised.

SO LET'S go and observe this phenomenon. The scene Manchester, on the opening of his European Tour, the final encore has been detonated and the stage door is surrounded by fans:

It seems the only two people at the Free Trade Hall who still aren't acquainted with the name spelt out in large flickering lightbulbs high above the speaker stacks are a pair of young plainclothes detectives.

A flash of tin, a tap on the shoulder and The Feds drift into the backstage dressing room asking to talk with Ted.

They're not there for autographs . . . seems they're more intent on feeling someone's collar, and it just might be Nugent's.

Starsky & Hutch they ain't.

While Nugent towels his torso, The Feds strike a carefully rehearsed casual pose on either side of him, exchange smirks, and claim to be "investigating" complaints that this evening's soiree was, ". . . much too aggressive! . . . much too exciting! . . . much too loud!"

Nugent is flabberglasted. Not so The Feds. Tut-tut, now what could such uninhibited carryings-on be attributed to? Here's the crunch.

The word drugs is mentioned.

Clear the decks. The Feds have picked upon the wrong patsy. Before they can utter another word, Nugent goes into one of his now-famous anti-drug speed raps.

"When I visit this country", says Nugent pouring on the propaganda, "I probably do more to help turn kids right off drugs than any person I know."

You can tell by the way their jaws are hanging open that The Feds hadn't reckoned on this turn of events.

"The kids come to my concerts to have a good time", he insists as his nostrils flair, his hackles rise. "They pay their two pounds to sweat . . . to work off excess energy and to listen to some honest-to-goodness clean rock 'n' roll music".

Bite on that!

The Feds are suddenly confronted with losing face in front of a dressing room of spectators. There's only two alternatives — haul Nugent's ass or split. There's another brief thrust and parry, and the officers of law and order back down licked.

They're escorted out the dressing room still apologising profusely about how they're only carrying out their duty.

THE REASON I've described this little incident is because, coupled with his stage performance, it corroborates my opinion of Ted Nugent being the complete professional. No matter what situation he's thrust into, he seems instinctively to take command. It doesn't matter whether you like him or loath him; the man is one of life's winners.

While his record label and the media seems to believe that Nugent is not only less than civilised but also suffering from terminal ego, he continues to thrive on controversy. He's well on the way to securing the kind of fanatical following that'll make him one of the biggest box office grosses in years. A live album is planned on the heels on his next studio set. Watch it ship platinum!

A clean livin' Detroit apprentice. Pic. CHALKIE DAVIES.

Dig. You can't come steaming out of Detroit after surviving innumerable ballroom Battles Of The Bands with the likes of the Stooges, Mitch Ryder, Frost, The MC5 and Alice Cooper and not be adept at your trade. That kind of trial-by-combat and 15 years of racketing around America with hardly a day off teaches a kid a thing or three. Ted Nugent not only learnt to play the rock 'n' roll game, but more important, how to win on his own terms.

And he was quick on the uptake. One of the first things he realised was that, with the aid of a semi-acoustic Gibson, a mountain of speakers and the power turned way past-overload, it was possible to hang ten on a wave of psychedlic feedback like a Valkyrie.

Having spent well over half of his 28 years on the road, he learnt from the mistakes of others. Gradually, he formulated a composite image of the archetypal bare-chested braggadacio guitar hero — sweat splashed, legs akimbo, his mane waving like a tattered battle standard.

As far as *his* audience is concerned, it's as though no other guitarist exists. En masse, they charge the front of the stage, clutching make-believe guitars, frantically mimmicking his every exaggerated gesture. They submit to being taken beyond the threshold of pain and then beg for another swift clout across the cranium.

Nugent's brand of blood red rock is stripped down to the bone and delivered with all the efficiency of fast-food. Easy to digest and filling. However, it's the man's self-assured personality that sells it in such vast servings.

"I had the best teacher of them all," he brags — "The road".

"What I do isn't a product of me, I'm a product of what I've done. You learn a great deal from playing in front of audiences who are only there for two hours and won't take any unneccesary garnishing.

"The public are fed-up with bullshit. They want the real thing and I'm qualified to give it to 'em better than anyone else around.

"Rock 'n' roll isn't a mind expander", he philosophies. "It's a pants expander".

"So if people want to believe I'm the Motorcity Madman, let 'em. They can sensationalise me to whatever end they choose. What they don't understand is that I'm just a product of some very bizarre backlash circumstances. And it's this that has produced my attitude.

"For years I've been bounced around by a bunch of totally inefficient record companies and dicks. Listen man" — his voice becomes agitated — "I've *always* been on the road like I was some distressed boy. Since 1969, I've constantly sold out 3,000-4,000 seater halls and made a real big impact on a viable market.

"I'd go to whatever label I was recording for and show them my itinary for 46 straight dates, half of them sold out in advance. And I used to plead with them to advertise my records.

"When I signed with Epic I told them I'll lay my nuts on an anvil, hand out the sledgehammers, and if I didn't sell a 100,000 albums - blast away!"

As a matter of interest, both of Ted Nugent's Epic albums have each sold just under a million copies.

"You see, I only asked for the minimal promo requirements. Don't waste money advertising the gigs, 'cause they'll be sold out anyway. You just sell me some albums. When I sell out a 10,000 seater auditorium in Chicago for two nights, please let those kids know I've got a new album available and stock up the local stores."

He says that in 10 years as a recording artist, Epic have been the only record company to be enthused by his enthusiasm.

For someone who's been on the trail for so long, Ted Nugent shows absolutely no signs of wear and tear. Not for him the glamour of the elegantly wasted. He says it has pained him to watch many of his Motorcity colleagues' careers come to a premature collapse.

"You know, in the late '60s there used to be so much energy in Detroit. I used to play on the same bills as the Stooges and The MC5 and the atmosphere was so electric you could have passed crowbars out among the audience and they'd have bitten them in half. I just get goose bumps talking about it. It's that era that's made me what I am today. That's the reason why I'm still here today, and drugs are the reason most of the others aren't".

He doesn't ascribe it to drug abuse, but drug use period. Whenever Nugent encountered an obstacle in his career he just bulldozed it out of the way and carried on regardless. From experience he noticed that at the first signs of resistence his contemporaries not only capitulated but sought solace in drink and drugs.

"While they were getting discouraged and completely screwed-up, I just smashed any opposition. I don't know why they did it their way and I don't know why I did it my way. I guess they're stupid and I'm not. Look at me, I'm bright-eyed and bushy-tailed and ready to go. If I was on drugs, I'd never get half-way through my stage set.

"Sure, I know some people think that I'm real unhip . . . that I'm stupid, that my particular lifestyle is stupid. But that's fine by me. As far as I'm concerned it's those people who use drugs that are stupid. I've got a career. They haven't.

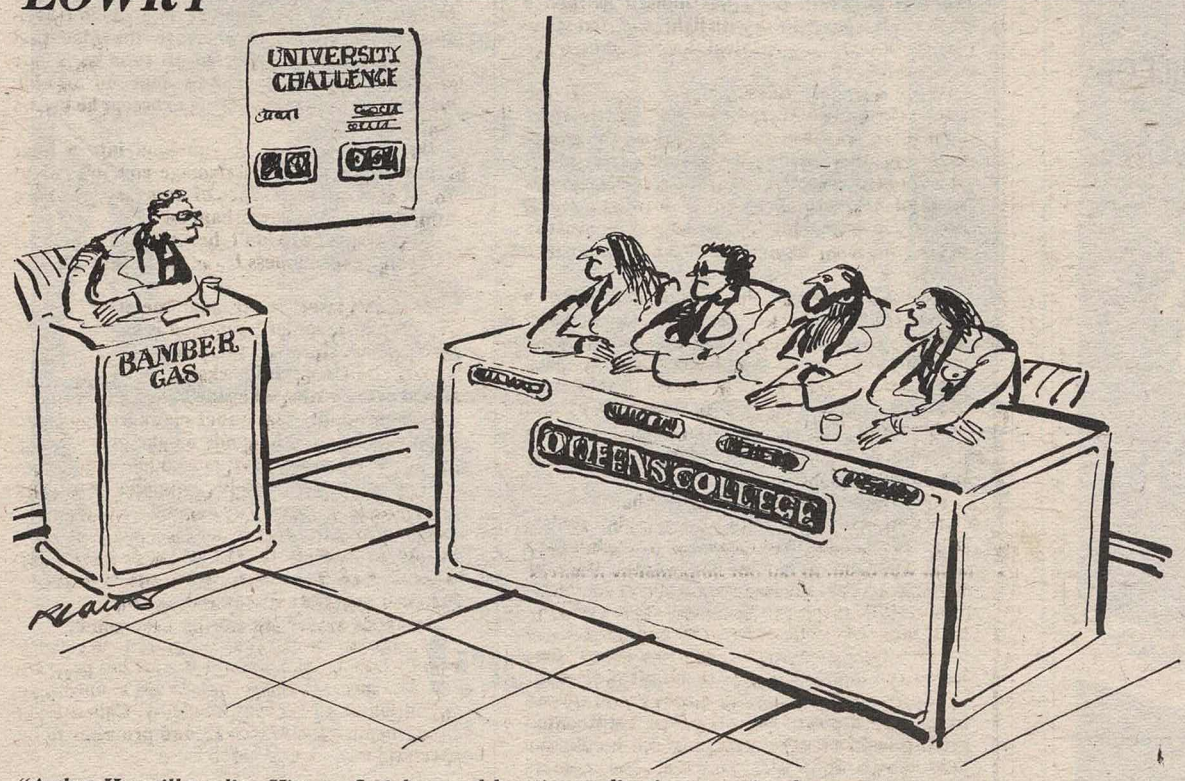
"Idealistically, I'd like to think that so long as I voice my attitude about drugs, a lot of kids will eventually get the message and that there will eventually come a time when drug use is phased out at all rock concerts."

The only other thing that seems to matter to Nugent is that as a guitarist he excites himself. "I don't wanna transcend any trends or establish any real historical landmark in the E—A—B chord progression, I just want to continue to rock out."

Like the posters proclaim: "If It's Too Loud, You're Too Old!"

□ ROY CARR

LOWRY



"Arthur Haverill reading History, Sociology and learning to disguise my regional accent."

EVERYDAY PERILS OF LIFE ON THE FARM

SOMEBODY told me afterwards that Thursday February 24 was supposed to be the worst day of the year. Astrologically that is.

It was. Things were already looking bad when I went round to see B. P. Fallon, Roy Harper's publicist. On our way out to lunch, Pete Jenner, Harper's manager, ran in to say he had to get the singer straight into hospital.

Harper's calamitous illnesses have been a source of innocent amusement recently. The story of him being sick after giving a sheep the kiss of life is the joke of the month now. He was originally treated for his infection in hospital at home in Herefordshire, but around the same time as that he cut his finger on the farm.

A small incident, perhaps, but the cut went septic. Hence his sudden admission to hospital last week. He is presently undergoing tests that will determine the treatment for a serious blood infection, which medical specialists are now inclined to feel was incurred through the cut rather than his contact with the sheep, and was probably aggravated by the congenital heart and circulatory problems from which he suffers. Apparently a colony of bacteria has settled on the wall of his heart.

While the course of treatment is still in question, the rest of the tour he was making is now postponed.

An alarming report in the *Sunday Mirror* suggested that Harper was dangerously ill.

While this is strictly accurate in medical terms, it should be stressed that it is the nature of his illness that is potentially so serious, and that his life is in no immediate danger.

By Saturday, in hospital, Harper was looking as much bored and frustrated as ill.

Between tests, he's been making phone calls to check on the health of his sheep, sizing up the early response to his new album, "Bull In A Ming Vase" and counting the minimum number of days he has to wait between getting back on his feet and getting back on the road.

The one thing he's really happy about is that the band, which included Henry McCullough on guitar and Dave Cochran on bass, was getting better every night, and the last night before he went into hospital, at Birmingham Town Hall, was just great.

Performers, promoter and punters were all equally elated.

Harper added rather morbidly, "The tour stopped after the best gig I've ever done in my life. I feel that if I had to go out, I've gone out on a really good one."

□ ANGIE ERRIGO

Memoirs of a groupie

(How p-nky can one girl get?)

THE FIRST thing Cherry Vanilla's eyes alighted on in NME's neo-Seiffert offices in Kings Reach was a photograph of Elkie Brooks *avec* bodystocking: "Hey, that's a really sexy little body. Mmm!"

Under the watchful eye of her friend and manager Max, she took off her gold raincoat, crossed her legs and sipped succinctly at straight Coke, resisting all attempts on the part of Tony Parsons and me to intoxicate her.

She's all cherry hair and vanilla flesh, good enough to eat and nervous in black, her blouse buttons undone to reveal decolletage and a certain amount of despairation.

She's 33. That's some age to find fame.

A long time ago Cherry left high school in Queens and moved onto an advertising agency from where it was just a short jump to an off-Broadway production of *Pork* (she played the title role) which brought her to London.

Two years of publicity for David Bowie and MainMan, a book of poetry and photographs called *Compositions* published in 1974, a diary of groupiedom called *Pop Tart* fragmented in *Creem* and *Penthouse* left her slightly sore, and Cherry is now ripe for something slightly more prestigious than giving head in the back room of Max's.

So she chose, logically enough, rock and roll.

"People came to see me because I was so bad! I was like a cross between Lenny Bruce and Mrs Miller . . ."

Cherry — *who?*

"Mrs Miller . . . you never heard of her? She was this awful fat lady who sung so bad that people came to see her just for that reason. And I was like that.

"We didn't have anywhere to play; CBGB's is a hole and Reno Sweeney's and Trude Heller's are like jazz clubs. We'd play clubs and they'd close down five weeks later. One night we went from New York to L.A. just to play! We played the gay baths and I called out "Hi, fairies!" and they loved us! And my piano player, this little fat 17-year-old Jewish kid was so embarrassed that he wore a suit under his bathrobe!"

Cherry expects London to be just a little more lucrative:

"I sold everything I had to come to England. We're staying in this really cheap hotel." She lowers her voice to a confidential husk. "But I think it's a *whorehouse.*"

For a girl who once said: "Never do with your hands what you can do better with your mouth", that's pretty good.

But Cherry insists she isn't a groupie any more: "Well, I did try it on my band. But they left me anyway, for money."

Tony Parsons gatecrashes the conversation to remind Cherry that writers are much better screws than rock and roll stars.

She nods demurely: "As I'm a writer, I'd have to agree. But I do have a thing about lead guitarists: I'm screwing my lead guitarist at the moment. I've been celibate for up to a year at a time, but when I get horny, I get horny!

Cherry: people came because I was so bad . . .

"I'm feeling horny right now!" Cherry chortles, tossing her Schiaperelli pink hair.

But her eyes are anxious. She's afraid the kids at the Roxy (the Covent Garden club where she's playing a gig tonight, Thursday) won't like her. "I don't even spit onstage, like Patti does. I mean, I'm a girl. How punky can a girl be?"

Been down the Roxy yet?

"Yeah, I saw The Vibrators. I liked them but after the first three numbers they all sounded the same.

"I don't reckon the audience liked them too much because no one was pogoing. That's how you tell if London kids like you, right? If they like you they pogo!"

Is there much difference between American and English kids?

"American kids are just like street rats, they dress in old levis. The kids over here are much more into the whole lifestyle; like I'm always getting stared at in New York because of the colour of my hair, but the first thing I saw when I went into the Roxy was a girl with *green* hair!"

"In New York it's a hobby, in London it's a vocation", Parsons tells her.

"Right! I mean the audiences here make The Heartbreakers look like hippies!"

Is there a difference in attitudes to life in America?

"In America you don't need money, you can just kind of coast along on your reputation. Here, things are harder and I keep seeing all these beautiful young girls working as *maids*. You don't get *that* in America.

"The kids here are much more into the Revolution."

It requires a considerable stretch of the imagination to envisage the inhabitants of the Roxy storming Buckingham Palace, but Cherry's imagination is captured: "I was down at the Roxy the other night and all around me these kids were saying: 'There's a revolution going on!' "

Do you want to make records?

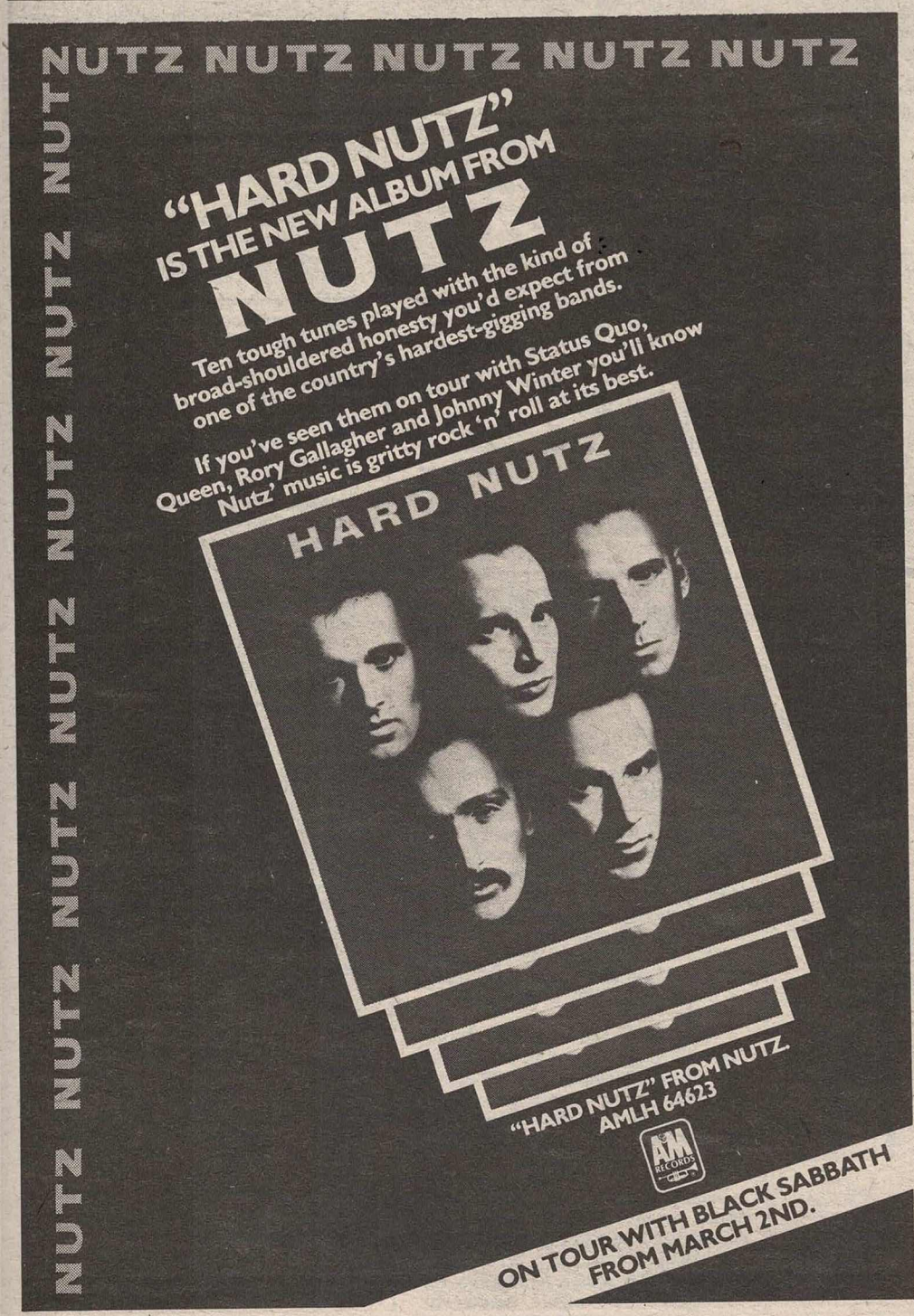
"Yeah, we might be putting out a single on RCA."

What's it called?

She laughs: " "The Punk" ".

He wild eyes flicker across the wall where James Dean reigns supreme: "Yeah. The only punk."

□ JULIE BURCHILL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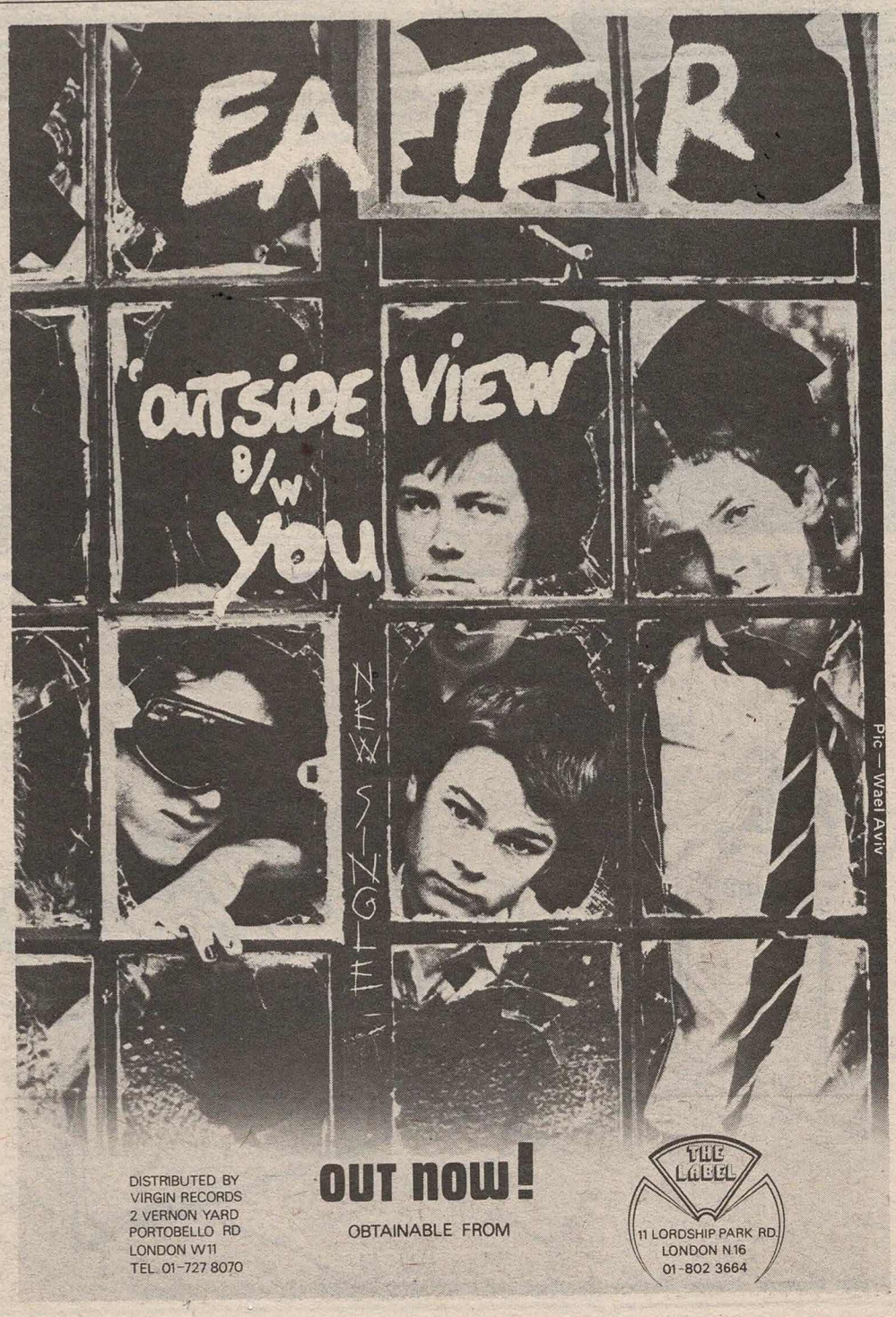

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LESTER BANGS: BACK IN THE USA

IF I GET TOO preachy in what follows, just hawk in my beer or something. Right, I've got one on my chest and you're as hapless a prey as any.

This morning I tried to buzz the blear out of my eyes by tuning in a talk show on the radio. It was one of those phone - in - and - shoot - off - your - mouth setups and the topic was the newsflash, which I had not heard previous, that Larry Flynt, publisher of *Hustler*, the raunchiest U.S. skin-mag of 'em all, was being sent up the river for five years on an obscenity conviction.

The show's host played the blandly impartial role expected of him, while a succession of people who apparently had nothing better to do at 7.30 am called in and aired their views. Finally some woman called saying she was glad to see Flynt in the pen because her husband had brought home a copy of that magazine which she destroyed almost immediately because it was the most horrible thing she had ever seen — why, did you know they had a story about a man raping a little girl? Whereupon I jumped out of bed, phoned them up and joined all the other crypto-cranks in waiting 20 minutes to lay *my* spiel on the announcer.

I am not in the habit of doing things like that. The reason I called in was that I read that story about the rape of a five-year-old by some old alcoholic hermit, and it was written by Charles Bukowski, who I think is one of the best writers in America. That story is literature to me, and I don't see any reason why if that woman and most of the others who called in have their way and if Larry Flynt goes today Charles Bukowski should not be next, and after him Joyce or Ovid or whoever displeases the censors, amateur or otherwise.

I'm sure that there are still a lot of people around who would like to see Henry Miller and D. H. Lawrence snuffed out.

Not that you should have to be as comparatively august as them to be spared a spell in the slams for purveying something that offends people. One of the nice things about democracy is that it confers the freedom to be disgusting and deviant, the implication being that a healthy society can take it.

I think Larry Flynt is an almost total creep (although his comment to the judge when he was asked if he wanted to say anything before sentencing *was* cool: "Like Gary Gilmore said — let's do it!" My man!). The speciality of *Hustler* that sets it apart from the other skin magazines is how it figures out every possible way be terminally obscene and disgusting every month.

A recent issue featured, besides racism whose extremity couldn't be matched this side of a Klan broadside (e.g. a black guy getting killed by a mousetrap baited with watermelon), a trumped-up anti-V.D. story complete with full-colour medical textbook closeups of advanced stages of the worst possible cases of syphilis.

Another issue bore the cover headline "The Most Obscene Issue Ever", and inside ran another spread in full colour of war atrocities from Vietnam and elsewhere: severed heads, mutilated torsoes, spilled entrails, etc. The accompanying copy asserted that people were always talking about the obscenity of bare titties, but *this* was the real obscenity, etc. etc. etc. Coming on real Lenny Bruce high-minded, but of course everybody knows that's bullshit: the clear and present purpose of running stuff like that is to titillate, and what makes it especially mind-bending is the *juxtaposition* of mangled carcasses with pix of rosy-aureoled girls masturbating. I believe the purpose of Larry Flynt's product is to corrupt, or at least to exploit disease and corruption.

But that's tough shit. Similar motives have been ascribed to Jean Genet by literary critics who meant it as a compliment, and that one is an artist and the other a huckster is an aesthetic judgment, not a moral one.

Art in any form has the goddamned right to *be* amoral and try to corrupt anyone it damn well pleases, besides which the operative verb is "try" because no one was ever corrupted against their will.

I WENT THROUGH a moral confusion of my own when I first heard about snuff movies — which do exist, by the way; I know people who have seen them, but so far at least they have remained a jet-set private-party phenomenon. But when I first heard about them — well, "shocked" doesn't seem sufficient to the task of describing how the mind tries to cope with realizing that such things exist.

The bottom-line question was if somebody actually did try to exhibit one and charge admission should it be censored, and when a ketchup-stained ripoff was exhibited in New York it was interesting to see how many otherwise staunch defenders of the ideals of the libertarian Left rallied to have it suppressed. The real answer I think would be to try to prosecute the people who did the actual killing and leave the exhibitors alone.

Of course that was 1975 and today such fine distinctions are irrelevant, because we've been conducting snuff movies or at least snuff journalism with delirious enthusiasm in the national media. I don't know why the networks didn't just haul off and live telecast Gary Gilmore's execution — I can't see that it would have made any difference at that point. Or that a new telecast I just watched where the local ABC people interviewed a five-year-old boy at length about seeing his little sister shoved into a can of rat poison by their parents is any different from Larry Flynt running those war atrocity photos, for that matter.

Everybody seems to have breathed a sign of relief, whether they liked Jimmy Carter or not, when he entered the White House, if for no other reason than that his regime is that type that could accept and even endorse by laughing with Chevy Chase's cracking jokes about Presidential transvestism at the Inaugural concert.

But the Nixon years are still with us, in our bones, dragging us inexorably back to Medieval kinds of public terror as large portions of our populace cry with all the thumping sanctimony of William Jennings Bryan for the televised execution of criminals and applaud sending a man to prison for publishing a book they don't like. Proving that one of the most essential checks and balances of a free system is the necessity to protect it from the often malevolent whims of the people themselves, especially in times of national rage.

And just in case you're wondering what all this has to do with rock 'n' roll and the interests of this magazine: Patti Smith's *Radio Ethiopia* was banned from the Metromedia Radio network on grounds of obscenity ("Pissin' In A River," etc), which cut it off 70% of the FM stations in American.

It's in your own back yard too: the Sex Pistols.

You may think it's just a joke or a publicity scam, and it is funny that Johnny Rotten can piss off your whole country just by saying "shit."

But it's not funny when you can't buy a record any more because somebody has decided it isn't good for you, and the fact that people think that's funny is just one more reason why the Sex Pistols deserve consideration *before* Henry Miller and D. H. Lawrence.

Besides which everybody knows porn is a bunch of nothing: just look at Sweden, where everybody ends up committing suicide out of boredom.

Empress of blues, '70s style

THE COMPUTER print-out on Thelma Houston reads: Mississippi born . . . gospel singer . . . made superb album, "Sunshower" (ABC), produced by Jim Webb (1969) . . . in '72 had Mowest LP, only other albums being "I've Got The Music In Me" (Sheffield Lab, 1975) and "Anyway You Like It" (Motown, 1976) . . . currently has hit single in "Don't Leave Me This Way".

In short, nobody's put Billie Jean King's ex-classmate under too much recording pressure since her 1969 mindblower, an elpee that contained possibly the best version of "Jumpin' Jack Flash" outside of the well-loved original.

So how does one explain that initial gap between 1969 and '72? I asked her when she was in London recently.

"I never really discussed it with ABC-Dunhill at the time, I suppose they just wanted to see if people would buy my records before they laid out any money. When I left the label they were very friendly, very amicable. I think they felt if they couldn't do it for me then maybe somebody else could."

After the honeymoon with Motown and the doubtful kudos of having the first single release on the ill-fated Mowest label, it seemed that she was once again shelved — at least, until 1974 when a single, "You've Been Doing Wrong For So Long" earned her a Grammy nomination.

Since that time, her periods of active service in the studios would appear to be on the increase — her name has appeared on two soundtrack items during the last few months.

"Bingo Long" was the first one.

"That came about after a single called "Piano Man" (not the Billy Joel song) came out. It was a Mike Masser song and Berry Gordy always liked the record — I think he kinda thought it would be a hit. Berry wrote 'Steal On Home' for 'Bingo Long' and he's the kind of person who likes you to be around when he's writing things — at least he's that way with me.

"If you come up with something that he thinks is good, then he'll add it in there — so the song ends up being part of you and your feelings."

She worked on a similar close contact basis when cutting "Sunflower", Jim Webb picking her up from home in his car and dropping her back after sessions.

But "Anyway You Like It", released last month in the U.K., would appear to be not so much an album as a collection of possible singles, produced at various times by a whole army of different producers.

"Yeah, that's exactly what we were doing," Thelma readily admits. "We were just goin' for a hit.

"Y'see, with Berry the feeling was always there that Motown had a marketable talent on their hands and after my other singles didn't do *that* well he wanted to . . . to . . . to . . . what's the word?"

"Concentrate, yeah that's it . . .concentrate on coming up with a smash even if it meant having 95 producers to do it.

"And Berry was right — because 'Anyway You Like It' has been my most successful album in terms of sales."

So over what period did these myriad sessions take place?

"Well, we started in 1972 or '73 and kept working up to sometime last October. Not every day, of course, just now and then."

So working on the assumption that there's a lot of unissued material left over from these sessions, theoretically there's still another Thelma Houston album around, if Motown choose to put one out?

"Theoretically," she agrees and laughs. "But I'm still recording — I'm starting to get greedy . . . gimme that, I want to record that etc.

"And now I'm also doing a duet album with Jerry Butler. It's good working with him, cause he don't like punchin' in and I don't like punchin' in and the relationahip is very good.

"I don't have to explain everything to him. Being a singer, he understands."

Though she doesn't categorise herself as an R&B singer or Blueslady — "I want to be known as the sort of artist who can do it all . . . like a Dinah Washington, maybe." — it seems likely that Thelma's to portray Bessie Smith in a forthcoming Motown-Columbia film-bio.

Might not the plot might be a travesty of the real Smith story, in the grand tradition of Motown's high-hokum Billie Holiday re-write. ("Lady Sings The Blues")?

Thelma says not.

"I've read the script and it's not too Hollywood — though it's got to have something to prevent it being just a documentary.

"I'm satisfied it's factual though; I've read the books by Chris Albertson, Paul Orland and another writer.

"I think her story was colourful enough not to need much added to it."

□ FRED DELLAR

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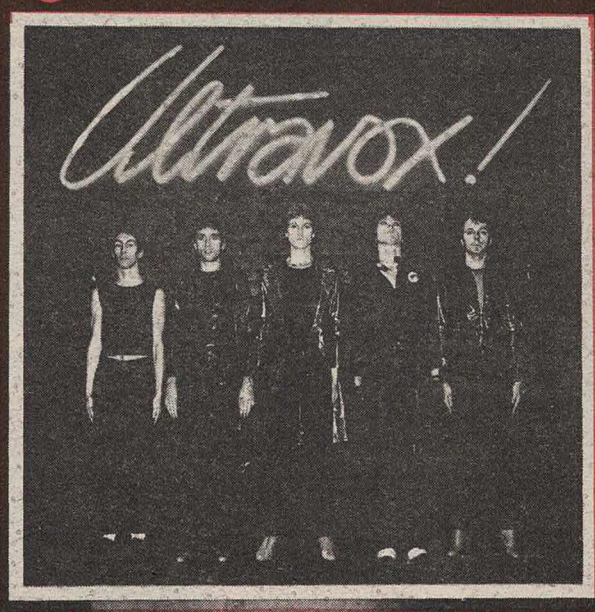
Sounds



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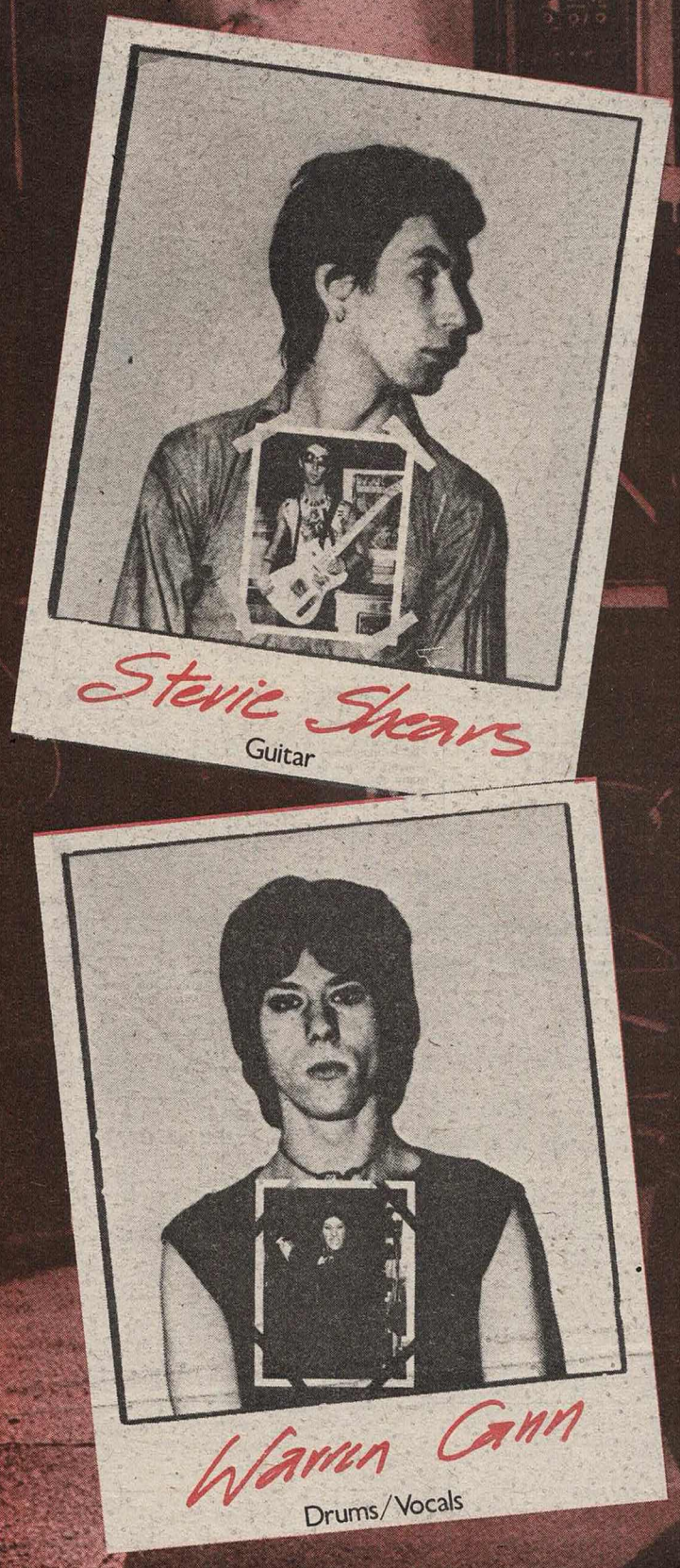
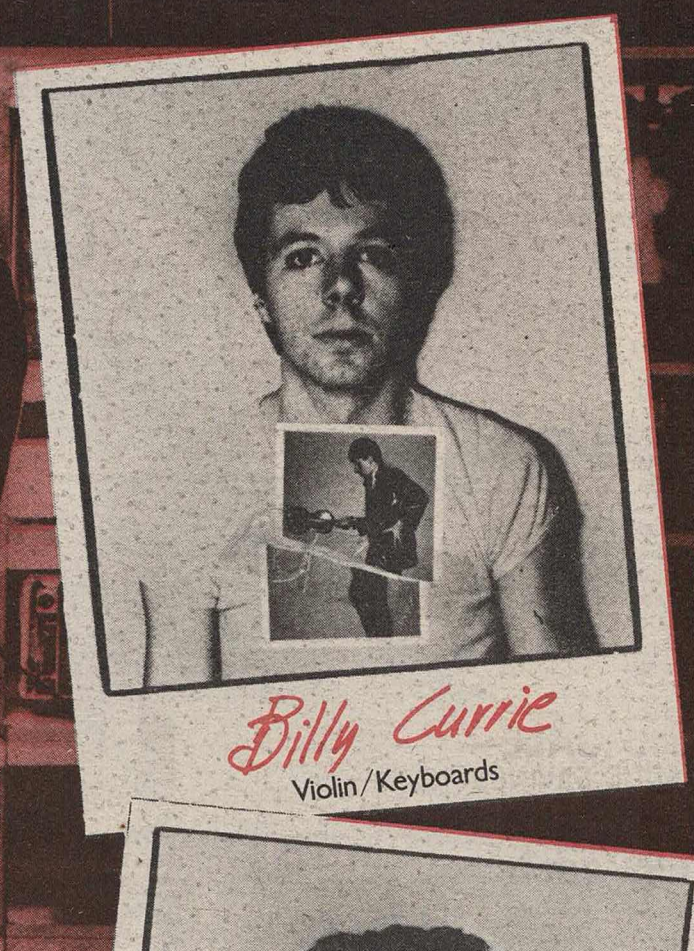
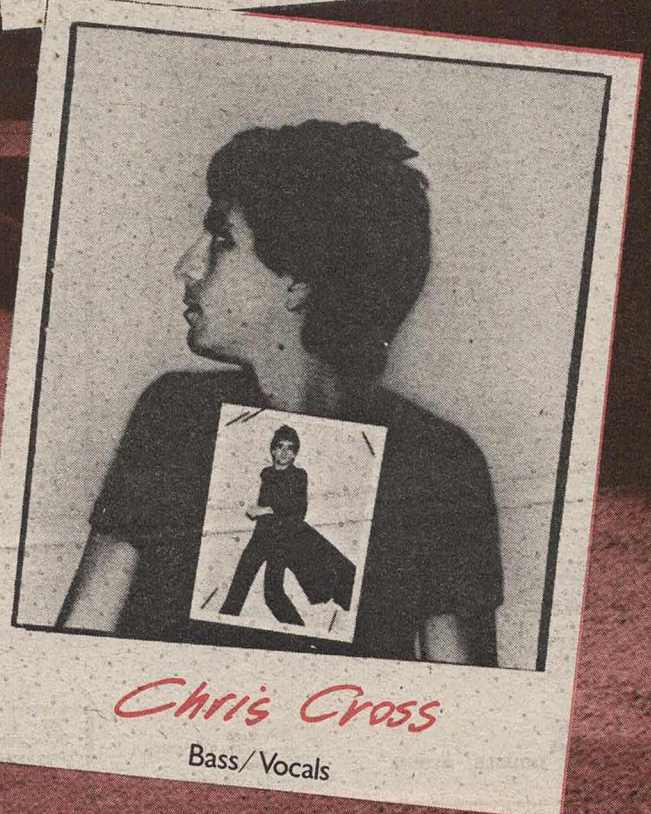

Stevie Shears
Guitar


Billy Currie
Violin/Keyboards

Warren Cann
Drums/Vocals


Chris Cross
Bass/Vocals

John Foxx
Vocals

ISLAND

Procol Harum's new album brings you face to face with a stranger.

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"Reid/Brooker remain constant. Working endless variations on a self contained sound that is timeless..."

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All the elements which have made the group unique are now brought together on their newest album.

Gary Brooker's skilful use of orchestration never diverts attention from the group's basic rock'n'roll roots. "Timeless Music" said Rolling Stone. This has never been truer.

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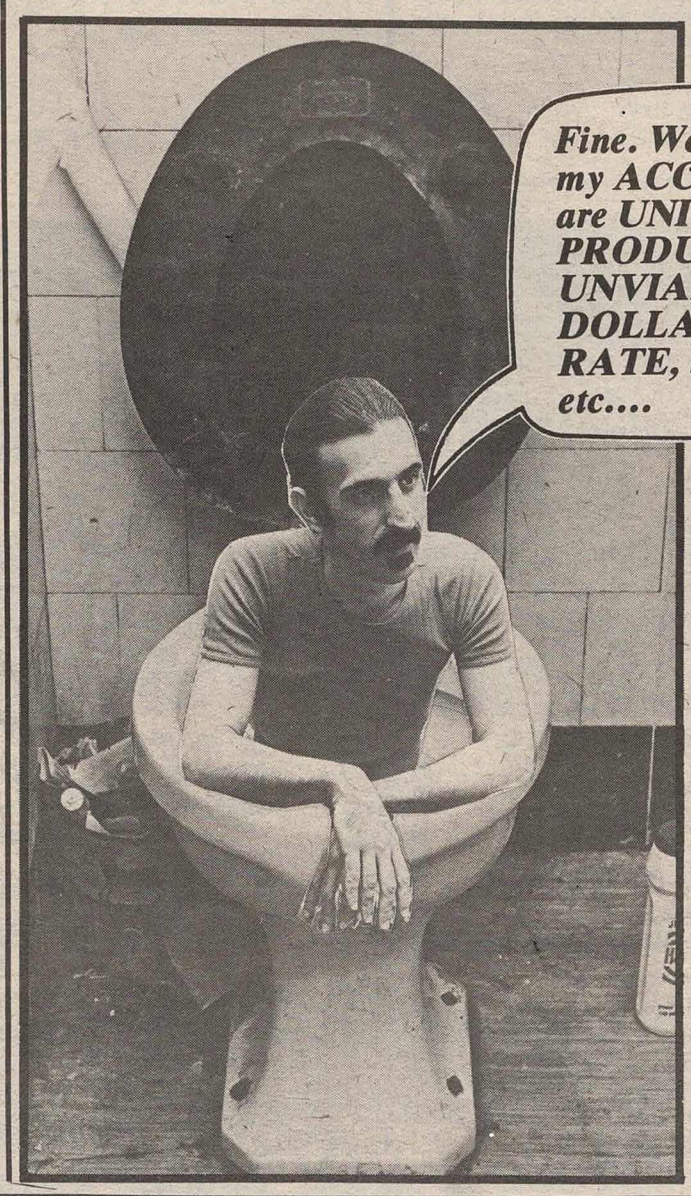
O.K. FRANK — LET IT ROLL....


Fine. Well, according to my ACCOUNTANT, there are UNITS of my early PRODUCT which remain UNVIABLE at the current DOLLAR EXCHANGE RATE, blah blah, etc., etc....

IS THE CONCEPTUAL CONTINUITY of your output macrostructure still operative?

"Yes," nods Frank Zappa solemnly.

So, in that case, this interview must be part of that?

"Yeah." He nods again. "Doesn't that give you a warm secure feeling?"

It makes me feel happy to know that I've become part of a pattern.

"Isn't everybody? Remember, the pattern is what makes the wallpaper work".

So you consciously perform in an interview?

"Of course". The sometimes-quiet-intimidating stentorian Zappa vocals boom "You're an interviewer. You have to perform like an interviewer. I'm an interviewee. I have to perform like an interviewee.

"You see, if we don't perform then we don't function. If we don't function then we're not viable. You wouldn't want to be unviable. If you get to be unviable then you become redundant."

Of course.

However, situations must surely occur in which the extent of the performance may break down.

"Well, I don't know what kind of interviews you do. Or the kind of people you talk to. Or what sort of breakdown you're talking about. I do interviews because it's part of my job.

"I don't pretend that anyone who ever talked to me for any one minute of my life wanted to know anything about me."

One assumes that this is a philosophical and not a morbid stance that our Frankie is taking. However:

"Don't be so self-deprecating."

"I'm just being realistic. I've got statistics to prove that."

No, no. You're quite wrong....

Thinks: you are, after all, a major cultural figure. A Spokesman For A Generation. Even if it's only to pick your brains we want to talk to you.

Why, even young Chalkie Davies, lensman supreme, was just telling me as we came up in the lift to this penthouse suite at the Dorchester that you are one of his heroes.

"Bah. Humbug. Look", Frank leans across the coffee table that separates us and wags an admonishing forefinger my way, "Let me tell you something about interviews. I do tons of them. I keep doing tons of them. I never read them. I don't listen to them when they're on the radio. I only do it because it's part of my work.

"And you come and you do interviews because it's part of your job."

However, I actually quite like doing interviews. I do my job because....

"That doesn't mean that I *hate* doing interviews just because I do a lot of them. But I have to be realistic about what they are and what it's like to do them. They ask me the same questions over and over again."

Perhaps you do too many interviews....

"There's no way to do too many interviews when you're signed to a record company like Warners. *Somebody's* got to sell the records!!!"

Aha! So *there's* the rub!

PHOTOGRAPHER Chalkie Davies and myself have been engaged in an Interview Situation with Francis Vincent Zappa of Hollywood, USA, for some fifteen minutes now.

During the space of this quarter of an hour it has become quickly apparent that this will not turn out to be the most casual rock'n'roll rap in which either of us have participated.

Perhaps, it is felt at first, we should put it down to the heavy tour-fatigue in which Zappa entourage is presumably drenched as it enters the final week of six months on the road. Perhaps, on the other hand, it's just caused by some uncomfortable planetary set-up that's afflicting this late part of the afternoon.

Whichever, a little more trust and a little less of what seems to be suspiciously close to paranoia would certainly have diminished the severe attack of flatulence that has been rapidly induced in the interviewer by the tension gathered in the lounge of Frank's suite.

We are not alone with Frank.

Also present are two not-unattractive large-breasted American ladies. One sits on the couch next to Frank whilst the other leans back in an armchair on the other side of the room glancing at a copy of *Rolling Stone*.

Casually stretching his close to seven feet across the carpet is Mr Smothers, a gentleman of confused racial origins. It is Mr. Smothers who, whenever Frank steps to the front of the stage in his shows, hunkers down in the wings, squatting protectively like a Zappa-esque version of the Presidential Secret Service bodyguard. His gig appears to be to prevent a repetition of the Rainbow incident in 1971 in which Frank was flung offstage into the pit, badly fracturing his right leg in the process, by the jealous boyfriend of a zealous female fan.

He eyes us with the suspicion that his role requires. Probably he expects Chalkie to leap up and push Frank off the couch.

Anyway, within the first two minutes of the interview Smothers instructs him to point his flash upwards so as not to damage Frank's artistic eyes. Then he appeares to indulge in an attempt to take our plucky photog's light meter to pieces. Maybe he thinks it's a bomb.

From the second we've walked through the doorway, both of us have picked up on the uneasy edge that's hanging there.

Frank doesn't seem too strong on wit or articulacy today. Most of my early questions utilize more words than do Frank's replies.

Conversely, though when Frank gets going with the old verbiage he indicates a love of the dramatic effect of Pinteresque pregnant pauses. On such occasions the flatulent interviewer may become confused and use one of the breaks to put a question. This invariably seems to irritate Frank a little.

And, just to ensure that matters get really perverse at times, Frank frequently interrupts my line of questioning when I'm only halfway through a sentence — thereby frequently misinterpreting it.

There really does seem to be something of a communication problem.

NOR DOES THE ADOPTED line of questioning appear to help matters.

For many years I've been fascinated by the self-perpetuated concept of Frank Zappa as Total Cynic. It is a concept with which I feel great sympathy.

Now, of course, such subject matter would not normally be broached at the beginning of an interview with, say, Ian Anderson. With such a fellow one would first soften him up with a few stock questions, win his confidence....and then number him.

With Frank Zappa, however, it is felt that the empathy quotient will inevitably be considerably higher. Why — does not a listening to the fellow's platters suggest a closely related soul? Do we not now and then experience a frisson of delight at the sometimes uncanny mutuality of the perceptions therein indicated?

Dive in, therefore. Rapidly search out the roots of such finely matured cynicism. Remember, we only have an hour before we turn in to Chris Welch.

Frank doesn't want to play, though. Thus (in a weary defensive tone);

"There's nothing wrong with being cynical....But, see, when you start an interview off with that and you start approaching the word 'cynic' as a negative value I start wondering what you're dealing with...."

"But it's not being given a negative value at all. I'm a great believer in it".

A not particularly trusting nod of the head: "It's the *only* key to survival."

Well we seem to have got off on the wrong foot here, but no matter. Forge ahead. Give him something he can get his teeth into:

"Do you think that Americans understand your music and your lyrics any better these days?"

"No."

"Do you think that Europeans understand your music?"

"No."

"Do you think Europeans understand more than Americans?"

"No."

"I would've actually thought that they did."

"I don't."

NOW, BY THIS TIME, not only is the flatulence increasing but I am quite frankly, beginning to feel that perhaps a major re-assessment of Our Hero is necessary.

It is decided then that something must be done to save the situation. There is only one weapon left to use. It's crazy, it's dangerous, but it might *just* work:

"Look, I must tell you you're not exactly living up to the reputation you enjoy amongst English journalists for delivering Rent-a-Spiels."

The Zappa features contort in a mixture of fury and amazement:

"DOING *WHAT*????"

This is The Moment That Changes The Course Of The Interview.

From now on Frank doesn't exactly sparkle, but he does ....Come to think of it, he *does* turn on a Rent-a-Spiel. First, he presents The Treatise On Interviews that opened this piece and we find out just why everyone is seeming like such cross patches.

Then — and interrelated with this — he claims that earlier that afternoon his record company, Warner Brothers, had cancelled a television interview he had been due to take part in "because they were afraid that I would go on and say things about their record company."

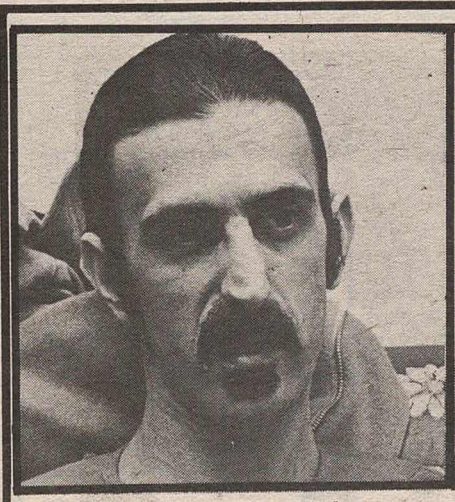
This, it must be said, is somewhat at odds with what The Man From The Press Office had told Chalkie and The Interviewer in the lift. The burden of his viewpoint being that *he* cancelled it, not Warners.

"I did not cancel it. They made it look like there was a mix-up between the management and somebody down there. But the source that I

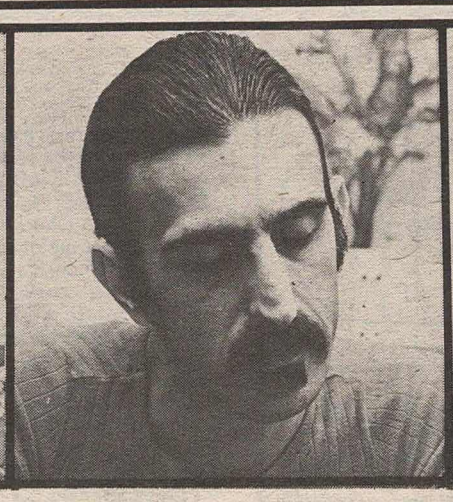
■ *Continues over*

Bored? Then spare a thought for CHRIS SALEWICZ (words) and CHALKIE DAVIES (pictures). They actually had to live through....

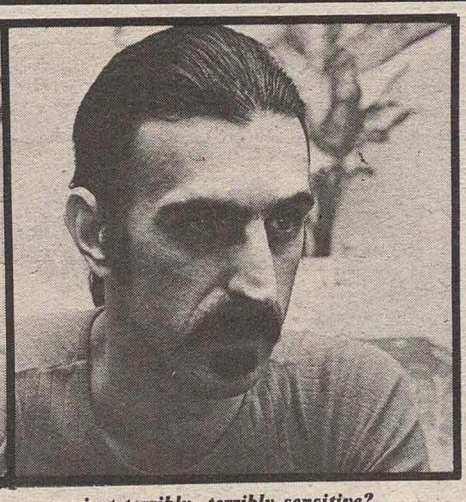
The Frank Zzzzzzappa Snore-In



Tell us, Frank: are you paranoid....



....or smug....



.....or just terribly, terribly sensitive?

SOMEBODY'S GOT TO SELL THE RECORDS!
(From previous page)

have says that Warner Brothers are the ones who actually cancelled it. I agreed to do the television show this afternoon. Apparently someone from Warner Brothers called over there and cancelled the television show."

Smithers calls Frank to the bedroom telephone, Frank returns with the first hint of a smile we've yet seen from him:

"That was the record company setting up a televsion interview for when I come back from Scotland."

Call Chalkie'n'Chris. Bad kharma de-vibed instantly.

HOWEVER, IT MUST be remembered that Zappa is currently engaged in litigation with his former manager, Herb Cohen. So maybe he's just down on the music business in general?

"No, it's just Warners."

So what is it particularly that they've done?

"Do you want the list? I mean, is this going to be relevant to your article?"

Well, possibly. I needn't put it in if....

"No-o-o-o-!" the Zappa vocals bellow, "I'm happy to have it in wherever it's possible. Just jam it in there. Okay?"

There then follows the standard Warners Bros Sucks soliloquy which — apart from the fact that Frank already delivered it to NME via Miles (issue dated Dec 4 1976) — is not really too fascinating to anyone who isn't into music as "product". Which Zappa apparently *is* — since he uses the term frequently (and totally without irony) during the obsessive diatribe which ensues.

Of course, all this does seem to bring out something of a contradiction in Frank Zappa. Maybe it's just the background he had in the advertising business before becoming a full time musician, but he *does* seem to thrive as much as the most cliched marketing man on discussions of sales records and other related matters, all of which are spoken in the appropriate Music Biz-ese.

Later on in the interview he is reminded that he has spoken in the past of the need to retain Absolute Freedom. To hang on to that in the Musical Business, he replies, "I have to learn to talk about what they want to hear. They don't want to talk about music and they don't want to talk about art so they'd better be talking about units. Until you find out what a unit means and what it is and how much it means to them you'll never be able to carry on a conversation with a record company. They don't give a fuck about what's in the music. It's the units."

He pours a hefty slug of Chivas Regal into his glass:

"I've been associated with Warners for five years and I just think it's time to go someplace else.

"Just to find somebody who's enthusiastic about what I do at the record company. You know, I go in the studios and I really think I'm doing something wonderful. And there are people who buy the records who think it's wonderful too.

"But there isn't anyone at the fuckin' record company who'd agree with that. As far as they're concerned it's a box of shoes."

IT IS POINTED OUT that there is something of a massive irony working here: that Zappa's stance of Total Cynic to all things has, in the case of the music business, been thouroughly vindicated — even though it's Frank himself who got screwed.

"That's the way it goes," mutters the man, raising his glass in a mock toast.

It is also pointed out, though, that there are many fans of The Mothers Of Invention who find Frank Zappa's current output slight in comparison to the fearlessly uncompromising epics of his early days.

"A total cop-out" was how one member of the staff of this paper described the recent albums.

"Maybe you're just getting old," he replies, a little sourly.

Certainly am. No question of that.

Finally, the forces of articulate defence gather:

"There's a lot of people listening to the records now that wouldn't touch any early stuff with a ten-foot pole. There are people who think my first album was 'Apostrophe'.

"There's no accounting for taste," he adds, a little disappointingly. "If *you* don't like it there's somebody else who does. And that's the attitude you have to have when you're making music. Who wants to go out and make music that is satisfactory to every person in the world? What kind of mishmash would that be?

"Somebody likes it? Great. If they don't then great too. There's plenty of other stuff for them. That's the only positive approach you can take."

The implication was, however, that you could be making more "direct" statements....

"Are you trying to tell me that the statements I've already made are invalid and don't apply anymore?"

No, Frank. On the other hand....

"Now just remember this: not only are they *still valid* but they're *still available* on record. And I don't feel any need to repeat them, paraphrase them, or chew them up and spit them out again. I've said it once and it's still true and there it is and those records are still available.

"And a lot of the people who are listening to the stuff today, if they like 'Zoot Allures' — or whatever the latest album happens to be — might go into the stores and check out the others and work backwards. Twenty-two albums worth."

Mmm. Quité an armful.

Forgive us for saying so, but you seem a little more concerned with Commercial Potential than you were in the days of the Mothers.

Frank Zappa stares into his glass of whisky:

"Every record I ever made I always thought was a hit. (Pause)....That's how crazy *I* am. I though 'Freak Out' was a hit."

An atmosphere of melancholy intrudes. The interrogater listens patiently while Uncle Frank drones out the Verve Records Sucked Also spiel.

Can Frank Zappa, one is at last forced most seriously to consider, have possible become a boring old fart?

POLITELY I WONDER if the more...."diluted" music on the recent Zappa albums had been an indication of the on-set of middle age. It's interesting that, though he's now thirty-six, the new Zappa band is probably the youngest he's ever had.

Does he, perhaps, hope "that it'll make me younger minute by minute by standing on stage with them? God forbid."

Eddie Jobson was telling me that you rehearsed with an almost fanatic stringency; that you're a very hard taskmaster.

"Ah, that's a bunch of bullshit. I'm a nice guy."

Then, smugly cracking the joints of his long index fingers:

"Somebody's got to. If they can't discipline themselves then it has to be applied externally. If they can't take it from the outside and develop their own internal self-discipline then they're not going to be in the group. I mean, I don't intend to spend the rest of my life going around disciplining people to make them do stuff, you know. All I say is 'I want it good. I want you to learn it and get it right and play it consistently right.'

"After that the rest is up to them.

"A lot of people just snap. And then they can't admit to themselves or to anybody else that it was them that fucked up. They always leave the group and say I was driving them too hard or something like that. But what it comes down to is they just couldn't control themselves."

Have you possibly felt for some time that what you've tried to do has all been a bit too much of a fight?

"It's never easy," he shakes his head resignedly — before swiftly shaking off despondency by spoofing an archetypal Positive Thinking American accent, "Course, I'm not a *losing* kind of person.

"But I wouldn't mind having it *a little easier* than it is because I also like to sleep. I've just found this last year I spent a lot of time worrying about things that were not musical."

THEN, MAYBE just to make us go home a little happier, Frank Zappa tells of the inspiration behind the "Miss Pinky" track on "Zoot Allures".

"It's a device that was advertised in a Finnish pornographic magazine. I might even have a copy of it here," he says, making an abortive search of his dark tan leather attache case. "It was a vinyl head. About this big" — Gestures the size of a human head with his hands. — "With short hair. Mouth open about like that. Sponge rubber throat. Two speed vibrator attached to the throat. A squeeze bulb on the side underneath an ear that makes the jaws collapse.

"And this is Miss Pinky — that was the only thing that was in English in this ad.

"And I think 'Jeee-*zuz K-Rist.* What is this?'." Zappa is now actually laughing for the first time since we've been in the room.

"So I said 'Well, we've got to *get* one of these.' So we looked all over. Couldn't find one until we got to Amsterdam. Smothers went into a sex shop and found two of them. So he bought them both.

"We put one on the crew bus for the boys to have fun with. And we used another one onstage and had it suck off the microphone a couple of times.

"And so I wrote the song about the little rubber head. It's just *straight reportage*: 'I got a girl with a little rubber head/Messes around every night just before I go to bed/She never talked back like a lady might do/And she looks like she loves it every time I get through.' "

Does this kind of life, dear reader, look interesting to you?

I HOPE you get all your problems sorted out," I tell Frank from the doorway as Chalkie and I are leaving.

"Yeah, I'm sure I will," he nods. "Then I'll just get a whole new set to replace them...."

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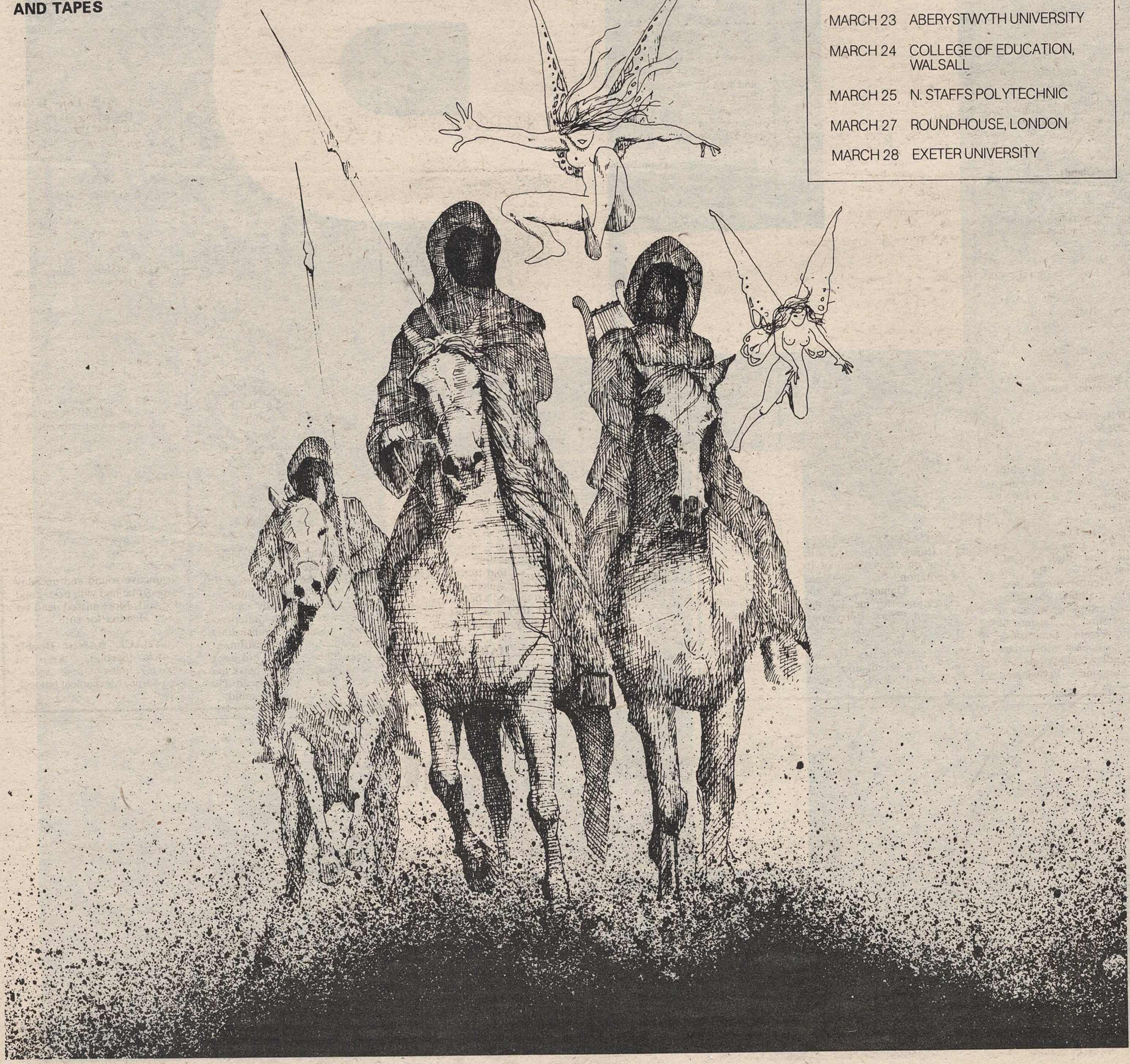

SINGLES

A Damned good week, kids . . . .

METRO, featuring androgymous iciness

REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY PHIL McNEILL

A WELTER of name singles this week, maybe only one real classic, but loads of good uns . . . so let's take it from the top in extremely vague order of merit. ONE TWO THREE FOUR!

METRO: Criminal World (Transatlantic). Never heard of 'em? Me neither. The only thing they remind me of is Lewis Furey's intensely sexual "The Humours Of" (*the* album of '76) — and I was at a loss for reference points with him too. Softly relentless tune, masterly control of dynamics, slinky, very mysterious post-glam voice with that irresistible androgynous iciness. Seductive.

SUZI QUATRO: Tear Me Apart (Rak). In theory, Suzi should be — and I'm sure she could have been — the undisputed queen of rock (sorry about that, what else am I supposed to say?). In practice, she's never made a decent record. This is pretty dumb, but pretty good, with a *superb* lead-off melody and nice piano response. If only someone with a little more savvy would intervene . . .

ULTRAVOX: Dangerous Rhythm (Island). By far their most memorable number, a reggae abstraction, mesmeric, simple and subliminal, with Ferried vocals.

RUSS BALLARD: Some Kinda Hurricane (Epic). Having failed to crack it with a couple of sophisticated light rockers, Ballard tries pop boogie of the kind he used to write for Hello. Produced by Phil Wainman (BCRs at their commercial peak, Mud), a riff not dissimilar to many used by Lizzy becomes basis for shallow bop.

MAXINE NIGHTINGALE: Love Hit Me (United Artists). UK Motown rip-offs rule OK in this era of US disco monotony. Denny Diante duplicates the sound of Maxine's surprisingly good "Right Back Where We Started From" album (courtesy Pierre Tubbs). Makes you feel GOOD.

UTOPIA: Communion With The Sun (Bearsville). Probably the best track on "Ra", but Jeez it's a real endurance test. Typically euphoric Rundgren song, but instead of soaring it gradually sinks into a mire of 1812 Overture percussion, atomic keyboards and guitars and a random bombardment of vocal harmonies. Psychedelic warfare.

BILLY JOEL: Say Goodbye To Hollywood (CBS). Lucid stripped down Spector from the excellent "Turnstiles" set.

HEART: Crazy On You (Arista). Great chorus riding a neat, mellow guitar line, but the song's too insubstantial to give them the hit Ann Wilson's panting fans would like.

BILLY OCEAN: Red Light (GTO). Clever guy. He could teach the old masters a thing or two: an excellent song which kicks hard on a good tune (sacrilege) and passionate vocals (double sacrilege). Advance to Mayfair and shoot for Number One.

TED NUGENT: Stormtroopin' (Epic). First released in June, awful lead vocals, terrific riff, mayhem, etc.

SPARKS: This Town Ain't Big Enough For Both Of Us (Island). 1974 lives, and sounds better now too. Pointless, like all good adventures: we did it because it was there. A posthumous Duke of Edinburgh Award.

SWEET: Fever Of Love (RCA). "Lies In Your Eyes" and "Action" were marvellous, but now they're in a worse rut than before they split with Chinnichap. On second thoughts, nothing could be *that* bad . . .

BANDIT: Ohio (Arista). Not Neil Young's, Jim Diamond's. A posse of blokes from Oldham or somewhere riding "to the rodeo" on a bunch of licks that fell off the back of The Outlaws' tour bus. Neat, gritty MOR rock.

THE DAMNED: Neat Neat Neat (Stiff). This band is really kicking on every detail of its presentation. "Damned Damned Damned" is too monochrome for me, but this demented Chuck Berry-goes-hooligan on a "Summertime" riff makes an explosive two and a half minutes. Brilliant Nick Lowe production, more accessible than "New Rose", with a bonus dub version(!) of the album's dreary "Stab Yor Back" on the flip.

ABBA: Knowing Me, Knowing You (Epic). The most surprising thing about Abba is that nobody else can do it. Somehow it seems a whole generation of pop producers and writers have come up who can't get together a catchy tune, a clean sound and a few elegant flourishes on the harpsichord/backing whisper-/reverbed piano . . . Ulvaeus and Andersson are masters of basics. What's happened to the rest of you guys?

JACKSON BROWNE: Here Come Those Tears Again (Asylum). Pleasant enough, faint MOR pedal steel, neat guitar break, hack song.

ENGLAND: Paraffinalea (Arista). Yes in Toyland. I do believe this is a *real* psychedelic record: overtones of "Lazy Sunday", muted count-ins to Sparky's psylocybin synthesiser, plinketty plinketty plink and today is the first day of the rest of your etc.

KANSAS: Carry On Wayward Son (Epic). Convoluted heavy metal Hollies, rhythm and dynamic changes every eight bars, mindlessly impassioned; oafs in lace.

ROY HARPER: One Of Those Days In England (Harvest). Whimsical, affectionate nod at that whole romantic, pastoral lifestyle and the humanist attitude it supports that's so missing here at the blinkered heart of rock. The reason urban rock is so mediaworthy is because rock journalists are trapped further in the maze than anyone: a cliche, but it should never be forgotten when reading or writing about rock.

STEVE HILLAGE: Hurdy Gurdy Man (Virgin). Innocuous reworking of one of Donovan's best, a veneer of bug-eyed insanity and an immaculate performance failing to compensate for the lack of *raison d'etre.*

RUFUS: At Midnight (My Love Will Pick You Up) (ABC). Their usual rather messy funk, alleviated by suave chorus. Don't all these horn players get sick of playing as if Muhammad Ali was pummelling their backs?

LEW LEWIS: Out For A Lark (United Artists). This bloke's voice is uncomfortably reminiscent of Paul Jones, and his harp's very one-toned, but it is a good tone and this is an excellent, snappy song with a wicked rhythm. Sparko's production, like Lowe's, is obscenely immediate.

JONI MITCHELL: Coyote (Asylum). Singles coming without personnel or lyric details, so David Hamilton's audience may never know that's Jaco Pastorous, Larry Carlton and Robbye Hall hopping around Mitchell's rhythm, or that the plot seems to be a hitch-hike rape fantasy, or that the end's been cut off . . . and they may just find it tiresomely unfocussed in melody.

PROCOL HARUM: Wizard Man (Chrysalis). Laid-back mid-tempo wallpaper, slight appeal in its predictability.

PAUL NICHOLAS: If You Were The Only Girl In The World (RSO). Speaking of Herr Hamilton, I believe this excruciating opus from the perky three-hit wonder is already his record of the week.

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST: Live (Polydor EP). No axe to grind — honest, I've hardly ever heard 'em before. From their last tour, "Rock 'n' Roll Star" and "Medicine Man (Parts 1 and 2)": the first is the pop end of techno-flash, prissy singing about wock'n'woll, but skillfully performed. The second is mellotron melodrama, the break to turn the EP over coming before the number really gets under way and into the big production instrumental. Sounds vapid to me, but so do Pink Floyd most of the time. Superficially very spectaular, and plays at LP speed.

THE G-BAND: Look What You've Been Missing (CBS). One of the closest on "Paris Match" to the old "Rock And Roll Dudes", better in isolation than in that unwaveringly lame company, but us in the fan club deserve better.

AC/DC: Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap (Atlantic Maxi-single). The rock equivalent of those totally humourless comedians who tout a solid diet of smut. Pathetic.

FRANK SINATRA: My Way (Reprise Maxi-single). Can't remember whether Frank started the six-month retirement craze, but he was certainly the most successful user of the gambit. Combined with this ludicrously emotive paean to brutish independence, Sinatra transformed himself into an institution. Remember when he was just a petulant sap singing mawk like the B-side "Strangers In The Night"? Good actor, mind.

THE BLACK STONES: We Nah Go Suffer (Daffy Kool). Gospel reggae group vocals, mid-range lead voice playing off self-contained falsetto duo over virtually unchanging sparse, stumblehum guitars-/bass/drums. Unexceptional.

RALPH McTELL: Naomi (Warner Bros). Apparently a projection into old age — *"I don't mind growing old with Naomi"* — but the warm complacency of *"The kids today, they think they've discovered everthing, but me and her, we done it all"* might as well apply, if not to McTell himself, then to a large number of his/our generation.

CAPTAIN & TENNILLE: Together (A&M EP). Greatest hits, apparently. Bland, precise, scientifically intelligent.

ELKIE BROOKS: Pearl's A Singer (A&M). Little girl very lost. Mawkish star fantasy courtesy of producers Leiber & Stoller. God, that wretched pedal steel . . .

MELBA MOORE: The Greatest Feeling (Buddah). "This Is It" was possibly the most concentrated shot of sheer adrenalin on any single last year, but this attempt to recapture it is just run-of-the-mill.

NASTY POP: Love In The Raw (Polydor). I've long wanted to hear this band — it's such a good name. Oh well: bopping rock — beat music almost.

STRAPPS: Child Of The City (Harvest). A 1975 hype, I seem to recall. Ian Anderson-sounding singer, mundane rock song.

PAUL JONES: Stop, Stop, Stop (RCA). Producer R. J. Lange wrote one *disco* take-off for Supercharge, "Lonely And In Love", but most of his songs tend to be serious examples of the very factory-line writing that number satirised. This is an amiable disco song that will probably die the death it deserves — but, as with the mountains of MOR garbage slung at our mistreated ears, it may just stick. Better than most, I suppose.

BAD COMPANY: Everything I Need (Island). Paul Rodgers does his Adam Faith, from hiccoughing to spoken bit. Live, Bad Co scrape by because he's brilliant enough to carry the show, but on record he really misses the distinctive sound and uncanny rapport he had with Fraser and Kossoff. Most missed dead act after Hendrix for sure.

FATBACK BAND: Double Dutch (Spring). *"Keep on moving, moving in a circle."* How true. Mechanical but well oiled.

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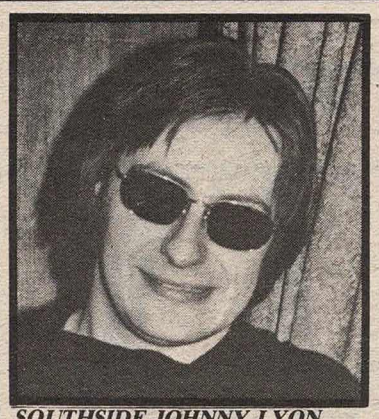
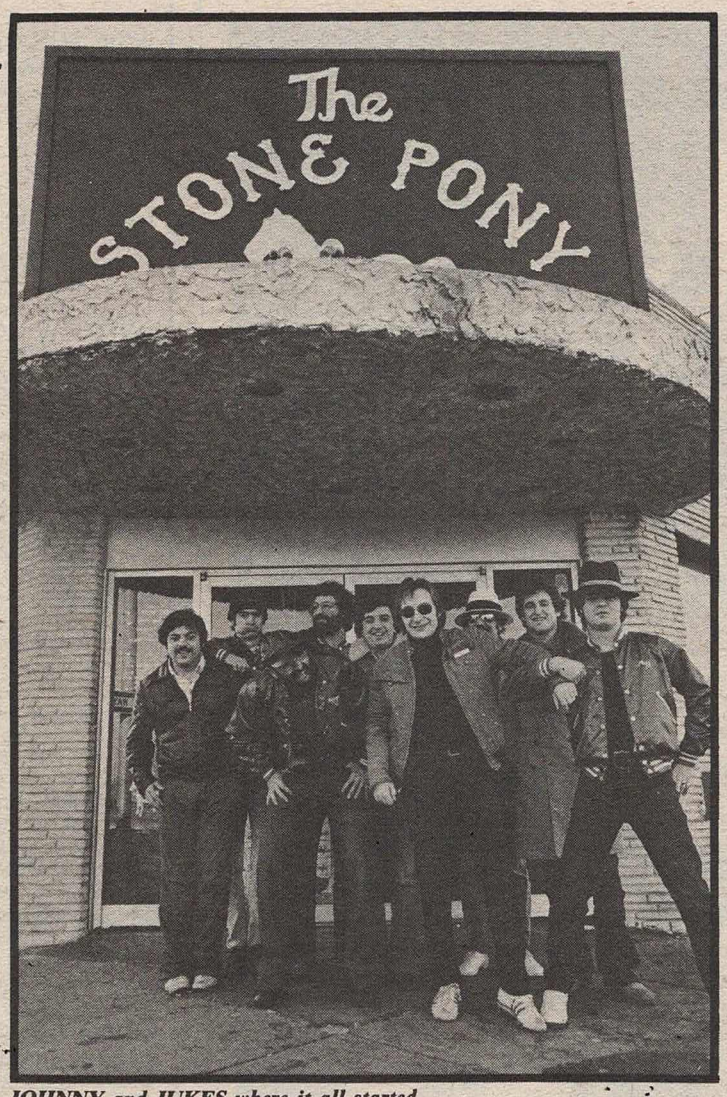


SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY LYON

Southside Johnny v. the Asbury overkill

By PHIL McNEILL

Pics JOE STEVENS



JOHNNY and JUKES where it all started.

Johnny and the Asbury Jukes came up alongside Bruce Springsteen. Poor Bruce got there first — and Johnny's avoiding all those pitfalls.

SO THIS IS what one of those gladiators' shindigs must have been like in ancient Rome: the sway of the throng, the cries and the smells of the hawkers, the acclaim and the bloodlust . . .

Only here the cries and the smells are of popcorn, and the combatants are Southside Johnny And The Asbury Jukes and about 20,000 highly New York hinterlanders.

It's gory.

The Nassau Coliseum is about twice as big as Olympia, and just as awful. It seems to stand in the middle of nowhere, an hour's drive (and a similarly long time queueing to park) from Manhattan.

Starcastle have opened up tonight's triple decker bill of Epic Records artists — Boston are topping — and their extraordinarily meaningless Yes copies, accompanied by all the right rock mystic clotches and ecstatically acclaimed revolving globe thingy, have gone down well enough to get an encore.

Enter Southside.

Counting the specks on the horizon, there's five or six horn players — The Miami Horns — shadow stepping camply together in a row, each man in a different coloured suit like the old Alan Bown Set, plus a drummer, a bassist, a guitarist, a keyboardsman and Southside himself, looking sharp in white.

The two black, two white spliff rollers in front of me punch each other and hoot. "Hey, man, neat!"

"Pass that bottle, man. Play that funky *horn!*"

Actually, chaps, he already *is* playing that funky horn. The band's on the stand and slowly it dawns on us that they're not just tuning up. This is it, the real thing.

Aw, there must be some mistake. Can't hear it. "Louder, man!"

A ghastly kind of concert hall vibe tries to assert itself as 20,000 people realise that if they cough they're going to drown out the band.

The guys in front knit their brows in concentration, and discern that The Asbury Jukes actually seem to be playing a hot set of finger-popping black '60s R&B.

Restraining themselves as best they can, they rock gently into the easy groove of Solomon Burke's "Got To Get You Off My Mind". Just don't hoot, bro' . . .

After about four numbers, however, with no noticeable improvement, the crowd gets a little restless. One or two unkind souls even boo at the end of the song.

A coupla songs further on, and still no sign of a decent sound, and the barracking swells. The guys in front are booing as loud as any, and as the 15,000 who can't hear raise their voices in a continual howl of protest, an even more grisly realisation occurs.

The band *don't realise* that all these people are thirsting for their blood! The kids in front of the stage are happy, the sound on stage is obviously fine, and as the Jukes cruise through what may well be a superb "The Fever" and into the unconsciously ironic closer, "I Don't Want To Go Home", they are totally oblivious to the fact that they have just been booed off stage.

Can there possibly be a more sufficient comment on the alienation of rock mega-stadia?

Whatever the reasons for the *debacle* a *debacle* it undoubtedly was. Sadly, hardly any of those concerned, viewing from the best seats, fully realised it — so that when I went to commiserate with Southside several hours later at the *apres*-gig reception, he was still fairly surprised to learn just how terrible his sound and the audience response had been.

THE MORNING after the night before is one of those real gut-kickers. Photographer Joe Stevens and I sit spectral white in the back of a limo which is taking us to the legendary Stone Pony, "Home of The Asbury Jukes", the club where Bruce and Miami and Southside and that whole self-mythologising Cannery Row crew hang out.

Asbury Park is really funky. The instant we feel our way into town, all my resentment of the Springsteen Myth — or most, anyway — drops away.

If I was from Asbury Park *I'd* eulogise it — and, with its trees and spaces and downhome wooden houses running down to the bleak mid-winter seafront, maybe it's wishful thinking on my part, trying the two piece musical streams on minimal evidence, but Asbury begins to remind me of my native Canvey Island. Significantly, its geographical relationship to New York is very similar to the Thames delta's to London.

Another famous little town, and the Stone Pony is its most celebrated landmark — or so we think until we get round to asking numerous people of all shapes, ages and sizes the way, and not even the garage punk at the local gas station knows where it is.

Could be that this is the one place in the Western Hemisphere that CBS didn't bother to hype on the Springsteen saga . . .

"ALL ALONG here is all amusements — see over here, roller coaster, ferris wheel — and that's all pinball machines in there, salt water taffy joints . . ."

Johnny Lyon is standing in the doorway of the Stone Pony, gesturing off down the seafront. This short, feisty guy bears little resemblance to the suave frontman I thought I was seeing at the Coliseum last night. He shows off his town with the pride of someone who's lived there all his life.

"Salt water taffy? Candy. See that place called Jonathan's when you came up, well that's a candy joint that makes salt water taffy. The New Jersey shoreline is famous for it.

"The seas getting very polluted right now. In five years it's gone from very clean to very dirty. All the river's up north, and North Jersey's all industrial — you rode through it — and it all goes right into the ocean. Oil refineries, garbage dumps, factories . . ."

We resume our seats at one of the tables overlooking the club.

To one side of us, a decent-sized stage; on the other two young kids deafening us on a war-game slot machine; ahead the bar, as featured on the cover of "I Don't Wanna Go Home"; and way over yonder, the Miami Steve wing — named after Miami Steve Van Zandt in honour of his service to the Pony in his multiple roles as Southside's manager-producer/writer/extra guitarist, as well as his job in Springsteen's road band.

Southside is determined to keep the tightest ship possible, which is why Miami acts as manager. Could be a reaction to the sight of Springsteen wading further and further into the legal mire with his *Time-Newsweek-Playboy* cover-shooting manager, Mike Appel.

The big, comfortable Stone Pony — which is now scattered with Asbury Jukes wearing their custom logo'd blue satin slick jackets, plus roadies and what have you, *and* the luscious Ronnie Spector — has been of central importance in Southside's career.

Until fairly recently, he and the Asbury Jukes played five sets a night up to five nights a week there: it was at the Pony that they got their instinctual R&B feel together, and it was here that Steve Popavich, then head of A&R for Epic, first witnessed the band playing a home game blinder to a packed club of enthusiastic Jukes fans.

RONNIE SPECTOR winding up on the album.

"MOSTLY BLUES," is how Lyon describes the music he statted out playing as a 16-year-old (he's 28 now). "Chicago style blues: Elmore James, Little Walter Jacobs, Jimmy Reed. And I played that kind for a long, long time, and I played rhythm and blues along with it 'cause that's what people wanted to *dance* to. Wilson Pickett, Ray Charles, Solomon Burke — that kinda stuff."

So is he a purist?

"No, I just happen to like that music. I like a *lot* of kinds of music: I like jazz from the '20, '30s, '40s, and jump band vocalists like Jimmy Rushing and Joe Turner and Wynonie Harris. I like country blues, like Robert Johnson, Charlie Patton, and I like bebop from the '40s, R&B from the '50s and '60s, and the vocal groups, and rock'n'roll and rockabilly and . . .

"A lotta types of music. I like The Yardbirds, I think they were fantastic — Jeff Beck is great."

And so on. Southside is a roots man, like Ry Cooder, who he also enjoys. Seventies rock, with a few exceptions, he sees as blanding itself into the state it was in the early '60s.

But for him the solution is not that which has been seized in the UK, aggression/energy (he's not enamoured of punk rock, from what he's read; he detests any hint of contempt for the audience — they are the master, the band must please them) but rather honesty, conviction.

People respect this, he says, explaining his success as a revivalist of old passions in a time of spiritually vacant music.

How long have you known Bruce Springsteen?

"Now let's see. It's gotta be six years now, maybe more. I met him at the Upstage Club, which is a small club in Asbury — but it's closed now. We just used to play together — at this club every morning we used to jam. Eight sets a night! It was open till five o'clock in the morning, and all the musicians used to go.

"We became friends, and we were in a couple bands together."

The Jukes, apart from a couple from Philly, are all local guys. "It started from a small band I joined, bass, guitar, drums and me singing and playing harmonica. We used to do mostly blues . . . and it just grow from there.

"I added Miami Steve on guitar — he wasn't doing anything — and then we started to add horns, and it just grew into the Asbury Jukes. This was a couple years ago.

"We played all around the area, but this was our base of operation — and we still rehearse here and play here occasionally."

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN and Miami Steve are not the only famous names associated with SSJ and the AJs. Both Ronnie Spector and Lee Dorsey make guest vocal appearances on their debut LP. Now come?

Well, Jimmy Iovine, the engineer-/producer, brought Ronnie (who he knew from working with Phil Spector on a John Lennon album) to the studios. They played her some tracks, and she liked Springsteen's punchy, hustling "You Mean So Much To Me" so much she would up singing along with Southside.

Lee was a similar case. Van Zandt actually wrote the hipspeak "How Come Treat Me So Bad" with Dorsey in mind, and Popavich, having just signed Lee to Epic, brought him along. Dorsey, like Joe Tex, makes you listen to every word and there's a really subtle Southside harpbreak.

And Southside's already got his guest list together for the second album due fairly soon. This time The Drifters (or *a* Drifters), The Five Satins and The Coasters each appear, on a Ben E. King style, a doowop and a humorous number respectively.

If they can consistently hit a standard as brilliant as the first album's stand-out, a suave walking uptown blues called "The Fever", written by Springsteen, then I'll be first in the queue.

A DELIVERY boy is wandering around the club looking lost. Someone points him our way. Southside, who's been answering the bar phone, intercepts him.

"Butch isn't here. What ya got for us?"

Grapefruit juice. The guy's tried twice before but hasn't found anyone to take receipt of a crate of grapefruit juice. Johnny Lyon shrugs and goes off to supervise delivery.

"Never a dull moment," he grins.

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EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Paul Kossoff compilation on the way

ARE THE rumours of a Paul Kossoff anthology true? And when is the Kossoff live album going to be released? **GRAHAM WILCOCK, Bideford, Devon.**

WHEN WILL the Paul Kossoff live album — as reported in *NME* earlier this year — be released? And what does it contain? **ROBERT SIMPSON, Nottingham**

● **One or two legalities are still to be cleared up but it seems likely that a Kossoff anthology titled "Koss" will be released by DJM later this year, the album being currently scheduled for May. Only four of the proposed tracks have been previously issued, these being Free's "The Worm" and "Mr. Big", Amazing Blondel's "Hole In The Head" (a "Mulgrave Street" track featured Koss) and "Time Away" from Kossoff's "Back Street Crawler" album.**

The unreleased cuts include a few solo items (one live), a number of Back Street Crawler shots and one or two other goodies that we're unable to mention at this time, As for yer actual "Live Kossoff" elpee, well, that won't be released for quite a while yet — though DJM are definitely lined up to provide us with such a desirable artifact.

I'M IN a bit of a Dalai Lama — having just had my mind blown by "Bad Dreams", the latest Amazing Blondel elpee, I rushed out and ordered "England", one of their previous albums, only to find that it contained music of a completely different nature — most of the compositions being by John Gladwin, who apparently left the group before Eddie Baird became the main writer. To save me a considerable amount of bother, could you please list the Baird albums as distinct from the earlier Gladwin ones? **ANDREW PANDY, Manchester.**

● **Though Eddie Baird has been with Amazing Blondel since the beginning it wasn't until "Blondel" (ILPS 9257), the unit's fourth album and their last for Island, that he became the mainman with the group, this elpee also being the first on which Blondel used a rhythm section — including Steve Winwood (bass) and Simon Kirke (drums).**

Since the group signed for DJM, there have been three further Baird-inspired albums, "Mulgrave Street" (DJLPS443), "Inspiration" (DJPS446) and "Bad Dreams" (DLPS472), while a "Live In Tokyo" set, recorded alongside a 108-piece philharmonic orchestra some two years ago, is due for release on April 22.

Funny thing though — the track on "Bad Dreams" I find most interesting is "Liberty Belle", the only song written by Blondel's Terry Wincott!

COULD YOU please tell me what has happened to the most under-rated partnership in the music business — the Clive James-Pete Atkin combination? Have they produced any albums since "Live Libel" and are they still planning to do any more tours? Any info on Atkin's activities would be gratefully received. — **DAVE MORRISON, Bedford.**

● **There have been no recording sessions logged by Atkin 'n' James since "Live Libel", though RCA have just released a compilation called "The Essential Pete Atkin" (PL25041, £3.49). Atkin, who's been in the States for a long period, is currently engaged on a British college tour. He says he has no recording plans at this moment, is working on a special project for the Edinburgh Festival.**

WHAT, if any, are the future recording plans of Richard and Linda Thompson. Also, when do Island plan to release that new Sandy Denny album we read about so long ago? — **PAUL STREET, Crosby, Liverpool.**

● **Though the rumours abounded that Richard Thompson was to record an album with a definite Middle-East flavouring, manager Jo Lustig says that this ain't so and that "Richard is working on a perfectly straight album, which John Wood is producing." Meanwhile, back at St. Peter's Square, Hammersmith, Island have scheduled Sandy's Acker Bilk bedecked elpee, titled "Gold Dust," for release om March 11.**

SOME TIME ago, the *NME* Imports Column mentioned a Maria Muldaur jam session album. Could you supply me with the name and catalogue number of this disc, and tell me where I could obtain a copy? — **PETE FULTON, Southport.**

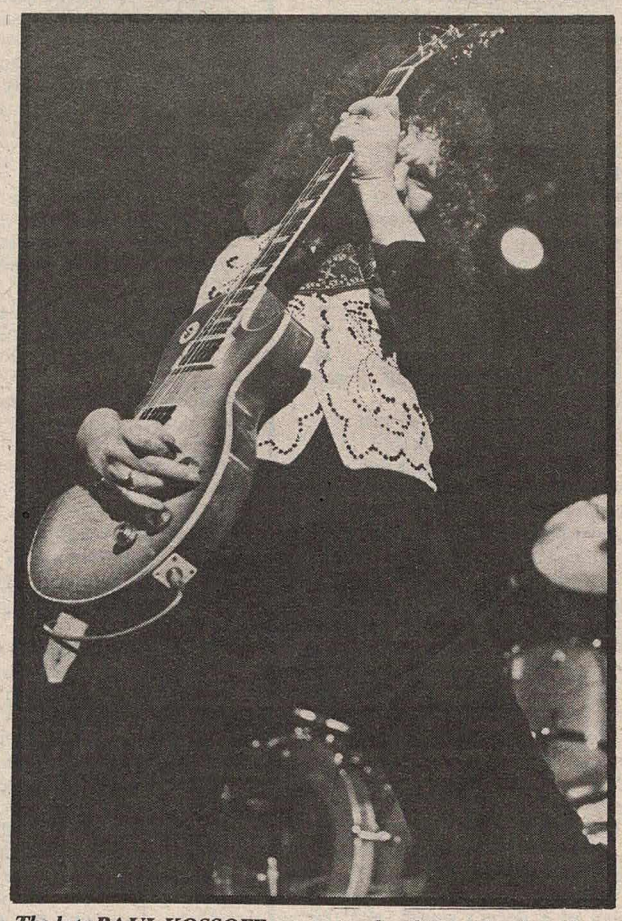
● **I think the album you're referring to is probably "Mud Acres" (Rounder 3001), a Woodstock folk community get-together featuring Muldaur, Happy and Artie Traum, John Herald, Eric Kaz, Bill Keith, Jim Rooney, Lee Berg and Tony Brown. Most good imports shops will order a copy for you — but if you have any problems I suggest you drop a line to Rounder Records, 186 Willow Avenue, Somerville, Massachusetts, 02144. USA.**

WHERE CAN I get a Peter Tosh "Legalise It" T-Shirt? If they're not available, why not? And you can tell someone to get their finger out! — **TOFFO, Leicester.**

● **The "Legalise It" shirts were given to deejays, journalists etc., in order to promote Tosh's album. None were ever manufactured for sale and Virgin have long exhausted their supplies. But if it makes you feel any better I'll pass on your message . . .**

I RECENTLY found a single called "Into The Promised Land" (Polydor), by Babylon. Could you tell me anything about this outfit? — **J. D. KNIGHT, London SW17**

● **Babylon was a duo formed by Carol Grimes and keyboard player/vocalist Lewis Rich, who'd worked his way up through the ranks of The Herd and Cliff Bennett's Rebel Rousers. I managed to lay my hands on a 1969 press release which reveals that the duo made their debut at the Helsinki Culture Hall apparently as support act to Blind Faith, the blurb going on to state: "Lewis was an opera singer (he took singing lessons at the Guildhall School in the City) who preferred pop to classics" while "Carole, at 22, a year younger than Lewis, once tried the classics herself — as a ballet dancer." Ah! such is the stuff from which rock legends are formed. Incidentally, Carol sings up a storm on her recently released "Carol Grimes" album.**



The late PAUL KOSSOFF: one or two legalities to be cleared up.

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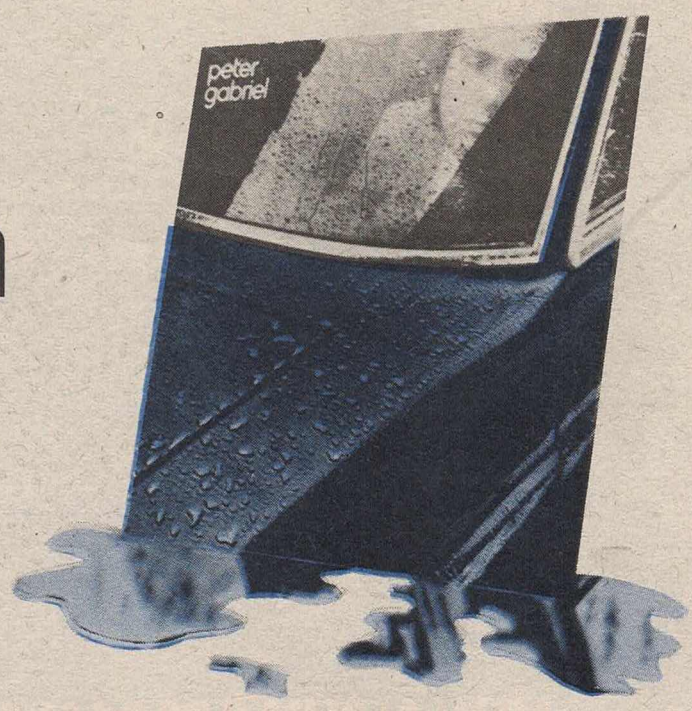

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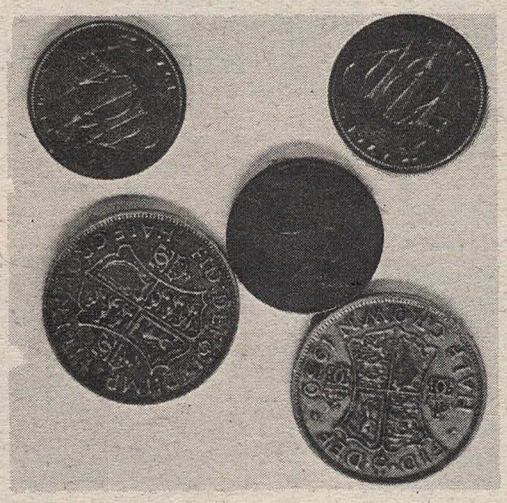
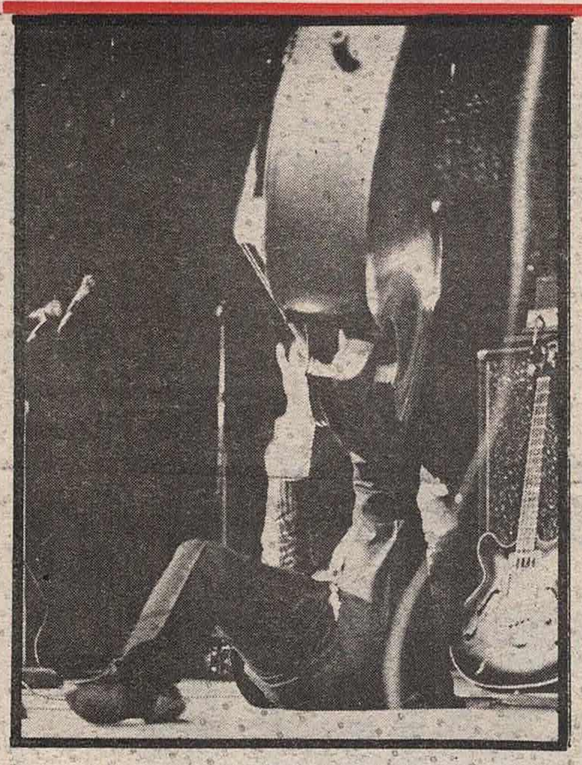


1952 *AND THE FESTIVAL of Britain was all over, a 78rpm record cost 5s 1½d (above), a Conservative government was in power under Winston Churchill and pop was a jolly affair of moon, June and the railroad running through the middle of the house. NME reader Frankie Laine (right) sang cowboy songs and Dickie Valentine (far right) was the home-grown heart-throb, while Johnnie Ray (below right) was becoming the focus of international hysteria. Most current readers who were actually old enough to be weaned off Gerbers and free orange juice showed more interest in the Goon Show and the Mekon (below).*

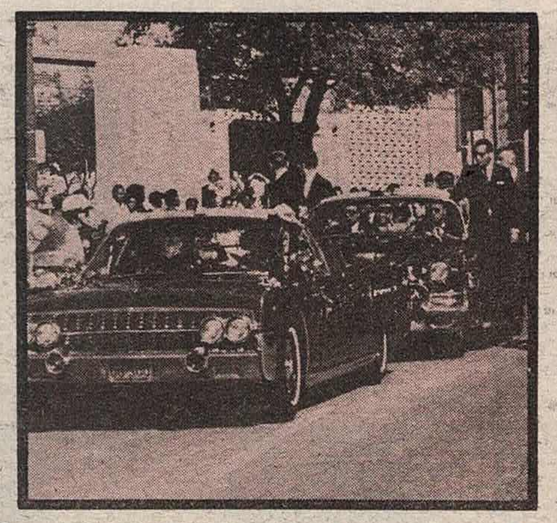
NABOB OF SOB (that's right, kids, that's what they called him, back then) Johnnie Ray, after the fans got him (above) and fans (right).

FOR THE FIRST HALF of the '50s pop stayed so clean it squeaked. Outraged Liberace sued Cassandra of the Daily Mirror for implying he was a faggot — and won. Sex, such as there was, remained the sole preserve of card-carrying sex symbols like Diana Dors. Down in the boondocks, however, something was stirring.

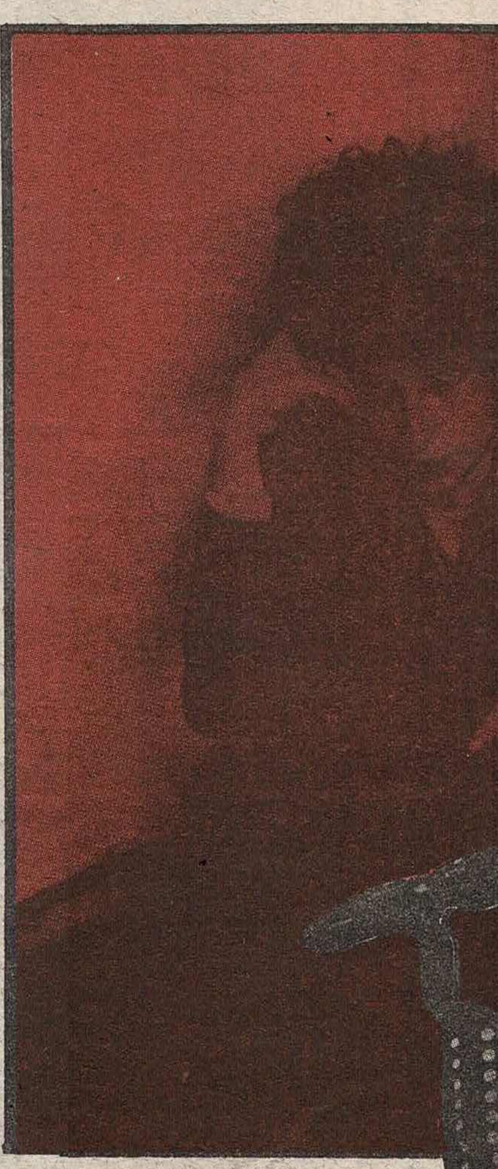


1956 *THE LEGEND has been repeated over and over again. The floodgates opened and the rockers poured through. Despite a rear-guard effort to keep music in the realms of "I'm A Pink Toothbrush" and "Que Sera", the psychiatrists, screams from the Law and Order lynch-mob and gas stations who broke rock and roll records with every five gallons purchased, it was all over. Nothing could stop Haley, Cochran, Domino, Richard, Lew time, the major ogre of the old folks, the fountain head of teenage perdition, Elvis Presley.*

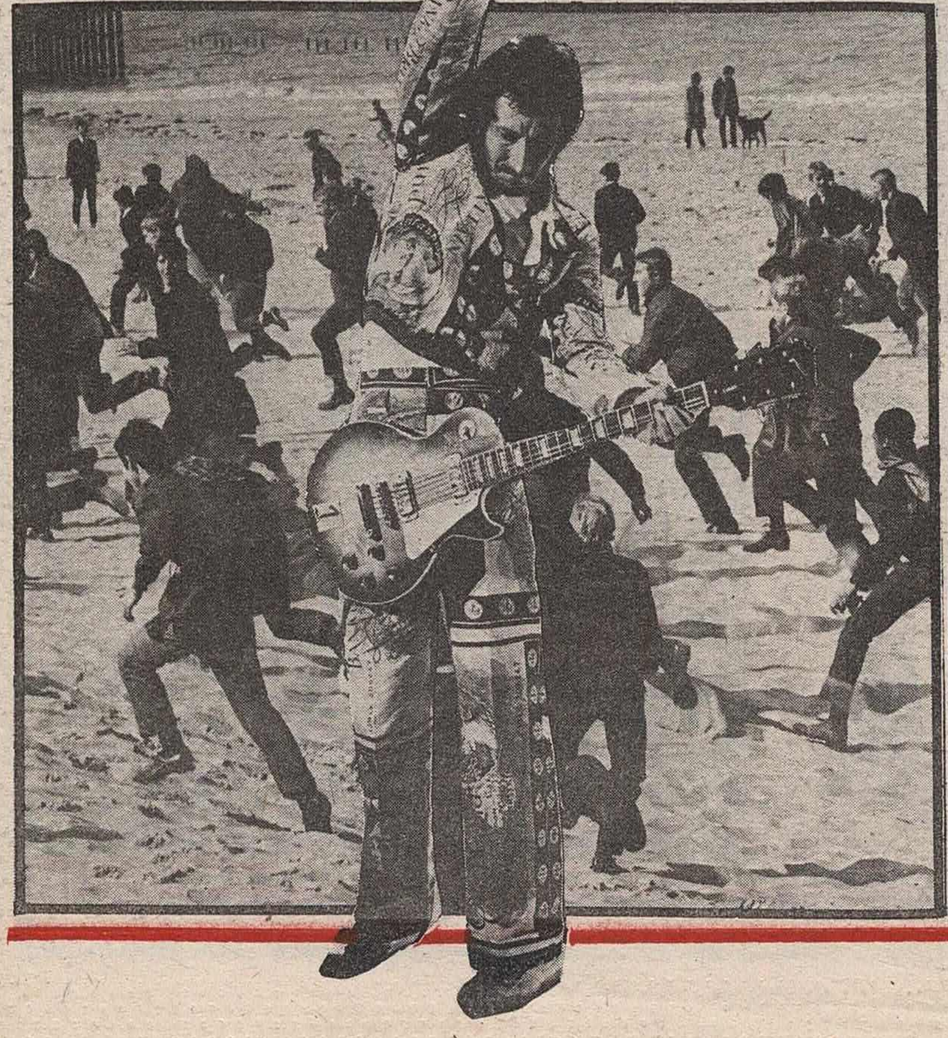
1962 *WHILE THE FAB FOUR (left) were pushing for fame, another quartet (right) swamped the world's airwaves. For the first time, teens were glued to their transistors, not for the latest smash waxing, but for the countdown on the holocaust. The main event proved a non-event and the world let out its breath.*



1963 *THE GROUP BROKE UP on later an unknown misfit, called frozen moment.*



1964/5 *IN THE WAKE OF THE MOPTOPS all hell broke loose, spearheaded by the new R&B groups like the Rolling Stones (left) and the Pretty Things (above). Cultural battles were fought on seaside beaches (below left), while the media gloated over the young women of so-called Swinging London (below).*



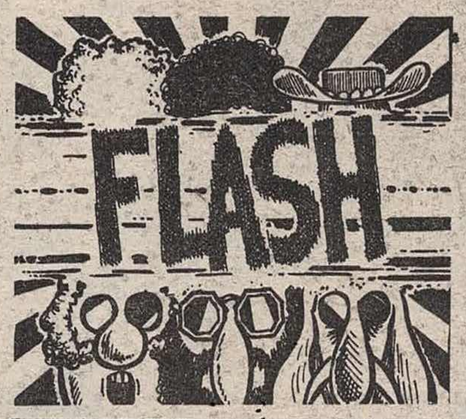
1968 *THE REVOLUTION in style turned into something more serious as students in London (below), Paris and all over the USA clashed head-on with authority in protest against the Vietnam War.*

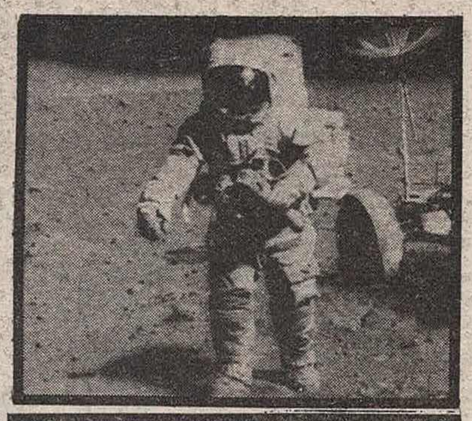
re was no holding the greasy tide of sideburns and D.A.s. Despite denunciations from pulpits, warnings from is, Perkins, Berry, Holly or, at that

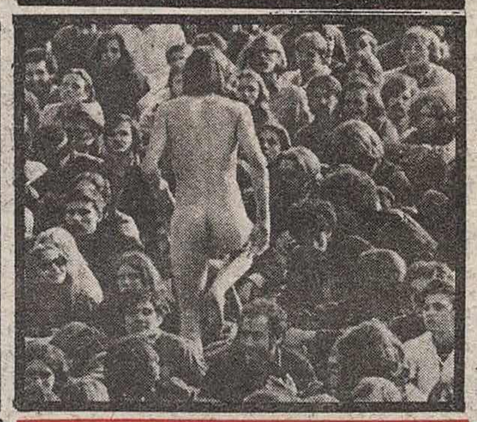
BRITAIN'S STRUGGLES to establish home-grown rock talent were, at first, forced and more often than not, farcical. Terry Dene was a nine-day wonder when he broke down after being called up for National Service. It confirmed to the fogeys that these rock and roll delinquents were degenerate sissys. Early British rockers went off in diverse directions. Johnny Kidd (top) auto destructed, Adam Faith (bottom) became the leery cockney sparrow of cineland, while Cliff (right) found God, Eurovision and the Soft Shoe Shuffle.

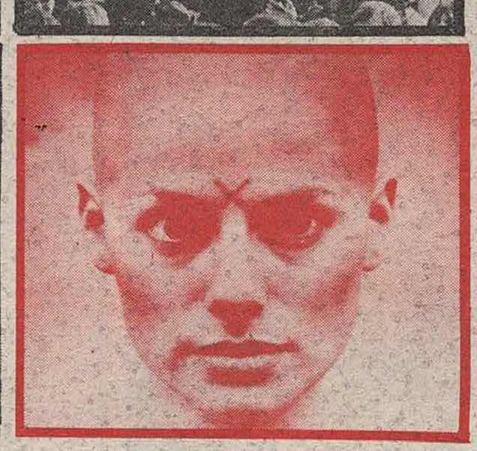
November 22 in Dealey Plaza, Dallas. Two days Lee Harvey Oswald, found a place in history in one

1967 *THE SPREAD OF PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS, masterminded by a conspiracy of the extreme left and aliens from another galaxy, shook western civilization. The doors of perception were never closed again. Over the next few years it was to have strange and varied effects on western youth (right).*







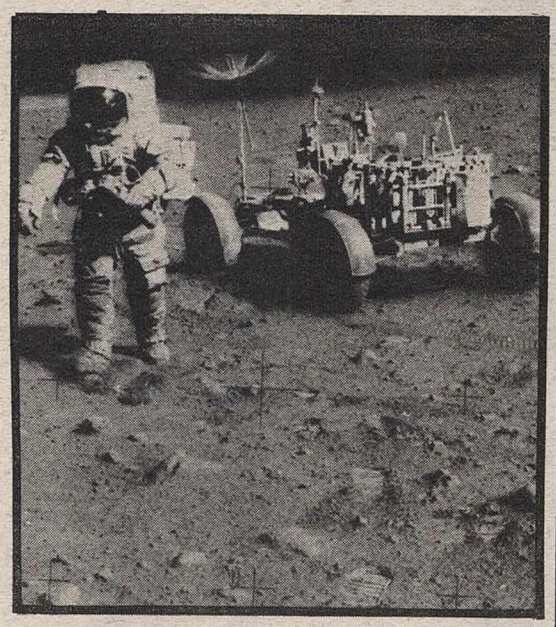


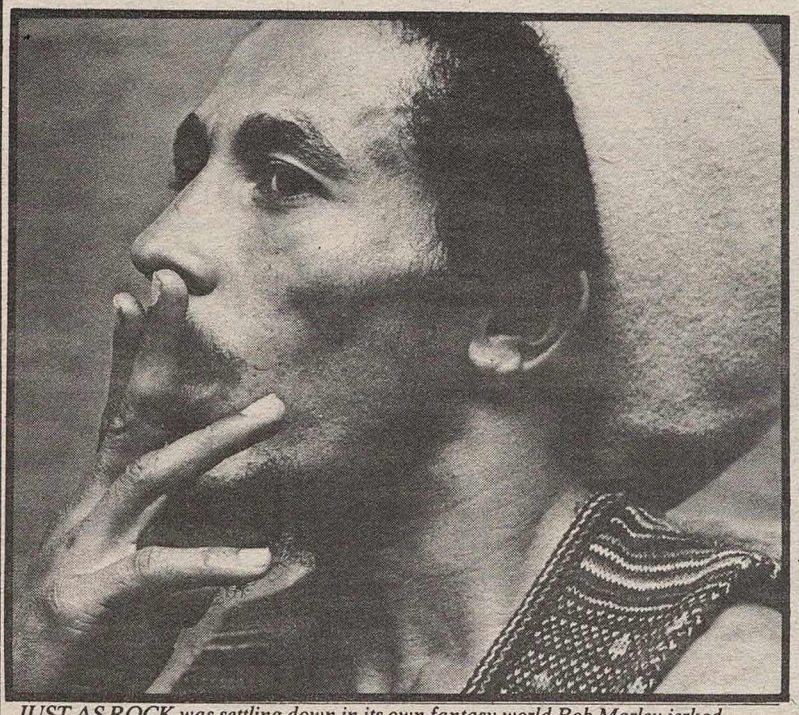
1969 *"WE GOT THE NUMBERS." Woodstock and other giant rock festivals (above) convinced millions of kids that their philosophy was working. When things got out of hand at the Stones' Altamont free concert, the rock press rushed to bury Peace And Love before it was even cold. Their major concern seemed to be that the Hells Angels had shaken their faith in the Stones' satanic majesty.*

Androgeny

1972 *IS IT A BOY OR A GIRL? The epithet turned into a matter of whim. Janis, Jimi, Otis, Pigpen et al had gone. Rock looked for new directions. Was shopping for clothes easier than carrying the fight to the belly of the beast. Was Bowie's bi-sexual chic the ultimate liberation from the bonds of gender? Or just another showtime giggle.*

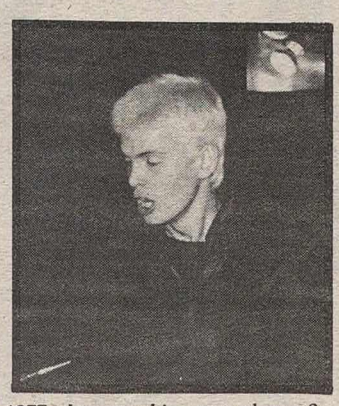
TECHNOLOGY ALSO BECKONED. Surrounded by more hardware than NASA ground control, bands like ELP, Kraftwerk and Tangerine Dream (above) synthesised to the outer limits. Is it the fusion of man and machine or just expensive toys. Others tried similar excesses with cocaine, groupies or, like Gary Glitter (far left), rhinestone spacesuits. Others like the Eagles (near left) just hitched up their carefully faded jeans and rode in the tequila sunrise, or (right) took a private jet to the million dollar haze.





JUST AS ROCK was settling down in its own fantasy world Bob Marley jerked things back to reality by getting shot during the Jamaican election campaign.

TERRY WAYNE 1957, Billy Idol



1977, does anything ever change?

1977 *IN A WORLD WHERE one year the biggest movie star is a shark and the next it's a giant gorilla, rock & roll continues in circular ciculation. Spanning a spectrum of taste from the bland to the ridiculous (right), from John Denver to the Ramones, it lives as both grass roots good times and multi-billion dollar industry. Faces come, fàces go and some hang on for ever.*

Compiled by Mick Farren; Research Fiona Foulger; Special Pics Chalkie Davies

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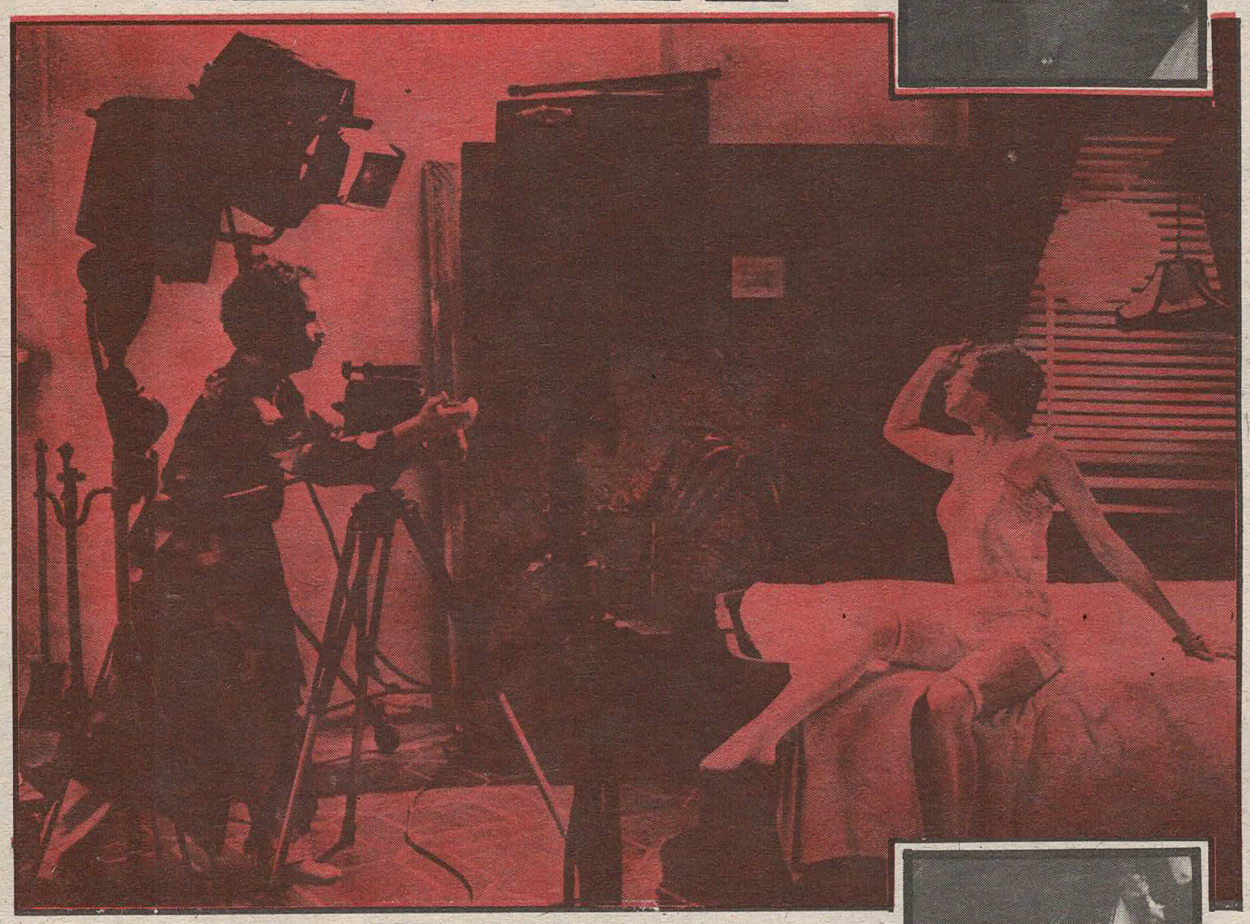
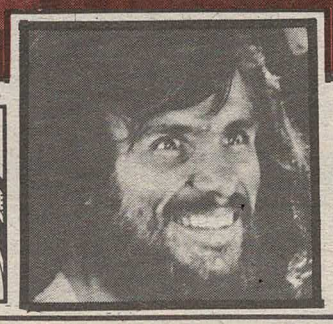
Right, Faye Dunaway in Network; below, low-key porn in Inserts; even further below, Steve Railsbach as Charlie Manson lurking under Richard Dreyfuss' bed.

SILVER SCREEN





Network (AA)

Directed by Sidney Lumet
Starring Peter Finch and Faye Dunawaye

IN THAT empire of insecurity, the UBC Broadcasting System, the corridors, offices and studios are inhabited by hatchet faced execs who surround themselves with an atmosphere of desperation.

Here, you're only as good as the TV ratings say you are and when the corporate big boys decide you're not cutting the ice, they'll feed you into the paper shredder without batting an eyelid.

Thereby hangs a tale.

Howard Beale (Peter Finch), a sagging newscaster due for the chop, finally flaps out whilst on camera. "I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE," he screams, and suddenly finds his ratings rocketing as his public angst is celebrated by an army of bland millions. They want to hear more messianic gibberish, they want to join in. "I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE," screams the concerted voice of an apartment block.

Frank Hackett (Robert Duvall), The Corporation Man, wants Beale off the screen before he does too much damage, but is persuaded to keep him on by Diana Christensen (Faye Dunaway), a fiercesome femme so totally engaged with her aggressive fight to climb the corporate hierarchy that she even rambles about programming the syndication rights while having an orgasm.

The only touch of sanity in this electric asylum is Max Schumacher (William Holden), still one of the Wild Bunch, owing his job to UBC, his friendship to Beale, his loyalty to his wife but his sexual favours to the pushy Ms C.

Unfortunately for them all, Beale's charismatic insanity, while taking his show to Numero Uno in the charts, starts to get out of control. His tv sermons start interferring with other lucrative branches of the corporation. Beale is summoned before the Fat Controller, master of all he surveys, who chastens him in a brilliant speech — "There are no nations anymore, only corporations . . . " — which is one of the movie's highlights.

Beale remains unrepentant and so, with no emotion, the corporate body orders him gunned down on prime time tv. *That* should help the ratings.

Intended as a savage indictment of American tv, *Network* only partially succeeds. The script at times begins to resemble an LA version of *Look Back In Anger*, while some of the sub-plots, particularly the one involving a carbon copy SLA outfit, are plain lame. What the movie does have going for it is some fine acting (Finch and Holden are standouts) and a constant emotional intensity which justifies the word powerful.

Network comes to us heavily laden with Oscar nominations and boffo critical reviews befitting the media's current darling. It remains to be seen whether the surly punters on the provincial circuit afford it such a welcome response. And now, if you'll excuse me: "I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE". **Dick Tracy**

Inserts (X)

Directed by John Byrum.
Starring Richard Dreyfuss, Jessica Harper and Bob Hoskins.

AFTER DOING multi-million dollar battle with the great white shark, Richard Dreyfuss, before he is scarcely dry, has publicly turned his back on the Charlton Heston golden road to monster budget stardom and decided to go in for a noble cinematographic work.

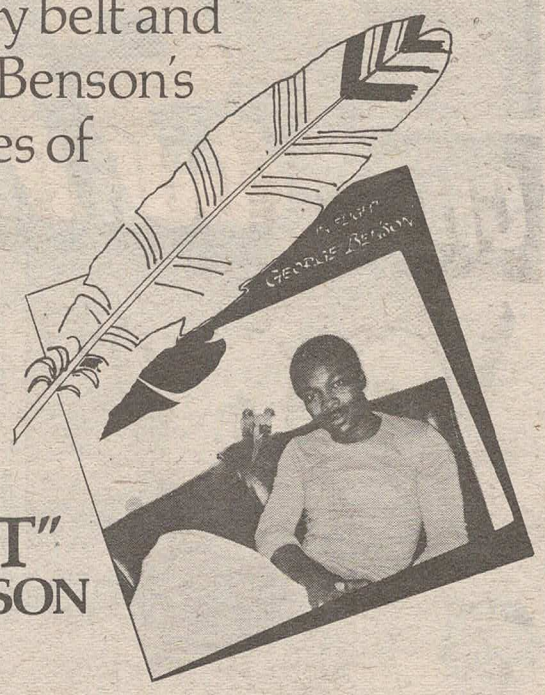
This particular noble work was to bridge the gap between hard core porn and soft core art. That is, as far as I can see, to make a legitimate piece of thinking man's erotica. Certainly anything that's being pitched to the public as "a degenerate film with dignity" must be aiming for something of the sort.

It's 1930 and Dreyfuss plays Boy Wonder, a once brilliant, silent movie director who has sunk into unshaven, alcoholic degradation after he finds he's unable to cope with the arrival of the talkies. Boy Wonder spends all his days in his dropping-to-pieces Hollywood mansion making porn movies with equally washed-up (and junkie to boot) Harlene, and Rex, a constantly hopeful but talentless loser.

Just to ensure we all know that Boy Wonder still has the talent, but not the balls, to make it in the Hollywood dream factory, an unseen Clark Gable keeps knocking on the door wanting

SOUNDS LIKE HE'S THE BEST GUITARIST YOU EVER HEARD.

How do you follow an album that hit Number 1 in the American pop, R&B and Jazz charts simultaneously—simple, deliver an album called "In Flight". Fasten your safety belt and take off! George Benson's "In Flight"—2 sides of stunning guitar artistry.



"IN FLIGHT"
by GEORGE BENSON

K50327

Boy Wonder as a director. Boy Wonder resolutely never answers.

The porn films are funded by a certain Big Mac (who talks about starting a multi-national hamburger chain — that's the level of the humour), played with panache by British TV character actor Bob Hoskins.

Big Mac, presumably cutting out the middleman, pays off Harlene in fine pure heroin. The heroin proves too fine and pure. Harlene ODs and dies. While Big Mac and Rex are out disposing of the body, Boy Wonder is left alone with Mac's doll-like mistress Cathy. Mac feels her honour is safe with Boy Wonder's widely known impotency.

Once alone, the pair start right into a psychodrama that probes into the fact that his inability and her innocence are neither what they appear. The movie, which has held together so far on the level of thoroughly depraved comedy, now starts to stray. Every sequence is dragged out so each dummy in the audience knows what's going on. There's more psycho than drama.

Inserts is a brave try. It certainly works better than the *Emmanuelles* that have tried to sanitize porn by shooting it in soft focus. This movie tries to wrap it around with artistic dignity. Unfortunately it's the same effect. Porn will remain porn, smut will remain smut, until people treat sex with dignity, then the sexually explicit movie will be an art form in itself.

Mick Farren

Helter Skelter (X)

Directed by Tom Gries
Starring Steve Railsback and Marilyn Burns

"AND IN a moment of passion/Get the glory like Charles Manson", chirp The Ramones merrily on their latest, greatest elpee.

I wonder if Roman Polanski will ever hear that song come over the radio at him one day. . .

Hey kid — ya wanna be a kounter kulture superstar? Can't sing? Ain't pretty? Well, here's what ya do;

a) you find a beautiful golden haired eight months pregnant movie star

b) you kill her

c) you repeat above exercise on approximately 34 Lesser Mortals.

Yep, in the fun footsteps of Salome and Hitler, it's How To Become A Movie Star By Murdering People.

Tom Gries uses the camera like a stun gun, with no mercy or sharp edges, lingering with loving detail on the corpses to the accompaniment of The Beatles screaming "Helter Skelter!" hypnotically relentless in the background. Steve Railsback as Manson looks chillingly like the real thing but the rest of the cast ain't none too hot. Marilyn Burns (last seen in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre)* plays that fickle squealer Linda Kasabian, and Nancy Wolfe with her Botticelli psycho-cherub eyes is sexy like a ghoul as Susan Atkins, but the rest of The Family are your typical vacuous American chicks (Angie, forgive me!).

The number of funny lines can be counted on one finger; "Hitler was a tuned-in guy trying to level the karma of the Jews."

Droll, huh?

Coming soon; I Was A Teenage Auschwitz Victim Starring A Nubile Jewish Nymphette.

Julie Burchill

Nickelodeon (U)

Directed by Peter Bogdanovitch
Starring Bert Reynolds, Ryan & Tatum O'Neal

THIS MOVIE is like candy floss. It looks like there's a lot of it to begin with and it's a pretty colour, but it soon dissolves away leaving nothing but a sweet, sticky taste in the back of the throat.

Nickelodeon is set in 1910, the era of the birth of movies when several powerful corporations banded together to form the Patents Company and tried to prevent independent film makers staying in existence. Their goon squads went around destroying theatres and equipment, which is why the independents moved to Hollywood; it was a long way from the Patent people's HQ in New York and near enough to the Mexican border to split if the going got rough.

Bogdanovitch obviously knows his film history backwards, but only rarely in *Nickleodeon* does any sense of the real world poke through. Instead we are treated to the spectacle of Burt Reynolds, the O'Neals (Ryan & Tatum) and old stager Brian Keith hamming their way through a sometimes amusing series of escapades connected with an independent company's attempt to make moving pictures.

There is no doubt that Bogdanovitch can direct well. The whole thing flows like melted caramel, the innumerable slapstick scenes are masterpieces of timing, and the script is anything but corny. But if Bogdanovitch was half the director he's pumped up to be, then it's time he tried a hard-edged movie worth his talents.

Dick Tracy

Dreams Of Thirteen (X)

Various directors

HAULING THE underwear along to a celluloid hot collation in Soho at 10 a.m. may be your bowl of wheaties, but brother, you beat the body clock, you have it.

Dreams Of Thirteen, the work of ten directors, is determinedly controversial. One of the contributors, Jens Jorgen Thorsen, who has been threatening to film the sex life of The Naz, got no closer to the launching than Heathrow before being deported as something rotten from the state of Denmark. A second preview for nudists — stalls nap up the peach-cleft — was slated for later in the week, and the censor was taking a lively interest in the fruitier wig-bubbles.

In the event, neither passions nor indignation were aroused. As an erotic omnibus, the number 27 working out of Fulwell Garage has a distinct edge. Sex in extreme close-up is like tweezing a nasal hair: the brows knit, the optics peer, the breath — unlike the cast — comes in short pants and a gasp is stoppered only by a twist of handkerchief and a knuckle-joint. Bunk-up footage of this stripe resembled a butcher's apron — not that the general public will be seeing much of it as many of the frames are scored with censor's pencil; the cat has a down on the hydraulics of the human hampton, won't put up with it.

Episode 10 — a tourist overwhelmed by peccadilloes, a trifling tale has been banned in its entirety and I shall not be chaining myself to railings on its behalf. Thorsen's "piece of social realism" featuring the naughtiest electric toothbrush and a herring seller did little to rally me to his vision either.

Given lack of identification with the characters, the most successful episodes treated sex as a comic spectacle. *Dragirama,* a Yugoslav cartoon, and *The Banner,* in which 48 painted patriots slither into the shape of the American flag, were inventive and short. Heathcote Williams' *Flames* was even shorter, a fart of fire, and explosive performance.

The most depressing item was saved till last. Nick Ray, director of *Johnnie Guitar, They Live By Night, In a Lonely Place* and *Rebel Without A Cause,* supreme artist of cinemascope, is today reduced to co-operative films with a lumpish bunch of dropouts. *Janitor* featured Ray in two roles, miming masturbation with a broomhandle and burbling incoherently in clerical threads while his flock minnowed around his open groin. Toothless, ravaged, the dreamer dreamed the saddest wasteland since surrogate sex.

Brian Case

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

Helter Skelter (X)
☐ Manson movie made-for-US-TV now set to carve up UK box office. Reviewed this issue.
London Odeons and Gaumonts.
☐ ☐ ☐

Bluebell (X)
☐ Unidentified sex epic providing tit and bum for them that needs it.
London Odeons and Gaumonts.
☐ ☐ ☐

Marathon Man (X)
☐ Watch Lord Olivier getting his rocks off as nasty Nazi handy with dental drill. Young Dustin plays the innocent yet again. Leaves nasty taste in mouth.
Selected London ABCs
☐ ☐ ☐

Harry And Walter Go To New York
☐ James Caan, Elliot Gould, Michael Caine team up in romp with more yawns than laughs
Selected ABCs
☐ ☐ ☐

The Seven Per Cent Solution (AA)
☐ Sherlock Holmes and Sigmund Freud discover they both use cocaine. Adventures ensue.
Selected ABCs
☐ ☐ ☐

Cross Of Iron (X)
☐ Peckinpah mud and macho special
Selected ABCs
☐ ☐ ☐

Network (AA)
☐ Powerful saga of the US-TV jungle. Reviewed this iss.
Selected provincial Odeons and Gaumonts.
☐ ☐ ☐

Carrie (X)
☐ Telekinetic teenager still wreaking havoc and gore. Reviewed *NME* Jan 22.
Selected provincial Odeons and Gaumonts and some S. London ABCs
☐ ☐ ☐

Silent Movie (U)
☐ Noisy Mel Brooks funny guaranteeing mucho chuckles. Reviewed *NME* Feb. 26.
Selected provincial Odeons and Gaumonts.

☐ Also out on the ABC circuit at selected cinemas:
The Enforcer, Sweeney, Way Of The Dragon, The Last Tycoon, Easy Rider, 'jaws, Taxi Driver, and Live Like A Cop, Die Like A Man.

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27.	GREATEST HITS 2 — John Denver	2.60
28.	CAR WASH	4.09
29.	THEIR GREATEST HITS — Eagles	2.90
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34.	JOHNNY THE FOX — Thin Lizzy	2.60
35.	LOVE ON THE AIRWAVES — Gallagher & Lyle	2.70
36.	DARK SIDE OF THE MOON — Pink Floyd	2.70
37.	JAILBREAK — Thin Lizzy	2.60
38.	VICIOUS BUT FAIR — Streetwalkers	2.60
39.	WISH YOU WERE HERE — Pink Floyd	2.70
40.	CHANGESONEBOWIE — David Bowie	2.60
41.	THE BEST OF GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS	2.35
42.	A TRICK OF THE TAIL — Genesis	2.60
43.	JOAN ARMATRADING	2.70
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46.	ROLLED GOLD — Rolling Stones	4.09
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To be really someone. To be really special. That's what we all dream of.

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And that's the way Elkie Brooks sings it. As a bittersweet ballad.

It's a story. It's crammed with images.

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"Pearl's a singer."

Sung heartrendingly by Elkie Brooks. And for those of you who know about these things, it's superbly written and produced by Leiber and Stoller.

"Pearl's a singer": The new single from Elkie Brooks.

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PLATTERS

RAY: Goodbye Cruel Concept

"It's alright, I've got another bag now."

Pic: MICHAEL PUTLAND.

THE KINKS
Sleepwalker (Arista)

ARISTA are fast becoming the venereal disease of record labels; they seem to get everyone sooner or later. Having poached Uncle Lou from RCA, Uncle Loudon from Columbia, their latest *coup de grace* is none other than The Kinks, again kidnapped from RCA.

Hey, punk . . . quit chewing on that razor blade and dip into your history book. Recall the Swinging Sixties! Forget to remember your Beatles and your Stones; just think of The Kinks and the pure trashy glory of "Beautiful Delilah", "You Really Got Me" and "All Day And All Of The Night".

This was before Ray Davies (*The* Face of the Sixties, for anyone with a soupcon of discernment) threw himself prostrate before the Great God Concept, a rash act which produced several gems but also a great deal of dreck as it took Davies dangerously nearer to the Celine than The Standells.

Ray Davies was always a cynic. Once it was an overt cynicism levelled at dedicated followers of fashion and well-respected men, but borderlines are forever shifting and you can never tell who's pointing the finger at whom nowadays. "Sleepwalker" seems to be a sign that he's less of a smartass than he once was though no less perceptive. The *j'accuse* vignettes are gone and in their place lies a looking glass.

Infectious as the Black Death, the razzle dazzle "Life On The Road" kicks off, reflecting the alienated provincial kid saying goodbye to security and boredom, and looking for a kiss; the wayward adolescent obsession with Piccadilly and Soho Babylon explored in "Big Black Smoke", only this time it's a boy teased by city girls and mauled by musclemen.

"When I arrived at Euston/I was little more than a child / And I didn't know then / That all the dives and dens / Would be so vulgar and wicked and wild."

A declaration of independence paved with gold, brassy optimistic idealism backed by nervous cascading guitars, John Gosling just tickling the keyboards with decisive delicacy — hey, this is almost as good as "Till The End Of The Day"!

De luxe high-gloss Hygena model, natch.

"Mr Big Man" is a further explanation of not so pretty city corruption, Ray Davies fine sense of theatrics coming through. *"You schemed and connived/You pushed and you lied/Till you became a star/But now we're gonna see the way you really are."*

The pyrrhic victory of the powergame played out to a soaring Dave Davies guitar, a tumbling down piano and a relentlessly delicate melody leads into "Sleepwalker", a riffy, hard-edged cautionary tale of keeping secrets and losing your mind at midnight.

"I'm always around if you want to meet/You'll find me on almost any street/You'll always get me on the telephone/I'll even come to your home if you're alone."

Ray Davies makes a good pervert. Pure strangulated malice, and some slinky guitars fight it out while Mick Avory gives the drums a rough time.

Last track on this side is the echoingly hollow "Brother" (as in "He's not heavy, he's my . . ."). Finely etched guitars and aching strings add to the aura of solemn optimism.

"The world's going crazy and nobody gives a damn anymore/And they're leaving on sailing ships for far and distant shores."

But Ray reckons we'll be okay so he's gonna stay. You can't help believing him.

"Juke Box Music" sees rock and roll as a means to an end and is one in the eye for all you academics who sit around smoking dope and listening to the lyrics when you should be dancing. Electric festooned jungle music hung about with bongo drums and skimming guitars, it shows how the people who believe in rock and roll only because they find it hard to believe in other people.

"Sleepless Night" is an elegantly evasive probe at the human condition and the nearest thing yet to a love song. But Ray can't sleep — not because he's suffering for love but because his ex-girl and her new boyfriend make too much goddamn noise!

The lullaby before the apocalypse, "Stormy Sky", is an easy, chiming, meandering melody aware that things just must get worse before they get better, but meanwhile taking refuge in pleasure and a luxuriously tortured guitar.

Insanity as a way of life is touched on in "Full Moon", an austerly orchestrated song full of mind suppressed terror and a gauzy piano.

Ah, but "Life Goes On"!

"A friend of mine has had a real bad time/His life was shattered and he lost his mind/His girl ran off along with his best friend/And through emotional stress he brought his life to an end/Life goes on", sings Ray jovially backed by perky guitars. A fitting end.

Get it while you can because suicide is painless and one man overboard don't stop the boat-race.

Thought that kind of optimism went down with the Titanic.

O.K, Ray — you're great. We love you. Now how about letting a little of this much-vaunted human kindness overflow in Tom Robinson's direction.

Julie Burchill

JOHNNY CLARKE
"Authorised Version" (Virgin)

JOHNNY CLARKE has finally produced an album worthy of himself: succeeded, too, in spite of mentor Bunny Lee's unremitting devaluation of the artist with superfluous releases and overexposure, in delivering a set that has gone straight to the critical heart of the reggae audience.

Right now, "Authorised Version" is running away with sales honours in the specialist shops; and achieving more than its fair share of play on the sounds.

Lee's *coupe de grace* has been to record Clarke on classic tunes from the last decade of reggae. To an upcoming generation, they are totally new songs: for those of us who have been around a little longer, Clarke's impressions of old hits come as a refreshing slant on the originals. And naturally, they've been given the modern Channel One treatment.

Among the "versions" revisited are two tunes from the Wailers' rock-steady catalogue: the lovely, laconic "Simmer Down" and "I Am Still Waiting". The latter title has also been resurrected recently by Delroy Wilson; and though Johnny adds nothing to the cool operator's magnificent rendition, the song is nevertheless an authorised bonus.

Also included is Alton Ellis's timeless "Cry Tough", dating from the mid-sixties, the song that effectively heralded the twilight of the rude-bwoy era — *"cry tough, don't you know you're getting old; cry tough, oh yeah, you are getting slower"* — and Roy Richards' "Freedom Blues", the rhythm of which inspired the Revolutionaries/Tapper Zukie's "MPLA" rocker.

From more recent years, Clarke renders footnotes to Bob Marley's "Crazy Baldhead" — an *NME* Single-of-the-week — and Culture's "Jah Jah See Them Come". In both cases, Lee's anthologist annexes the originals. "Jah Jah", in particular, is singularly inspired.

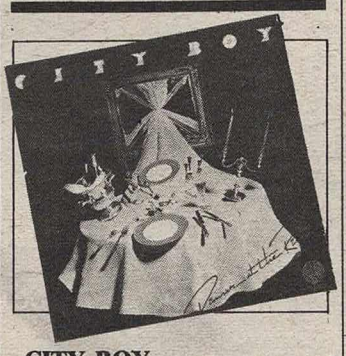
Surprisingly, it is Clarke's own original "Roots Natty Roots, Natty Congo" that has really succeeded in capturing everybody's imagination. I cannot remember a more popular Johnny Clarke hit since "Move Out A Babylon". Tracing the African ancestry of *"all my breddas and sisters born in Jamaica/England/America/Canada"*, "Roots" is a compelling little ditty with an insidious hook.

A further Clarke composition, "Let Go Violence" dates from an earlier session, when flying cymbals were all the rage, and has been included due to public demand. It's as strong as its title suggests.

"Give Up The Badness" and "Acadeny Award Version" are both dubs that owe more to the invention of Striker Lee and the Agrovators than Clarke. Nonetheless, they help diversify the set most effectively. Peter Tosh's "Legalise It" is the only dud track — the bland whimperings of liberal sentiment.

"Authorised Version" proves that Johnny Clarke still has what it takes to become a major force in popular music. In reggae, he already is.

Penny Reel



CITY BOY
Dinner At The Ritz (Vertigo)

NOT EVEN the highest ballyhoo of praise could do justice to City Boy's masterwork, "Dinner At The Ritz".

It's almost unfortunately one of those rare examples of brilliance which confounds the reviewer; not because it's good, but because it could possibly be an isolated fluke.

Their first album was a curious adulteration of soph-rock influences and cliches, which only occasionally allowed the distinctive qualities of the group to seep through. It proved they were competent, but pretentious beyond the bounds of being adventurous, while paradoxically naive enough to pack the set with a multitude of alarmingly different styles,

The group's aphorism was apparently; Throw enough shit and some will stick. That's a little unkind , because the album was enjoyable in part but their eclecticism was indicative of a collective ego impatient to crash into the public's consciousness and that attitude hardly promised an album of such stature as "Dinner".

Somewhere between leaving the studios last time round — after encountering its wonderful electric Disneyland — and then experiencing the harsh reality of grinding round the country as a support band or playing holes where the audience is too blitzed to care about them, they've exorcised the soph-rock cliches (but not the influences), and cultivated their own musical identity.

"Dinner At The Ritz" shows their conceit has been tempered into constructive confidence. No-one would be foolish enough, unless they were certain if would work, to attempt a poignant tale about an old lady who, years ago, was the victim of unrequited love and now emotionally reminisces about the "evening pirate" who entered her life in "The Violin"; or a metaphorical spy story in three parts called "State Secrets"; or even a campy piece like the title track.

Just in these instances you hear a composing style which has been influenced by, respectively, Lennon and McCartney, novelist Ian Fleming, and Noel Coward.

Very English: but very strange.

These tracks are undoubtedly the zenith of the album: songs which all illustrate the remarkable composing facilities of Lol Mason, Steve Broughton, Mike Slamer and Max Thomas, and the musicianship and arranging ability of these four along with Chris Dunn (bass) and Roger Kent (drums).

"The Violin", for example, which has B. J. Cole on steel and Jack Holstein playing superb violin, is one of the most sensitive observations of loneliness, sung tenderly by Broughton, since the Beatles "Eleanor Rigby".

In fact, the Beatles connection can be detected both in the group's rock drive and in their sense of melody enhanced by the rich vocals of either Mason or Broughton. The inspiration of the Fab Four has also been passed on to them by Queen's music, from which Slamer has developed his guitar style along similar (but perhaps better) lines to Brian May.

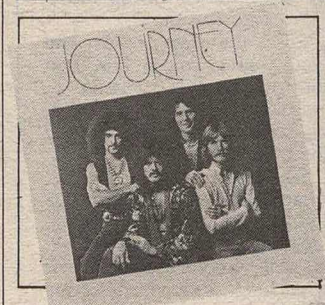
City Boy also make full use of the studio and occasionally, like on the cynical "Goodbye Blue Monday" ("Goodbye Blue Monday no-one to drag me out of bed/ No nore signing on at ten/I'll be a starving star instead"), they again pack too many effects into their musical suitcase, their indulgences trailing over the sides like garish underpants.

On "Walk On The Water" they even allow themselves to adopt a pose as a surrogate Marc Boring and T Rex.

But "Dinner A The Ritz" is a major achievement, and you can only hope that their third album will not reveal them as lucky chancers. but progress from there. Personally I don't believe this is a fluke album, just their aspirations complementing their talents, making them one of Britain's most promising (relatively) new acts.

Book your table, now!

Tony Stewart



JOURNEY
Next (CBS)

IF YOU'RE SICK of old Devadip's severe regressions (witness "Festival"), you could do worse than give Journey's "Next" a listen.

It clears up, once and for all, the reasons behind Gregg Rolie's premature departure from Santana. Tired of making like a spaced-out spic, he now plays his mass of keyboards like a possessed Jan Hammer, ARPs for the use of. And Neal Schon's guitar work is distinctly McLaughlin-flavoured.

This is nowhere more apparent than on the album's only instrument, "Nickel And Dime", in which the multi-layered sound is dominated by a duet between Schon's fierce guitar and Rolie's urgent synthesizer. And "People", the strongest vocal track, is structured very similarly to late-Mahavishnu, with Schon's acoustic guitar providing a pleasing backdrop to his electric ramblings and Rolie's ivory ticklings. The instrumental break fairly reeks of Hammer-Goodman's "Like Children", down to the clipped vocal chant.

Aynsley Dunbar has recently been quoted as thinking of his drum kit as "a booster rocket pushing through the stratosphere", and on "Hustler" the frenetic pace is set by his daemonic percussion (cow bells an' all, yeah!). Elsewhere, his feet are more firmly planted on the ground as he provides a rhythmic foundation (with bassist Ross Valory) as solid as the production.

It's not all A1 rock, though. "Spaceman" is a rather lethargic opener, "Here We Are" is pathetically redolent of late 60's wilted flowers *("Let yourself go, you can touch the sky if you try")* and the title track features some cliched echo effects.

A more general complaint is the overall lack of dynamic shading which marks much of "Journey" (particularly "Kohoutek").

Still, it's a vast improvement on "Look Into The Future", and anyway, the final cut is a killer. Ironically titled "Karma", it's a decidedly vicious song, painful to listen to loud (everything's mixed right up high) and a good laugh. From those lyrics that *are* discernible, it's basically misogynist.

A fine ending to a respectable outing, "Karma" once again highlights Schon's furiously fluid guitar work. And there's a silly 30-second reprise to catch out all the stoned old hippies.

Monty Smith

SUPERCHARGE
Horizontal Refreshment (Virgin)

GOSH, a Slightly Serious album from the Very Silly Supercharge. Mind, they're a bit strapped when it comes to translating what they are and what they do from live performance to record.

I mean, they can hardly record their singalong with the Bay City Rollers impressions or convey "laid-back" music by laying down on the studio floor, now can they?

Still, the liner notes and credits give you a hint that they're nuts — "Thanks to Harold Firth for seizing, holding and occasionally stroking the bunny."

So, minus the visial hilarity, what is left is some pretty fine Liddypool funk stomping. Opening cut "Play Some Fire" is well zazzy, with real gut wrenching bass from Tony Dunmore, a screaming alto sax solo from Albie Donnelly, and lotsa shouting and handclapping.

"After the Show" features guitarist Les Karski doing his lyrical country rocker stuff in an essentially sweet but spirited number boosted by brass and rhythm sections.

Then it's a quick change job into slow soul for "Limbo Love". Hooray! Slight silliness! Les sings with a straight face but he's just a little stitched up by the oh-so-precise "whoowhoos" going on behind that rescue the treatment from being too white-washed.

Allen Toussaint's "Last Train" shows off the troupe in their most business-like and competent form. Karski and Ozzie Yue take quick, deft guitar flights, Donnelly stands back and delivers one of his more inspired and controlled solos, while the vocals and percussion are "humpin' and bumpin' ".

Side two is a little more ordinary and less interesting in *toto*. The most characteristic and grabby piece is "Mess You Made", Yue sighing and complaining his way through "Mess you made, mess you made, look at the mess you made of me", with a punchy sax and guitar duet from Donnelly and Karski providing some drama.

"Purple Funk Avenger", ("a punk funk saga") is a crease, featuring Donnelly on belligerent verbals with backing attributed to "The Dementoids". Co-arranged by Pete Wingfield, it's raucous, dirty and eminently danceable.

The rest of the tracks — "Bad Time", "Let The Feeling Grow" and "Really Quite Easy" — are really nicely passable, the last being quite dynamic in arrangement.

But they point to the weakness Supercharge have to deal with more forcefully in future. While their visual impact is a powerful asset, compositions that are just attractive, and not really strong or memorable, won't help them go any further than they have done, no matter how well or how jolly they are performed.

It's just not great enough to knock out people on the sidelines, but if you like the band, "Horizontal Refreshment" is both sound and fun.

Angie Errigo

EBERHARD WEBER
The Following Morning (ECM)

EBERHARD WEBER'S third album rings a few changes for the bassist, who dispenses with the services of his group Colours (with brown he recently did a few gigs in this country), retaining only his perennial sidekick, pianist Rainer Bruninghaus, and utilising the celli, french horns and oboe of the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra — thus continuing an ECM trend already contributed to by Terje Rypdal, Keith Jarrett and (heretofore in small doses) Weber himself.

Of the four tracks which make up "The Following Morning", "Moana II" is for me the most interesting: basically a restatement of the theme of "Moana I", the piece incorporates a solo from Weber, who coaxes a staggering range of sounds from his electric upright bass.

But then, try finding a track on which he doesn't play tricks with your ears: the opening section of the title-track, for instance, builds up on a synthesiser-like series of sounds which are the aural counterpart of an Ernst Haas photographer. Newer Wave Music.

The most immediate track (consequently the one to listen to in your local record retailers) is the sumptuous yet restrained "T. On A White Horse", the theme of which wrings pathos from the heart.

"The Following Morning" is, quite simply, the most successful experiment of its kind since Jarrett's "Arbour Zena". And that's saying quite a lot. Believe me.

Andy Gill

JETHRO TULL
Songs From The Wood (Chrysalis)

JETHRO TULL died on February 21st 1741, but try telling that to Ian Anderson. Mention the author of *An Essay On The Principles Of Tillage And Vegetation*, and what figure is conjured up? The maniacal, pirhouetting flautist with the sort of leer that causes nice girls to stay home nights — Ian Anderson!

The task now in hand is the latest Tull offering, currently revolving at 33 and a third revolutions — give or take an insurrection — on my turntable; it's one hell of a fine record.

"Songs From The Wood" is a vindication of Anderson's uncompromising attitude towards Tull's music, and an album that demands they be considered as one of your first division British bands.

The whole album is a celebration of an English way of life long since gone, not perhaps as it was, but how it should have been.

With ruddy cheeked peasants wassailing away around the maypole knocking back the mead and waving jugged hare around in rustic abandon, while speculating on who made Marian, Anderson and his merry minstrels lead the dance with music of a timeless kind upon the lute and flute and nakers and tabor.

What Anderson's done is immerse himself in traditional music and translate it into contemporary terms, utilising all the technology the '70s can muster, without losing the essence of the music.

Apart from producing, singing, playing flute, guitar, mandolin and whistle, Anderson wrote every song, and it's a tribute to him that they have a traditional appeal, yet retain a freshness of their own.

The title-track is a great opener, with unaccompanied vocals ushering in flute and acoustic guitars before the rest of the band chip in, while Anderson — in fine voice throughout the album — sings his "kitchen prose and gutter rhymes", promising *"Songs from the wood make you fell much better"*, the universal panacea.

An example of what's good about this album can be found on "Cup Of Wonder" — a track with 'classic' stamped all over it. Guitars, flute and piano blend into a tune that leaves you little alternative but tap a foot in time. Despite the electric guitar — courtesy of Martin 'Rarely puts a foot wrong' Barre — there's a feeling that this is the sort of song sung on the eve of Agincourt. Anderson wheedles and cajoles as master of the revels as he sings the chorus of *"Pass the plate to ward off hunger /Pass the wit of ancient wisdom /Pass the cup of crimson wonder"*, and lets his voice trail off at the end of 'wonder', in a manner redolent of troubadors departing the Squire's candlelit dinner table.

If music be the food of love — play on, and pass the bicarbonate of soda.

A stately introduction, courtesy of keyboard wizard David Palmer and his portative organ, introduces "Velvet Green". A serene and pastoral piece, with Anderson offering the beguiling invitation to *"tell your mother you walked all night on velvet green"* — must've been a hell of a party.

The lamentably under-rated single 'Ring Out, Solstice Bells' (which must be Chrysalis' new "Gaudete", due for re-release every November) still sounds good, even with Spring eructing. The bells themselves, chiming away at the end of the track bring a Christmas card serenity to the song.

"Pibroch", according to the dictionary, is a variation of a bagpipes tune. Well, there's a lot of variation, and precious little bagpipes. Unfortunatley it's the longest track on the album and only really picks up about two-thirds of the way through the song, with Anderson playing the Pipes of Pan with great aplomb.

But "Fires At Midnight" is a good way to end, an effective postscript, about Ian writing a love song beside a dying fire at midnight — nice one.

Despite the fact that my review copy was warped enough to register on the Richter scale, this album has been a constant joy.

Patrick Humphries

LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM & STEVIE NICKS
Buckingham Nicks (Polydor)

ORIGINALLY RELEASED in America in 1973 and previously only available on import in Britain, Polydor have issued this entirely bloodless piece of vinyl now so as to cash in on the success of Fleetwood Mac.

Lindsey Buckingham and his one time old lady Stephanie Nicks are the American part of the quintet that now makes up Fleetwood Mac. This solo album of theirs illustrates (a) their importance to the band and (b) their debt to the band.

Let me explain the paradox.

You see, Buckingham and Nicks are writers of light, open-air melodies — the kind of thing you expect artists who live and work in Los Angeles to come up with. Now, while their melodic sense is worthy, if not exceptional in the main, their vocal execution and Keith Olsen's production (producer of the penultimate Fleetwood Mac album) is so bereft of red corpuscles you wonder how this piece of plastic maintains its solidity.

It's obvious why they need the collective muscle that Christine McVie, John McVie, and Mick Fleetwood — all of whose grit was tested long ago in the British blues boom — supply them with in Fleetwood Mac.

Conversely, "Buckingham Nicks" shows that nearly all the melodic invention Fleetwood Mac have capitalised on to such devastating effect recently comes from these two.

If you're into what Fleetwood Mac are doing right now, approach this with caution. If you find it in a secondhand bin, it might just be worthwhile putting your greenies into. Nuff said.

Steve Clarke

KIM CARNES
Sailin' (A&M)
VALERIE CARTER
A Stones Throw Away (Columbia Import)

KIM CARNES, an L.A. session singer, began her career doing Clairol commercials. Not much has changed. Her third solo album arrives in a package reminiscent of an underarm deodorant and carries almost equal artistic conviction.

It's acceptable enough upmarket mush; deep pile musicianship from the Muscle Shoals Rhythm section and some unremarkable singing evocative of attempts by session singers to summon some kind of identity. She does "It's Not The Spotlight" creditably enough and Van Morrison's "Warm Love" emerges unscarred, while the rest are self-penned in league with her husband. This is where I get off. Each one exudes pompous torchy self-

DO YOU LIKE RUMOURS?

HAVE YOU HEARD LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM & STEVIE NICKS MADE AN ALBUM BEFORE THEY JOINED FLEETWOOD MAC ITS CALLED "BUCKINGHAM NICKS," AND IS AVAILABLE NOW ON POLYDOR RECORDS.

Lindsey and Stevie might've finally found fame and fortune with Fleetwood Mac, but *this* is the album that could've (and should've) put them up there when it was first released back in 1973.

The moody, ominous textures of Lindsey and Stevie's 'Crystal,' for example, makes the later Fleetwood Mac version seem insipid and anaemic by comparison.

But then, 'Buckingham Nicks' is a hard album to follow. Sure, nobody bought it back in '73, but that's simply because nobody knew it existed. If they had, things probably would've been a lot different. 'Buckingham Nicks' is *that* good.

Sounds *Dan Hedges*

"BUCKINGHAM NICKS"

Polydor Records & Tapes

importance, formulaic supplicant womanhood scenarios wrought with no instinct for either words or melody and utterly bereft of inspiration.

About as involving as *Charlie's Angels* and nothing like as funny.

Valerie Carter, by contrast, is potentially a considerable talent. A Little Feat cohort, she penned the wonderful "Cook With Honey" for Judy Collins, has collaborated in writing with Lowell George, who himself produced what I understand is her only previous record, a disappointing group project on A&W called "Howdy Moon."

A solid talent, and money is obviously being spent at Columbia to build her into some kind of Ronstadt figure, if only for the reason that she's better looking.

Unlike the above album, this one appears to have been taken too slowly and carefully with too much effort to create an impressive rather than an affecting piece of work. With three producers, including Lowell George, three arrangers, including Bill Payne, nearly thirty musicians and seven engineers, cohesion is barely its strong suit.

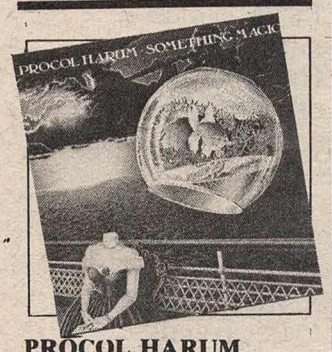
The choice of material and its treatment wanders from gospelly numbers like "Ooh Child", where her airy phrasing is reminiscent of namesake Valerie Simpson, to straight folkie epics like "Face Of Appalachia", a tune the McGarrigles could well have written (in fact it was Lowell George and John Sebastian). Add to that the weight of the production and the coldness of the sound and there's very little flow or musical continuity.

Side two works best, proceeding from the sonorous title track, its stately blues piano and knife edge steel, through the melancholic "Cowboy Angel", and ending up on a marvellous George-Payne-Carter slab of atmospherics called "Back To Blue Some More", all about the waitress in the truck stop who watches the sign turn from blue to red and then back to blue some more.

If they're farming out songs as good as this to other artists Feat's own next album had better be extraordinary.

Given a little time and less tight supervision Valerie Carter could be turning out records of the pliable quality of Bonnie Raitt's last few. "A Stones Throw Away" is just that. Stay tuned.

David Hepworth



PROCOL HARUM
Something Magic (Chrysalis)

IT'S UNFORTUNATE that Procol Harum are lumbered with this image of being purveyors of humourless, Gothic Rock, trying to maintain their dignity as they play their rococo music in the emptying ballroom of a once grand hotel.

Even now, ten years on, mention Procol Harum and most people still think of "Whiter Shade Of Pale" but that particular sword of Damocles (good title for a Brooker /Reid song that) must be behind them now after a series of consistently excellent albums, from the majesty of "Salty Dog" (which must rank as one of the seminal 60's albums) to the hardcore rock of "Exotic Birds And Fruit".

And then there's "Something Magic".

I'd like to say it's their best yet, or at least a "worthy addition to a distinguished canon", but alas it's not. It's another Procol Harum album that will probably please their old fans, but won't blow many cobwebs away from their reputation. It's not a bad album — I don't think Procol are capable of producing a real stinker — but it's a disappointing release to mark a decade of otherwise excellent music.

There's little but a feeling that we've all been here before — not in the sense of revisiting former triumphs, but rather that through lack of direction the group have come to a full stop.

My particular bone of contention is the latest Brooker/Reid magnum opus "The Worm And The Tree", which takes up the whole of side two. The last time Procol attempted anything of this nature was the magnificent "In Held Twas In I", which occupied half of the "Live at Edmonton" album. That particular piece had a scope and wealth of ideas that "Worm" so frustratingly lacks.

Gary Brooker insists on reciting the seven verses of the parable in a "Pay attention at the back I'll be asking questions afterwards" sort of voice (which means you can't even dance to it), and the words don't supply any glimpses of nirvana, just a tedious fable which ends *"The worm can be killed yet the tree may not be dead/For from the roots of the elder a new life will be spread"*. And I hope they'll be very happy together, but to take over 18 minutes to get that message across is excessive, especially galling since in the past Procol have been masters of economy.

As it is they've gone calamitously down in an overblown parody of their former glory.

As for the music; no real surprises there, pseudo spectacular stuff with little real excitement, only occasionally livened up, as on "Expectancy", where newcomer Pete Solley plays around with his keyboards.

However, like a slice of toast, there is another side, which is more the Procol I know and love. The title track opens with a regal sounding orchestra heralding the entry of Brooker. It's a typical Procol song, with Reid's lyrics back in their natural domain of "The dark hour of the soul when nightmares take their toll" and the music demonstrating the grandeur for which Procol are renowned.

The album's *piece de resistance* is "Skating On Thin Ice", with a melody which reminded me of a music box tune. Choir and orchestra blend beautifully behind Brooker's voice and piano as he sings Reid's doomy, Tarot inspired lyrics, while B. J. Wilson's cymbals and Pete Solley's synthesisers swish away in good atmospheric vein. "Wizard Man" (for some curious reason omitted from the sleeve) is a strong choice for a single, short and simply effective, filled out by Mick Grabham's restrained guitar. "Mark of the Claw" is up to scratch, and "Strangers in Space" is ethereal stuff.

I was looking forward to giving this album a good review, it being Jubilee Year and ten years on from "Whiter Shade", and this being Procol's 10th album, but in all honesty it is a disappointment.

Patrick Humphries

JOHN LODGE
Natural Avenue (Decca)
JUSTIN HAYWARD
Songwriter (Deram)

IN NO more than ten words, explain why the Moody Blues should never have stopped making records. (First prize is a Blue Jays album. Second prize, two Blue Jays albums).

And now there's another reason: the Moody's demise has allowed John Lodge to make his solo debut. The kindest thing one can say about it is that it's not a double album.

Setting lyrics that E. Jarvis Thribb would think twice about to arrangements that Mantovani would be tempted to beef up, Lodge has managed to make a genuinely distressing record. Matters aren't helped by the realisation that he's not a strong vocalist; weak in range, control and conviction.

The title track does show some semblance of life — mainly due to the combined saxes of Mel Collins (soprano) and Martin Dobson (alto) — but from there it's downhill all the way, with even Chris Spedding (well down in Tony Clarke's mix) affected by the overall torpidity of the project.

Throughout, Lodge wears his maudlin self-pity like an orange tattoo (particularly in "Carry Me", "Who Could Change" and "Broken Dreams, Hard Road" — all of the "I tried, God, I tried but what's the point, no one listens to me!" school), which is allowed full reign by the lachrymose arrangements.

Aside from his bass playing, the main talent Lodge displays here is at selecting classic song titles ("Piece Of My Heart", "Summer Breeze") for his own less classic compositions.

"Natural Avenue" grinds to a halt with "Children Of Rock 'n' Roll", by which time Lodge sounds about ready for a rest cure. In the lyrics, he insists he was "raised on rock 'n' roll". Must have spent his childhood on one of Roger Dean's planets.

Thank God Justin Hayward was "Raised On Love". That's just one of several melodic ditties on *his* solo effort. The album's title may be a shade off-putting, but the opening cut "Tightrope", augers well: a neat number summing up his attitudes toward the music business via an appropriate circus analogy.

The second side is particularly mellow (with affectingly childlike choral work on "Stage Door" and "Raised On Love"), until the slightly intrusive platitudes offered in the two closing cuts. But even then, the solemn "Nostradamus" has an eerily effective coda.

Hayward's publishing company is Justunes, and that's pretty much what "Songwriter" is. "Natural Avenue" is more like looney tunes.

Monty Smith

MELANIE
Golden Hour Of Melanie (Pye)

MELANIE SAFKA may have the market in bedtime nursery rhymes cornered but she don't fool me. Just regard the omnipresent twinkle in her eye; beneath that kaftan beats a libido of pure flesh.

Her advisers seem to have overlooked Melanie's potential as a buxom nymphette and instead have firmly sellotaped her into the cliched niche of cutesy-pie sugar dumpling that bugs the ass off everyone after precisely two seconds of listening.

I mean, what can you *do* with tracks like "Alexander Beetle"? You can't sit around and ponder the lyrics (example; "Nanny let my beetle out/Nanny let my beetle out/She went and let my beetle out/And beetle ran away.") You can't dance to it. You can't appreciate its musical subtlety. If you were monumentally drunk I suppose you could concievably crease up over Melanie's beetle imitations.

However, on tracks like "Look What They Done To My Song Ma?" and "Ruby Tuesday", Melanie sounds positively horny, a little like the Madwoman of Challot after a few sniffs at the barman's apron.

Melanie hasn't had many hits; "Lay Down", "Ruby Tuesday" and "Brand New Key" are the total of her UK chart entries, and these are here. It would have been nice to hear "I Don't Wanna Hear It" (theme song from the ill-fated Ann-Margret movie "R.P.M.").

Instead the compilers have played safe and dished out such dreck as the aforesaid beastly beetle debacle, and "Lovin' Baby Girl", a cloying little nugget which followers of old Sigmund might be interested in , as Melanie searches vainly for an all-purpose parent surrogate; "Be my mummy, be daddy/I will be your loving one."

Words fail me.

On the other hand, "Beautiful People" and "Nickel Song" are charming in their half-assed naivete.

Also here are "Babe Rainbow", "Carolina In My Mind", "Mr. Tambourine Man" and a host of other unknowns. Guaranteed sixty minutes playing time!

Julie Burchill

FBI
FBI (RCA)

THIS IS the first album from the British bi-racial funk band patronised by sixties' guitar hero Alvin Lee. And not only is it hopelessly late to cash in on the sucess of the Average White Band by nigh on two years, the record itself is thoroughly uninspired.

Sure enough, the band's obligatory line-up of horns, guitar, bass, drums and a featured male and female vocalist, is competent enough, occasionally turning in a few surprises with the inclusion of flute and trumpet in their arrangements, but mostly the arrangements sound already out of date. Morover, the material is ordinary, and FBI do not have in their midst — at least judging from this outing — a writer capable of coming up with anything remotely exceptional.

If Kokomo couldn't do it — when they had personality as well as lashes of musical talent and a fair degree of writing capability — FBI haven't got a hope in hell. Sorry, fellas, I'm sure you're good enough on your night, but as for people shelling out three quid for this .

Steve Clarke

THIS IS AN ADVERTISEMENT

With a name like Boz Scaggs his music's got to be beautiful

A laymans lowdown on Boz Scaggs

WHAT can you say about Boz Scaggs that isn't going to sound like just another hardsell adman's line?

Legendary Texas-born, San Francisco guitarist. Consummate musician with a pedigree second-to-none and a reputation based on consistent excellence. A musician's musician, guitarist's guitarist, lyricist's lyricist. One of the biggest selling album artists in America in 1976 — the year that included Frampton, McCartney and Wonder Albums, not to menion Aerosmith and Boston. And now a British hit single maker thanks to 'Lowdown' and his current smash 'What Can I Say?'

What can you say?

A year ago the name was known in Britain only to a handful of mid-sixties West Coast freaks who still treasured his work with the Steve Miller Band. Myths and legends, columns and letters in fanzines, worn-out original copies of long-deleted albums — the whole paraphernalia of rock 'n' roll casualties. But Boz Scaggs was no casualty.

Boz actually first hit Britain in 1964 when, as a member of a Texan r-and-b band called the Wigs, he tried to sell the blues to a country which gave the world John Mayall, Alexis Korner, the Yardbirds, Graham Bond et al. When the Wigs realised the goof they'd made, they returned to Texas, leaving a folksinging Boz to trek round Europe. He finished up in Sweden, became a local star and recorded an album for Polydor called 'Boz'.

Early in 1967 Boz headed, along with a million others, for San Francisco. There he joined an old Dallas schoolfriend and the man who first taught him guitar — Steve Miller. For the next eighteen months they worked together, cutting two of the best Steve Miller Band albums ever — 'Children Of The Future' and 'Sailor' — until Boz openly dissatisfied with the band's direction and discipline. He retired to his house and carried on writing.

Friendship with neighbour Jann Wenner, founder and editor of Rolling Stone Magazine, developed into a partnership when Wenner took Boz to Muscle Shoals, Alabama, to record an album for Atlantic Records. 'Boz Scaggs' was the title and 'Loan Me A Dime', with its scorching Duane Allman guitar solo, was the track which became a classic. Boz returned for home from the south and set about forming a band. By January 1970 the first Boz Scaggs Band was off running.

That line-up was featured on the first three albums under the watchful eye of producer Glyn Johns — 'Moments', 'Boz Scaggs and Band' and 'My Time'. Boz had meanwhile signed with CBS Records and the title of the last album was to be prophetic and true. It was about to be The Time for Boz Scaggs.

A new band and new producer (Johnny Bristol) made 'Slow Dancer' one of 1974's best albums and pointed out the direction Boz Scaggs was taking. Always with black roots, his music now had a black producer and the result was magical.

Early in 1976, with Joe Wissert behind the control desk, Boz made and released 'Silk Degrees'. Impeccable, hand-picked musicians, immaculate songs galore, it was a dead-cert stone smash from the start. It went gold within weeks of release and passed the platinum mark (for sales excess of one million) with the ease of a vinyl Arkle. A single from the album, 'Lowdown' raced up the US charts to give Boz the rare double of an album and single at No. 1 in the same week. Word spread to Britain, 'Lowdown' was released and Boz Scaggs was suddenly a British chart entrant.

The follow up from that success, CBS released another track from 'Silk Degreees' — 'What Can I Say?'. Airplay was immediate and phenomenal and it's become an even bigger hit than its predecessor. Boz Scaggs is — at long last — becoming as big here as he is in the States.

But, as I said earlier, what can you say about Boz Scaggs that isn't going to sound like just another hard-sell line?

Perhaps it's this.

If you've already heard 'Lowdown' and 'What Can I Say?' and thought they were great, wouldn't it be reasonable to go for the complete package — the album these songs were taken from, 'Silk Degrees'? After all, a single is only a single. And there are songs on this one that need an album to do them full justice. Songs that form an integral part of its mood, colouring and musical ambience that you might not otherwise get a chance of hearing.

Can I help it if I personally think that 'Silk Degrees' is an album that deserves pride of place in any self-respecting record collection?

Boz Scaggs on CBS records and tapes.
CBS 81193.

IMPORTS

SOMETIMES, WHILE on my habitual Friday import investigations, I run into deejay Andy Dunkley, the two of us often enthusing over the same discs. Last week provided once such instance, with he and I foot-stompin' heavily as "Gypsy Fly", the opening track on **The Hoodoo Rhythm Kings'** new "Safe In Their Homes" (Fantasy) elpee was demonstrated by Harlequin's resident rockologists.

It's a great scuffling romp, puntuated by the most precise brass team this side of Gabriel's Golden Gaters. Vocalist Joe Crane leads a congregation comprised of the Hawkins Singers, and Bob Flurie's guitar adds the occasional snarl in just the right places.

Mr. Dunkley submitted after playing just one further track — a pounding version of Free's "Little Bit Of Love" — and he walked out with a copy under his arm. There goes a man of taste, I thought, latching on to a copy myself and noting that the credits included the names of Steve Miller, Richard Greene, the Pointer Sisters, Ronnie Montrose and Link Wray.

Wandering down to HMV's, I there grabbed a copy of **"The Kenny Rankin Album"** (Little David), knowing that WEA usually don't release Rank's discs in this much-mortgaged realm. It's always been my contention that Rankin has one of the most commercial voices in the world.

This time around he's gone the whole hog, got himself string-tied and bound up in arrangements by Sinatra sidekick Don Costa.

So the result is late-night, grab-that-ritzy-chick type stuff, with Rankin brushing the velvet on Stephen Bishop's "On And On", Hank Williams's "A House Of Gold", Billy Preston's "You Are So Beautiful", Marv Fisher's "When Sunny Gets Blue" and others. It's only MOR but . . .

I flip through the various Oxford Street racks, noting such new arrivals as **Chilliwack's** "Dreams, Dreams, Dreams" (Mushroom), **Natalie Cole's** "Unpredictable"

TONY JOE WHITE

(Capitol), **Mama's Pride's** "Uptown And Lowdown" (Atco), **Tony Joe White's** "Eyes" (20th Century), **Pousette-Dart Band's** "Amnesia" (Capitol), **Elliott Randall's** "New York" (Kirshner), **Eloise Laws'** "Ain't It Good Feelin' Good" (Invictus), **"The Eugene Record"** (Warner) — and read the sleeve notes to **Marshall Chapman's** "Me, I'm Feelin' Free" (Epic), being impressed by the fact that Jessi Colter rates Mss Chapman as "My favourite singer" and that Waylon Jennings reckons "She's a good ol' boy — she can come on the bus."

Back home I relax to **Deniece Williams'** "This Is Niecy" (CBS), an eminently superior soul soufle on which Williams' black lace voice drapes over some Maurice White-Charles Stepney productions in a manner that instantly has one setting up comparisons with Minnie Riperton, a personage with whom Stepney worked during that many-octaved lady's Rotary Connection era.

And while Oscar Brashear's trumpet carves out an immaculate intro to Deniece's self-penned "If You Don't Believe", I check through the day's jottings and remember that **Lenny White's** "Big City" (Nemperor) is worth a mention if only because the opening cut has Brian Auger's Trinity and the Tower Of Power Horns helping out, while Jan Hammer, Mike Gibbs, Jerry Goodman, Benny Maupin, Ray Barretto, Clive Chapman, Herbie Hancock and Miroslav also further qualify for their studio long-service medals.

A note regarding **Lionel Hampton's** "Off Into A Black Thing" (Brunswick) sets me theorising how seminal a rock figure Hamp really was — and how he once got booed off at a London concert by a jazz crowd who yelled "Stop playing that rock'n'roll." My mind-file flips to recall that a Hamp trumpet man of that era was a guy named **Quincy Jones,** whose "Roots — The Saga Of An American Family" (A & M), featuring the voice of Letta Mbulu, is also hustlin' up sales right now.

A further note reminds me not to say anything derogatory about **"Hero"** (Mercury) — whom Dunkley had earlier described, quite aptly, as "A right load of Bay City Rollers"— 'cause one of the band's leading lights is a black belt in karate and I'm a yellow streak in cowardice.

Then I play that luscious Deniece Williams release one more time and try to drop off to kip by counting new releases . . . **Isaac Hayes And Dionne Warwick's** "A Man And Woman" (ABC) . . . **Jonathan Edwards'** "Sailboat" (Warner) with Emmylou Harris, Albert Lee, Mike Audridge, Herb Pederson etc.

FRED DELLAR

Indistinct, crude, muddy. . .bleedin' great, innit?

STATUS QUO
Live (Vertigo)

IF YOU'RE looking for an album to boost your own intellectual credibility, then steer clear. Status Quo play the rudest, crudest, most primitive hard rock ever. Their nearest rivals are nowhere in sight.

The dinosaurs, like the Stones and The Who, are no more than inflated parodies of their former selves. Zeppelin compromise their high energy with baroque solos and effete lyrics. The nihilism of the minimalists is nothing but maximum posturing. The New Wave are mere flotsam in the wake of the despised luxury liners.

Which leaves only the Quo. What the Quo do is boogie. Or, boooogie, if you prefer. And the way they do it is the best. Just one endless, exhausting adrenalin rush. If that makes them seem in some way inferior, then that's the way it is. Inferiority has always been rock's proudest boast.

You don't need a degree in music to get off on rock music. Academic distinction is a distinct handicap. All you need to do is listen and perspire. And to listen and perspire, you don't need slide rules, pocket calculators, or English Lit primers.

Poetry is best left to poets. Overtures and symphonies should stay the preserve of intellectual composers. Instrumental gymnastics ought to remain in the domain of cerebral jazzers. And the tunes and royalties of bluesmen need saving from the clutches of greedy rockers.

All Status Quo do is boogie. And they do it in a way that transcends the competition. Their riffs come out of the speakers with the momentum of rocket-powered steamrollers, and the grace and air-conditioning of Silver Shadows.

If you can't respond to that sound, you might as well retire to your bedsit and weep along with Jackson Browne for the rest of your days.

Status Quo don't write particularly memorable melodies. In fact there's a little truth in the suggestion that it's hard to tell where one song ends and the next begins.

Their vocals are not particularly choice. True, Francis Rossi's high-pitched warble provides just the right contrast with the band's metallic scrapings to push his songs up the charts. But the other guy who sings alongside him would be hard pressed to get a job with Bachman Turner.

As for their lyrics, they're barely worth considering. It is perhaps worth mentioning in passing that the instructions issued in "Roll Over Lay Down" are a bit muddled. Shouldn't it be *"Lay Down Roll Over, and let me in"?* or are they thinking of some new position entirely? But, that's by the way.

The point is that their melodies, lyrics, and vocals can hardly explain the extraordinary impact of their music.

No. The secret of their success is the way they play as an ensemble. Not just a band, or a group, but an ensemble. Guitars and drums all mesh in that crude, rude, primitive way, trundle ponderously along for the requisite number of bars, then lurch into an overdrive that quickly shifts into overdrive overdrive. Few audiences can resist the tendency for their brains to liquidify in response.

The Americans are the only dishonourable exceptions to withstand this assault. And maybe that's because they think rock should be art, or sophisticated, or American, when any sane person knows that it's at its best when it's none of those things.

It's hard to see this double album cracking the States for the Quo, since the unbelievers have already resisted a whole string of fine albums, but it will

Spots aren't exactly a turn-on. But then, neither is a face full of plasters. Anyway, why waste your time covering up? When you can do something positive to get rid of spots. By using Valderma.

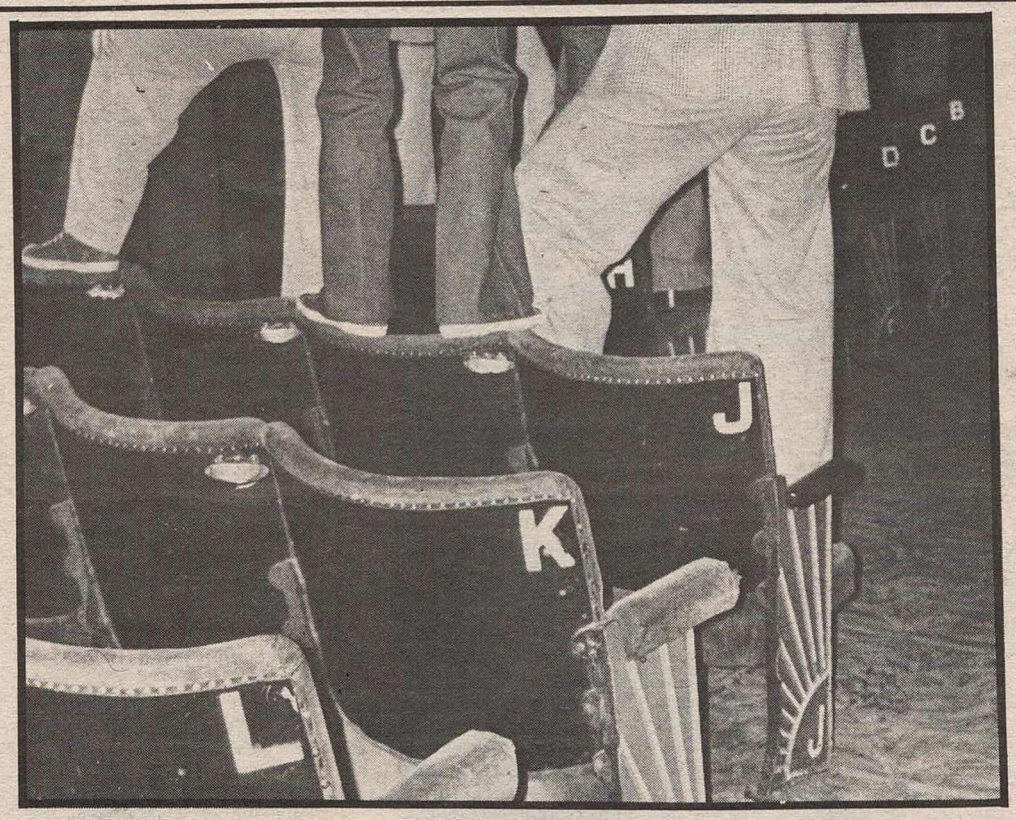
Start right away with Valderma Cream. It attacks the bacteria that help cause spots. In tests it kills over 98%. That's more effective than other creams. And by killing off bacteria, it can stop spots from spreading.

Meanwhile Valderma soothes away the inflammation. So the spots can clear up faster.

And washing with Valderma Soap can help to keep you spotless. It leaves a protective barrier on your skin. Use it every day, even when there's no sign of spots.

Start using Valderma, and you'll come out from behind those plasters. Because soon, you won't have anything to hide.

Valderma leaves you spotless.



STATUS QUO fans preparing to 'Get Down'

take a perverse, iron will on the part of American youth to hold out.

All the band's stage classics are there. "Junior's Wailing", "Is There A Better Way", "Big Fat Mama", "Forty Five Hundred Times", "Caroline", "Don't Waste My Time", "Roadhouse Blues". You know the list. Musical juggernauts to a man.

When the band cut this set at the Glasgow Apollo, it's said you could hear the circle creaking up and down. Crank up the volume high enough on your home Dansette and you can no doubt perform the same trick with the ceilings and walls.

Status Quo are the masters of the obvious. And no one makes the obvious more obvious than them. Their compere, who has a voice like a Cockney King Kong, asks the audience: "Is there anyone out there who wants to rock? Is there anyone out there who wants to roll?" It's obvious, of course, that there is, but a Status Quo audience likes to be told what it's doing, even when it knows what it's doing.

Which brings us to a couple of qualms.

Qualm the first. Is the Quo's prolier-than-thou attitude really necessary? The idea, no doubt, is to come across like matey heavies from *The Sweeney*, but instead they end up sounding like extras from *Till Death Us Do Part*. Indeed, the East End routine is so hammed up, you start to wonder whether they talk with public school accents at home.

Qualm the second. Are Quo audiences the victims of musical bullying, bludgeoned into submission by all those decibels? The answer is: probably. But then that's another of the treasured characteristics of rock music. The victims make a virtue out of their collective submission. There are worse forms of mass manipulation you can submit to.

Meanwhile, it has to be noted that this is one of the most honest live albums ever released. There are few overdubs. Some of the vocals could have been recorded over the phone from Edinburgh.

Muddy, indistinct, rude, crude, and primitive. But as albums go, this one has atmosphere you could cut with a bottle.

Bob Edmands

DECCA
GOLDEN DECCADE
Classic Tracks By Original Artists
LOS BRAVOS · BILLIE DAVIS
VAL DOONICAN · THE TREMELOES
ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK · THE ALAN PRICE SET
LULU · THE FORTUNES
DAVE BERRY · THE ZOMBIES
THE NASHVILLE TEENS · TOM JONES

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Golden Deccade
(Vols. I-V)
(Decca)

GOLDEN DECCAde they've called it, and so it might have been, but that's hardly the impression conveyed by this diffident and uneven collection of '60s material from the Decca vaults.

As one of Britain's two largest home-based record companies in the '60s, Decca (though having good reason to regret the administrative lapse that saw The Beatles slip away) still fostered their share of outstanding acts and personalities. Few of them are represented here.

While it no doubt made sense to exclude all Rolling Stones material (after all, there are already three excellent compilations, Decca's room to manoeuvre was limited still further by other collections already on catalogue.

They have already released a successful "World Of Hits" series, the first one of which, including tracks such as Procol Harum's "A Whiter Shade Of Pale", Them's "Gloria", The Moody Blues' "Go Now" and The Small Faces' "Sha-La-La-La-Lee", was outstanding value.

Further, Alan Freeman plundered yet more of the archives for an album called "First Lesson", which featured The Nashville Teens' "Tobacco Road" and Them's "Here Comes The Night". Also, the unheralded, unlamented detritus of '60s British rock was ingeniously tapped by my colleagues Roy Carr and Charles Shaar Murray for the "Hard-Up Heroes" double-album.

"Golden Deccade", trying not to duplicate material, has included none of the tracks mentioned above. In fact, it omits entirely contributions from The Small Faces, Them and The Animals.

Yet another difficulty is that the series has apparently been designed to appeal to as wide an audience as possible, with songs by Bruce Forsyth and Julie Andrews juxtaposed with those of Alan Price ("Simon Smith And The Amazing Dancing Bear") and Jet Harris and Tony Meehan ("Diamonds").

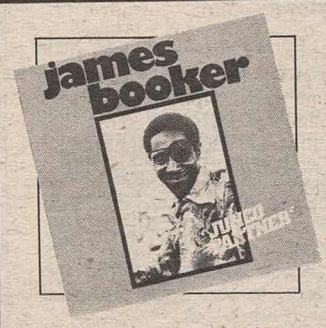
Few accurate conclusions about the fecundity of the British music industry in the '60s could hence be drawn from this anaemic series.

There are two points that the albums do illustrate. Firstly, many artists who have enjoyed substantial success (Joe Brown, Lulu and David Essex) began their solo careers contracted to Decca; and secondly that in the '60s cover versions were still the staple diet of many British musicians.

Though these cover versions were usually automatically inferior to the originals, they often had their interesting features, and it's a fair guess that even the worst (Dave Berry's "Memphis Tennessee") could boast the services of a session guitarist named Page.

In its vaults Decca must surely have some fascinating material, of which this series is a misleading representation. "Golden Deccade" remains a botched opportunity, even though each album is moderately priced at £1.89, and the technical quality of this geriatric material is — as ever — excellent.

Bob Woffinden



JAMES BOOKER
Junco Partner (Island)

THIS MID-PRICE release is nearly as entertaining as experiencing a live Booker performance, although he's slightly misrepresented by an eccentric choice of material.

His bar-room style jog-through "On The Sunny Side Of The Street" and the Liberace-inspired "I'll Be Seeing You" are all very well at the right time in the right place but I think we could have done without them on this, his first LP in over 20 years of recording.

Likewise he's bound to confuse whatever following he's already aquired by opening the album with "The Minute Waltz", or an approximate facsimile thereof.

Several other piano instrumentals (there's no other accompaniment) are much more laudable, neatly encapsulating the range of his talent from ragtime to rock and framing three vocal expressions of Booker's troubled life: the title track and "Goodnight Irene" reflecting the past, "Make A Better World" looking to the future.

There is a better album of Booker (recorded live) now available in Germany. Meanwhile this'll do very nicely as a sampler — especially at the modest price.

Cliff White

HUSTLE, BUSTLE, BOOGIE, AND SHUFFLE.

H&L RECORDS

marketed by phonogram

Derringer, Hartman: beginners' guide

DERRINGER
Sweet Evil (Blue Sky); Live In Cleveland (Blue Sky "Official Bootleg")
DAN HARTMAN
Images (Blue Sky Import)

RICK DERRINGER and Dan Hartman's careers are so tied up with the two albino superbrothers of Steve Paul's Blue Sky outfit, Johnny and Edgar Winter, that a brief rundown on the whole shebang is necessary to sort it all out.

In 1970 Edgar quit his brother's already highly successful band to cut his own, surprisingly eclectic and ethereal debut LP. Almost simultaneously Derringer, an ex-McCoy, joined Johnny's new Johnny Winter And for the landmark album of the same name, on which he wrote Johnny's best known song, "Rock And Roll, Hoochie Koo."

After a couple of duff albums with his sweaty White Trash soul band, produced and with contributions by Derringer, Winter formed The Edgar Winter Group with Ronnie Montrose on guitar, Chuck Ruff on drums and Dan Hartman on bass.

They cut the (deserved) hit "They Only Come Out At Night" set, probably produced by Derringer (it's uncredited, but there's a little pic of him), and then Montrose left to form his own heavy rock band and Derringer, who'd been dabbling in solo albums, moved in on guitar (Johhny was probably unroadworthy by this time).

This mob cut the excellent "Shock Treatment", Hartman contributing eight heady pop/rock songs which swirled with Winter's keyboards and wonderful synthetic voice, and fizzed with snappy Derringer solos. It looked like an unbeatable group.

For some reason Edgar then put out the turgid solo album "Jasmine Nightdreams" in '75, but all was not lost: later that year another Winter - Derringer - Hartman - Ruff - EWG album appeared, "The Edgar Winter Group With Rick Derringer." It lacked the highs that abounded on "Shock Treatment," but the three frontmen still balanced each other well.

Sadly, however, that was that. Edgar hasn't committed himself to plastic since, and last year Derringer formed his own guitar four-piece, known as Derringer. Their debut last year completely ditched Winter's gross-out funkiness and his multi-instrumental control of texture, along with Hartman's adept melodic feel, and they produced a spartan guitarman's album, minimally melodic Derringer tunes, wallpaper lyrics by Cynthia Weil, and lots of stripped-down four-piece working tension. I liked it a lot.

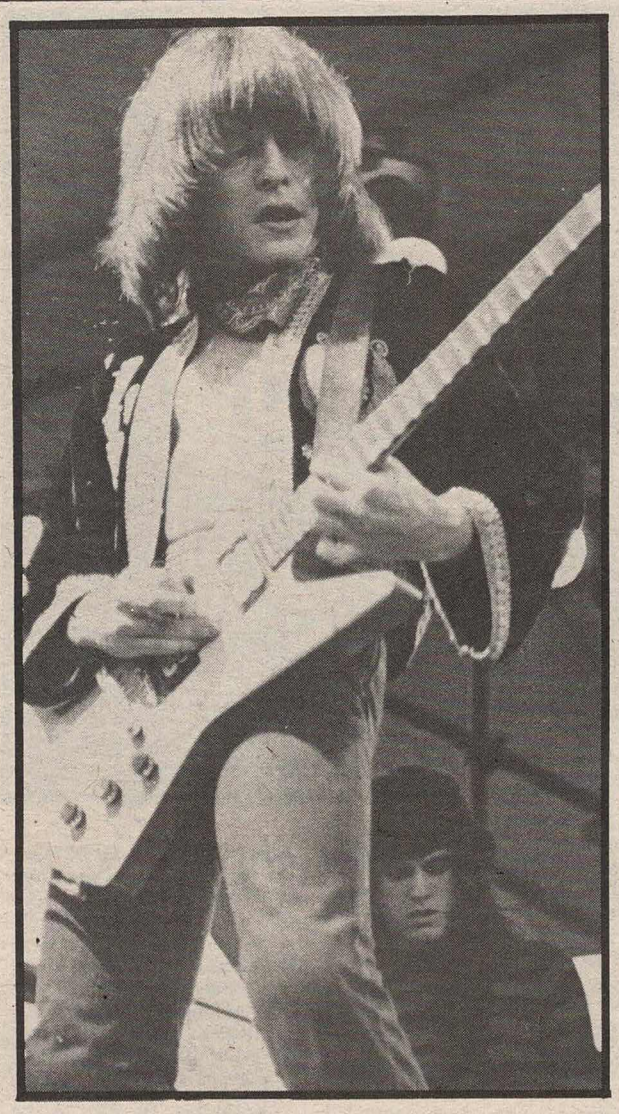
DERRINGER'S new album, "Sweet Evil"(released here on March 4), sees Jack Douglas, the man responsible for Aerosmith's weird and fairly wonderful swampy sound and Patti Smith's "Radio Ethiopia", taking over as producer from Rick. The change is small, but it's enough to densify the sound slightly and lose some of the appealingly purist aura of "Derringer".

Still, that's a minor quibble. "Sweet Evil" is uncompromisingly one-dimensional: if you get off on the basic rock unit of two guitars, bass and drums and a minimum of overdubs, working with discipline and economy, then this is for you.

Most of these songs are written by Rick alone, with a couple by second guitarist Danny Johnson, who's got a great catch in his voice. Both he and Derringer are immaculate, unpretentious guitarists: none of, say, Trower's portentousness or Johnny's frenticism for these guys, and very little pedalling . . . they're just hard rock master craftsmen.

The rhythm section of Vinny Appice on drums and Kenny Aaronson on bass match them all the way.

"Sweet Evil" is probably the equal of its predecessor: while it hasn't got the same steely clarity, it also avoids the triteness which spoilt "Derringer" in a couple of places.



R. DERRINGER. Pic: CHRIS WALTER

"Live In Cleveland" is a radio promo album, otherwise known as an official bootleg (see Roy Carr's *Junkyard Angels,* 8.1.77). Supposedly, these things are put out to plug a gap between albums, but when Epic recorded this at the Agora Ballroom, Cleveland, in September they must have known another real Derringer LP was due soon.

Anyway, its existence is a bonus (wish they'd done these when Hendrix was around!) but any real blotto Derringer freak who manages to get hold of a copy (it must be pretty unobtainable, because it's an import too) may be disappointed.

The first side is mainly unspectacular versions of material from the "Derringer" album, while the second side features the inevitable "Rock And Roll, Hoochie Koo", really good, with a very self-indulgent solo guitar bridge to a perfunctory "You Really Got Me" and tiresome grandstand ending. This is followed by a blitz through "Roll With Me", the Derringer song which was also on Johnny Winter's "Captured Live!" set (it was much better too), and finally Bowie's "Rebel Rebel".

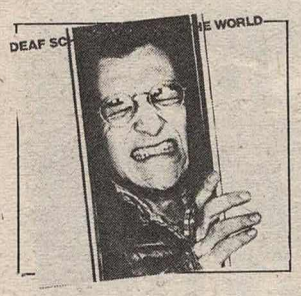
Given his head in front of a crowd, as on White Trash's "Roadwork", Derringer can be pretty crass.

DAN HARTMAN'S album which is not scheduled for release here, is disappointing. He plays everything himself except for drums (John Wilcox from Utopia) and, surprisingly, bass (John Siegler, a former Rundgren sideman). Guests include Montrose and Derringer on lead and Clarence Clemens and Edgar Winter on sax, but mostly it's Hartman's own work; he even conducts and arranges the strings, as well as producing.

Can this really be the guy who wrote such exhilarating songs as "Free Ride", "Easy Street", "Miracle Of Love" and "River's Rising' "? Like Eric Carmen without The Raspberries, "Images" is just innocuous, the only relief coming in Montrose's ludicrous "sports car solo" in "High Sign", the bubbling "On The Telephone", whose superior energy may be due to Hartman playing bass himself, and Derringer's elegant MOR acoustic guitar solo on "Thank You For The Good Times".

Even Derringer's "Sweet Evil" album isn't a patch on "Shock Treatment", though it's excellent in its limited way. All these Blue Sky acts are inveterate underachievers; it's about time Edgar stopped lazing around his Connecticut mansion refusing to do interviews and got the collective ass in gear. **Phil McNeill**

Geriatric flaw in enigmatic posturing



DEAF SCHOOL
Don't Stop The World (Warner Brothers)

I DON'T know why I dislike Deaf School.

Maybe it's jealousy. Perhaps I envy them their android sophistication. Maybe I wish I could look as smooth as icing sugar vinyl and live in their empty, elegant emporium of esoteric tack.

On the other hand it could be that I find their enigmatic posturing much more potentially destructive than the so-called nihilism of the New Wave bands, who at least have the energy to sweat about being bored.

But I think it's really the self-indulgent mirror-gazing aura that hangs around lead singer Enrico Cadillac (bet his real name's something real common like [illegible] real gen) that annoys me most. Bryan Ferry's bad enough but his self-indulgence did at least come up with Roxy Music, one of *the* bands of the early 70s.

Deaf School have yet to justify their existence.

Maybe they feel they don't need to, starting as they did as a "whim" (his word) of Mr. Cadillac's, and being as they are, "lightweight." A fine attitude, while they're warbling about beaches and secret rendezvous.

When you get into the moribund realms of amphetamines and schizophrenia, maybe it's time for a little analysis. But how can you analyse what isn't there? Instead, just take a face from the ancient gallery: Humphrey Bogart, Frank Sinatra, The Kinks. They're all here.

For instance, the first track, "Don't Stop The World," finds our anti-heroes sounding like The Yardbirds after ten years in a spindryer with Ron Mael. A sleazy accordion played by Max Ripple (good name) heralds the arrival of Enrico coming across like a frenzied geriatric on a wild weekend spree: *"Women, wine, songs and stuff/Dont' tell me I've had enough!"* He yells, sounding like he's racing the bass player to the end of the song. The tired sounding piano pulls ineffectively at the overall overkill mercenary ambience.

The alluringly titled "What A Jerk" doesn't live up to its initial promise and features

Get the idea?

Enrico sounding like Paul McCartney on a dexedrine comedown. He sounds miserable as sin, and it's understandable; *"What a jerk/Late for work/I got drunk/Smashed some glass/Got more cash collecting trash/Bought some pills/Got em down/Got a kick in the gob/From a yob/It makes me mad/O no why me why".*
Tough, huh?

I began to get annoyed here because I realised that the moment Enrico quit wailing and let the saxophones do their stuff, I really liked this record. There's a lovely kind of pseudo calypso bass line in this track in particular that you could dance to real neat if Cadillac didn't clutter it up with his vocal chords. What a waste of vinyl.

"Darling" is Bryan Ferry in drag as a Shirelle and a pretty tune which is a cross between "And Then I Kissed Him" and a local operatic society workout. *"Darling we met one night in September/You were standing lone by the carousel."*

"Everything For The Dancer" is Enrico avec piano making a right geek out of himself, and "Capaldis Cafe" finds him as a 16-year-old Mod making out with schoolgirls while Bette Bright simpers "Hang On Sloopy" somewhere left of the Expresso machine. Tim Whittaker sensibly ignores all this campy foolishness and plays the drums like a one-armed bandit.

Side Two opens with "Hypertension (Yeah Yeah Yeah)" which is too messily smooth to get away with the atmospheric underkill that permitted The Doors to give "People Are Strange" such a pretty melody. And what's this? I do believe it's a kidnapped lyric: *"People are strange"*, complains Enrico bitterly, as though it just occurred to him.

From hereon it's downhill — much further downhill and they'll have started the Channel Tunnel — until the penultimate track, the irritatingly amusing "Taxi", which is also the single. Deaf School sound like a few wayward Kursaal Flyers vainly waiting for Biba's to re-open.

At last, the stylus is ascending! So it's goodbye to moonlit strands and back to Real Life. Ten very clever pastiches and some neat tunes, but the last thing rock and roll needs at the moment. No conviction, no fun.

On second thoughts, maybe they *are* real life . . .

Julie Burchill

JOHNNY CASH
The Last Gunfighter Ballad (CBS)

THE PICTURE on the cover shows Cash, head and shoulders, in a beat-up cowboy hat that looks like the one he wore in the movie *A Gunfight*, made a few years ago with Kirk Douglas. He's waving a chrome-plated sixgun at the camera. The sleeve notes tell you it used to belong to Hank Williams and was given to him be Hank Williams Jr.

What more credentials could you ask for? Ain't that country superstardom at its highest pinnacle?

Ain't that the formula as before?

I could write maybe another 15 inches, but let's face the facts. Any record that is, within itself, so predictable, just does not warrant that treatment.

Cash made a breakthrough about two years ago with the "John R. Cash" album. Wow, we cried, Cash has missed the mistake Presley made. He was actually looking at virtually all current material that might suit the Cash image.

As I said, wow, we cried. But shortly after, the wow turned to a slightly embarrassed silence. Cash had returned to his former lordly macho sentimentality. He'd even stopped making forays into ecology and I Remember Wounded Knee. He'd certainly stopped delving into Dylan, Robertson and Randy Newman.

And that's the Presley trap. Imagine Presley doing "I Shall Be Released". You can almost count on the fact that he won't. Cash is still maintaining a production quality that's the very highest, but it's Vegas Room highest, Hollywood Bowl highest, and CBS Sunday night special highest. It's getting down to doing tired, beaten nostalgic and noble old gunfighter monologues that are the Nashville equivalent of Kipling. (That, incidentally, is on the title track). It's immaculately arranged, but what the hell? It's the formula.

And in the final analysis the formula adds up to heard one, heard the lot. **Mick Farren**

AND DISCO SOUNDS.

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27 Edinburgh, Tiffany's
31 Aberdeen Music Hall
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2 LONDON NEW VICTORIA
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Great balls of fire (& brimstone)

Jerry Lee Lewis/ Darts

RAINBOW

"WANKER", "RUBBISH", "Rock 'n' ROLLLLIIIII," screamed the frustrated bopper just behind my right eardrum. He wasn't the only one. A distinct rumble of boos and groans echoed round the auditorium beneath the reverent applause and generally vociferous cheering.

Who for? Those English upstarts The Darts? Well, they copped a little bit of stick too but no, this time 'twas ole Jerry Lee himself who was upsetting tradition. He'd been nearly an hour in the hotseat without delivering the expected goods. Natives were restless, hopes were being dashed, young bloods must have had their whole world turned upside down.

Typically, though, The Killer wasn't about to be hassled. "Here's a lovely Gene Autry toon I hope y'll enjoy," he drawled, announcing what was about his 13th country song that evening. "And if you don't like it you can learn to love it. Mexicali Rose, I love yew . . . ."

Actually, disappointed or not, the fans should have been thankful that their man was up there in the first place, never mind about tearing the house down with rockin' mayhem. Only 4 weeks on from his gallbladder operation, with internal stitches still holding him together, he should have been home convalescing not gallivanting around Britain. He was, in short, decidedly poorly and the fact that most of the audience probably didn't recognise his condition speaks volumes for the quality of the performance that he did manage to put over.

Anyway, as has been obvious for years, Lewis is long past the point of no return on the road from rock to country.

"I *love* rock 'n' roll", he asserted before his finale, "but I also love country and this kind of music. It's a serious song and I'm serious about it. God bless y'll." And into "The Old Rugged Cross". He *was* serious about it too, and if it touched his soul more deeply than what must have been about his millionth renditions of "Great Balls Of Fire" and "Whole Lotta Shakin' " you can hardly wonder at it.

This spiritual encore came at the end of about a 90-minute performance into which he managed to cram 35 titles, mainly alternating fast and slow in a succession of medleys. It was the stop-go pacing that fooled most of the people most of the time, for despite the complaints there was plenty of solid boogie.

But whereas once he'd have taken each rocker to its frenetic conclusion, now he cuts most of them short and immediately drops into a country ballad. "What'd I Say" segued into "Green Green Grass Of Home", "High School Confidential" into "Fraulein", "Great Balls Of Fire" into "Who's Gonna Play This Old Piano" and so on. Just as the collective butt of the audience started twitching it'd have to fall limp on the seat again.

Am I giving the impression it was a completely duff show? I hope not. Although he might have been better under more favourable circumstances, Lewis was in fine voice, his piano playing was as dynamic as ever (and better amplified than at any other time I've seen him) and the full repertoire gave us the opportunity to see him performing unlikely material, some of it mediocre ("You Belong To Me"), some of it tremendous ("Trouble In Mind", the highlight of the show).

All praise too to Jerry's longtime accompanist Kenneth Lovelace, who held the show together by keeping an alert eye on the boss and deftly switching around between guitar and violin as quickly as he could suss what number he was being led into.

Yes, I'm glad ole Killer didn't succumb to the shouts for wilder rock'n'roll. There'd have been nothing more pathetic than having to witness the man clambering atop the piano and have his guts fall out all over the keyboard.

Oh, by the way, Darts were a gas too. This ever improving oldies outfit must be one of the most entertaining of this country's unrewarded roadshows right about now. It is time for their big break.

With two tenors, a bass and a girl vocalist upfront and a hotcha little assembly of saxes, guitar, bass, drums and piano in the back, they do justice to a wide variety of '50s favourites including Ruth Brown's "As Long As I'm Moving", The Coasters' "Young Blood", The Five Royales' "Think" and a hilarious, demonic version of Willie Mabon's "I'm Mad" that's closer to Screamin' Jay Hawkins than the sedate original.

Their own songs are great as well, particularly "Shotgun Wedding" (nothing to do with Roy C's old hit), "Sometime Lately" (I suppose this is their own — it sounds so authentic it's hard to tell) and a couple of hard drivin' boogie instrumentals (one of them charmingly titled "Naff Off" and showcasing a couple of acrobatic boppers). All of which helped to win over the initially disinterested/hostile audience.

Cliff White

Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES / Cartoon: BENYON

Manhattan Transfer

NEW VICTORIA

THERE'S ONLY one thing I really want to say about Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band, and that is: Where did these freaks find each other?

What a bunch of weirdos, man. There I am in the stalls, wedged in between diamond-studded geriatrics, trendy executive types, the bop and swing contingent and *normal* people, like, uh, *me,* and everybody's killing themselves over the Whoopee Band.

You really have to be in a loose mood to take the low farce and vaudeville treatments with which they render "Singing In The Rain", "Little Sir Echo" and a medley from Bizet's opera "Carmen". But under the right circumstances, and these were, they're a scream.

The Manhattan Transfer are a totally different kettle of old material. If you aren't interested in the revitalising and contemporary perception of young jazz, heyday swing and early Americana rock, you can forget it. But if you care to hear various forms of 20th Century popular music kept alive with a fresh delivery, The Manhattan Transfer are quite clearly the most adept and artistic vocal stylists to attempt it.

As far as presentation alone is concerned, the group is way out ahead of most others working in almost any form. Their lighting, movements, use of black and white changes of stage clothes and relentless energy combine to create dynamic and extremely watchable flow of illusions.

Musically, the versatility in the interplay between four voices and the strong five-piece back-up band, led by musical director Ira Newborn, presents ultra-professional transitions from be-bop to gospel and from sultry jazz to bobby sox rock.

When not engaged in precise, intricate, four-part harmony pieces like the delicious "Blue Champagne", the two girls are outstanding solo vocalists. Laurel Masse's is the more expressive voice, most beautifully shaded and moving for the torchy "Scotch and Soda". Janis Siegel is the gutsier wailer, sometimes explosive as in a terrific tear through "Don't Let Go".

Alan Paul is the real actor of the ensemble, switching with humour and apparent delight from the Sinatra- like, sailor-suited lead vocal in "Candy" to a Latin American goof (a la Alberto y los Trios Paranoias) to the crowd's favourite — a recreation of a Fonz cum Brando-as-Kowalski greaseball named Guido Pansini in the '50s schtick.

Most engaging as link-man and concept visionary, Tim Hauser veers easily from smooth '30s crooner to jive-talking deejay.

What more can I say? Their performance is exuberant, exhausting and highly effective, and the three encores, including "Tuxedo Junction" and some hot boogie-woogie, had people of literally all ages on their feet and cheering. It isn't rock and roll, but I like it.

On the other hand, maybe it is rock and roll, 'cause we stamped our feet, shook the seats and had a great time — and what are the other criteria?

Angie Errigo

Suzi Quatro

SALFORD

RAG NIGHT at Salford University with four acts. One local, one horrible, one hilarious and one puzzling.

Gags up first; slightly nervous, a new group off the local pub-circuit — grime funk, if you're one for labels. Decent and enterprising, they play it a little too speculative by attempting Little Feat's "Willin' " but apart from that are unpretentiously refreshing.

They're not nearly ready for a big hall, but their pleasant, gently rocking American boogie is well worth catching at a pub — they've a residency at The Cavalcade, Didsbury, if you want to try them.

Ultravox were due on next. The reactionary bunch of tykes who turned up were no way Ultravox. Geez knows what they were called — Maybe Fibes, but that could've been the make of the drum-kit. They're what Gags could turn out to be like in a year of so's time if they don't take care; cocky, professional, uninspired. Boring.

Back to the bar. Supercharge on next.

A young lady professes that this is her first ever gig. HER FIRST EVER GIG!! (Eternally etched . . .) She's only here for Supercharge, though; she hardly knows who Suzi Quatro is.

Why Supercharge? Why the hell make Supercharge a first ever gig? "Albie Donnelly," she replies, wide-eyed. Albie Donnelly — Sex Symbol?!

Why not? — and try Supercharge — Superstars, too. They sent the crowd bonkers. Torrid, spare-no-feelings parody as an art form. Their Guitar Hero take-off is so ridiculously spot-on it should be seen immediately by those who still take these screwed-eyed idiots seriously.

Albie Donelly is probably a genius.

Supercharge finished their set around a quarter past eleven. Suzi Quatro didn't arrive at the University until an hour later, and wasn't on stage till a quarter to one. Consequently, a lot of people had drifted away (were they only there for Supercharge anyway?), while those who stayed were a little irritable and many left whilst Suzi was playing.

Me? I was lost in my own private world, reliving a few mid-teen fantasies when Suzi was one of my top ten fantasy chicks. I never saw her then (though I had a commendable collection of photos, including one weirdy where she was in a dress!) but at Salford *she* didn't let me down.

When those curtains peeled slowly apart, and Suzi!! — teeny, perfect, naively raunchy split-leg back-to-the-audience stance, so-o-o tight jeans, definitely for those of us with the thirteen-year-old fetish.

Her bass playing — she fingered uncaringly a Gibson Ripper that covered a third of her body — was wondrously powerful; she had a solo spot that drilled and thrilled. Wrestling with the strings and winning, her fingers stretching and scattering over, up and down the fret. Fantastic. Wow, she placed the machine between her legs, and ground, and . . . oooh.

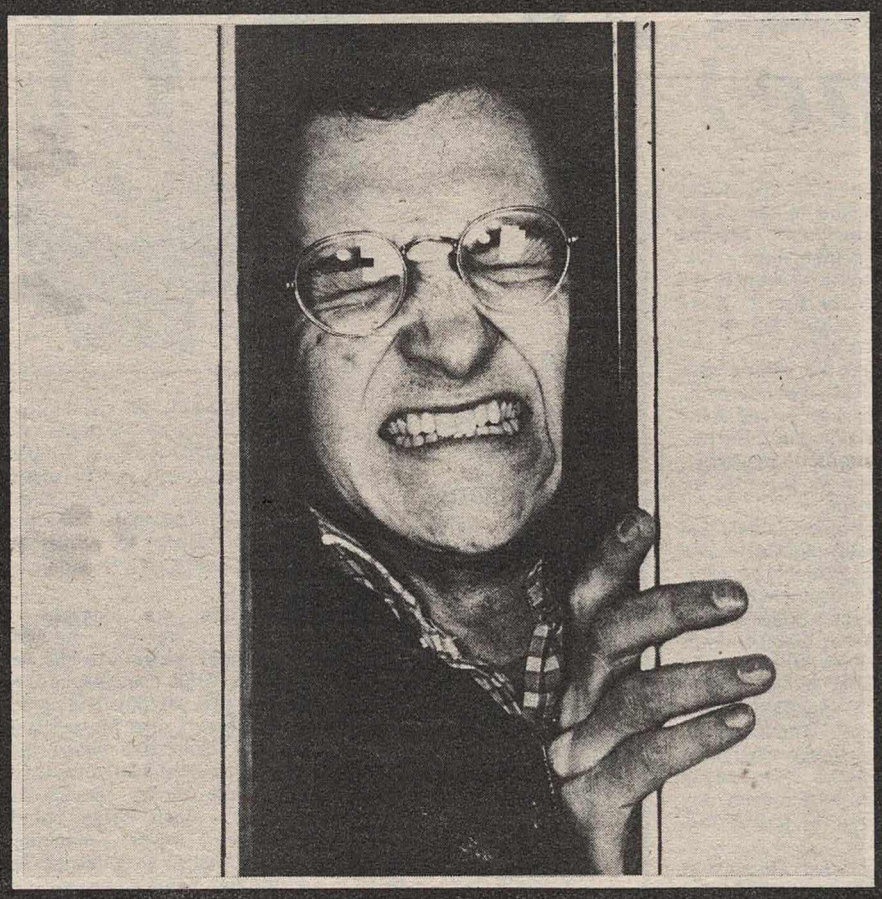
Her band, though, is shocking. Len Tuckey's guitar playing is reedy and moronic, the keyboards' fussy irrelevency annoying. What's needed is a good strong rhythm guitar to fill out the sound (which was often Roller-hollow, despite Suzi's roughneck bass), instead of the keyboard set-up. The drumming: passable brute-force simplicity.

The band opened up a little raggedly with a seventies-pop version of "Heartbreak Hotel", some other tracks from her very buyable new album including her bemusing version of Harley's "Make Me Smile" with Tuckey on acoustic guitar, which further diluted the sound, and there were a couple of her hits. A healthy "Sweet Lil' Rock'n'Roller" finished the set.

I had a lotta fun, but only cos of Suzi. I can't understand why she's got such a rank band. I don't know what kind of audience she's aiming for, but whatever, whoever it is this excuse for a rock band is of little use. She wants a band to get behind her and PUSH! This lot just scampered around, tail between legs. Suzi's the kind of girl you've got to get behind, y'know?

Paul Morley

DEAF SCHOOL DONT STOP THE WORLD TOUR



March

4th Friday	King Georges Hall, Blackburn
5th Saturday	St. Albans Civic Centre
6th Sunday	Leeds Polytechnic
8th Tuesday	Nottingham Polytechnic
9th Wednesday	Aberystwyth University
11th Friday	Empire, Liverpool
12th Saturday	Durham University
13th Sunday	Greyhound, Croydon
14th Monday	Top Of The World, Stafford
16th Wednesday	Birmingham University
17th Thursday	Wolverhampton Polytechnic
18th Friday	University Of Kent, Canterbury
19th Saturday	Essex University, Colchester
20th Sunday	Roundhouse, London
23rd Wednesday	Top Rank, Sheffield
25th Friday	Queen Margaret Union, Glasgow
26th Saturday	Tiffanys, Edinburgh
27th Sunday	Coatham Bowl, Redcar

RECORDS

K56364

THE CROWD at The Roxy on Thursday night just didn't deserve **THE JAM.** I've seen that club packed out and pogoing for bands that ain't fit to lick The Jam's plectrums.

Three months ago it wasn't cool to say you liked The Damned; now the black sheep of the new wave are The Jam. It makes me puke, that kind of bullshit is just as vacuous as peace signs and half hour guitar solos.

The Jam's set of updated Who numbers, '60s soul classics and self-penned songs like their new Polydor single, "In The City" (that four-year recording contract will take them nicely up to the age of twenty-one), is performed with the kind of genuine manic urgency that is sadly lacking in all those tenth rate support derivatives coming in from the suburbs with their glib platitudes and parent-purchased shiny equipment.

Paul Weller on vocals and lead, Rick Buckler on drums and sun-ray lamp cool maintenance and Bruce Foxton on bass wear dark mohair skinny leg/lapel suits and white shirts/black ties. Their band logo is very similar to that of the Shepherd's Bush Old Masters, and so a lot of retards assume they're some kind of revival band — which is just so far removed from the truth that it's incredible.

"For the next number we'll let our guitars go outa tune, and maybe you'll like it better," Paul Weller said, naturally bitter. If you miss out on them because you can't see further than the safety pin in the end of your nose, you're a dumb cluck, ain'tcha now?

Tony Parsons

LEW LEWIS blew harp with the Hot Rods in their early longhair days. Apparently he was thrown out 'cos he was too *extreme* for them. A pity this, for Lewis has bags more personality than all the Rods put together. He's a sort of soulful rather than speedy Lee Brilleaux . . . the withdrawn lout-next-door in ill-fitting baggies, Doc Martins, and pierced ear. He's a mighty fine harmonica player in the best high energy tradition. A pity too he's not still with the Rods because Lew's current band is so unredeemingly *awful* — all that's worst about the New Wave: cretin overwork and still untogether.

His current residency (Fridays) at the Red Cow, Hammersmith is however very refreshing — unaffected boogie sweat, dirty but *real* (Lew sips lager in between numbers), rather than the sulphate showbiz that conniving managements are currently passing for "punk rock."

Oh yeah, and he played "Louie Louie."

Jonathan Barnett

MIKE HARDING, that unlikely cross between George Formby and Woody Guthrie, was chosen to inaugurate a series of Sunday concerts at the Northampton Rep last week.

His universe is one of catapults and knickers, bums and widdles — pure seaside postcard, yet, oddly, far removed from the banalities of the Wheeltappers and Shunters and their ilk. Harding is at once a snotty-nosed Belle Vue kid and an old man of the Pennines, in latter guise remembering a handed down Frank Crumit hit or relating to the stupidity of war via such musical observations as "Christmas 1914." And at the end of some 135 minutes, the audience declared that they still hadn't had enough of the little guy's one man hot-pot. There's a lot of good sense in Northampton these days.

Fred Dellar

JOHNNY MOPED and his band played a perfectly timed sub-thirty minute support set to The Damned on Monday night that got The Kids both smiling and dancing — and any band that can do that *as well* as playing respectful interpretations of everything from Eddie Cochran's "Something Else" to Captain Sensible originals to what was perhaps the definitive version of the Batman theme, has got something going for it.

Girl guitarist Sissy Bak (who looks like Jane Fonda meets Joan Jett) trades licks with the other guitarist, Slimy Toad (that's probably not his real name), in front of the weird sartorial elegance of the rhythm section of Fred Berk on bass and Dave Berk on drums (no relation), while Xerxes on saxophone (Johnny Gonzales, what have you started?) blows until his face turns purple under the suitably deranged vocal of Johnny Moped himself.

With the ubiquitous Captain on back-up vocals they made me laugh, they made me wanna move, and even if they look as though they couldn't tell Karl Marx from Harpo Marx, they made me happy.

Tony Parsons

MICHAEL CHAPMAN played London's Kings College on Friday to a small, rather noisy audience.

He doesn't come to you: there's a diffidence about his low-key interaction with drummer Keef Hartley (a real pleasure to see him back) and Lindisfarne's old bassist, Rod Clements, that forces the audience to work too. It's worth the effort — his guitar playing is superb, its coarse tone often sounding like separate lead and rhythm, and his songs are good. If he cut out the "some folkie" solo spot and treated the audience as existing during as well as between songs, he might even be as good as CSM says he is.

Phil McNeill

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR debuted their new violin / bass augmented line-up at the Roundhouse the other Sunday. Currently the most controversial act in town, there was at first some hostility from their dedicated and long-suffering cult towards the new set.

The uncompromising choice of material — predominantly culled from Hammill's moving "Over", plus a few latterday "ex-Van Der Graaf songs", as Peter kept almost apologetically putting it — and the absence of Hugh Banton's Phantom keyboard chords and Dave Jackson's epic horns marked yet another personality change for this marvellously manic band.

An inevitable new direction really: "World Record" and the Big Push never took off; Hammill's been enthusing about "Over" for a year now, since its inception; and those departed always seemed, socially, a bit out of it.

Still, Graham Smith's stirring Stradivarius, often note-for-note replacement of Jaxon Sax, and Hammill's hard work, obviously shouldering the whole thing, backed by Nic Potter's bemused but suss bass and Guy Evans' evolving drum solo, won over the audience.

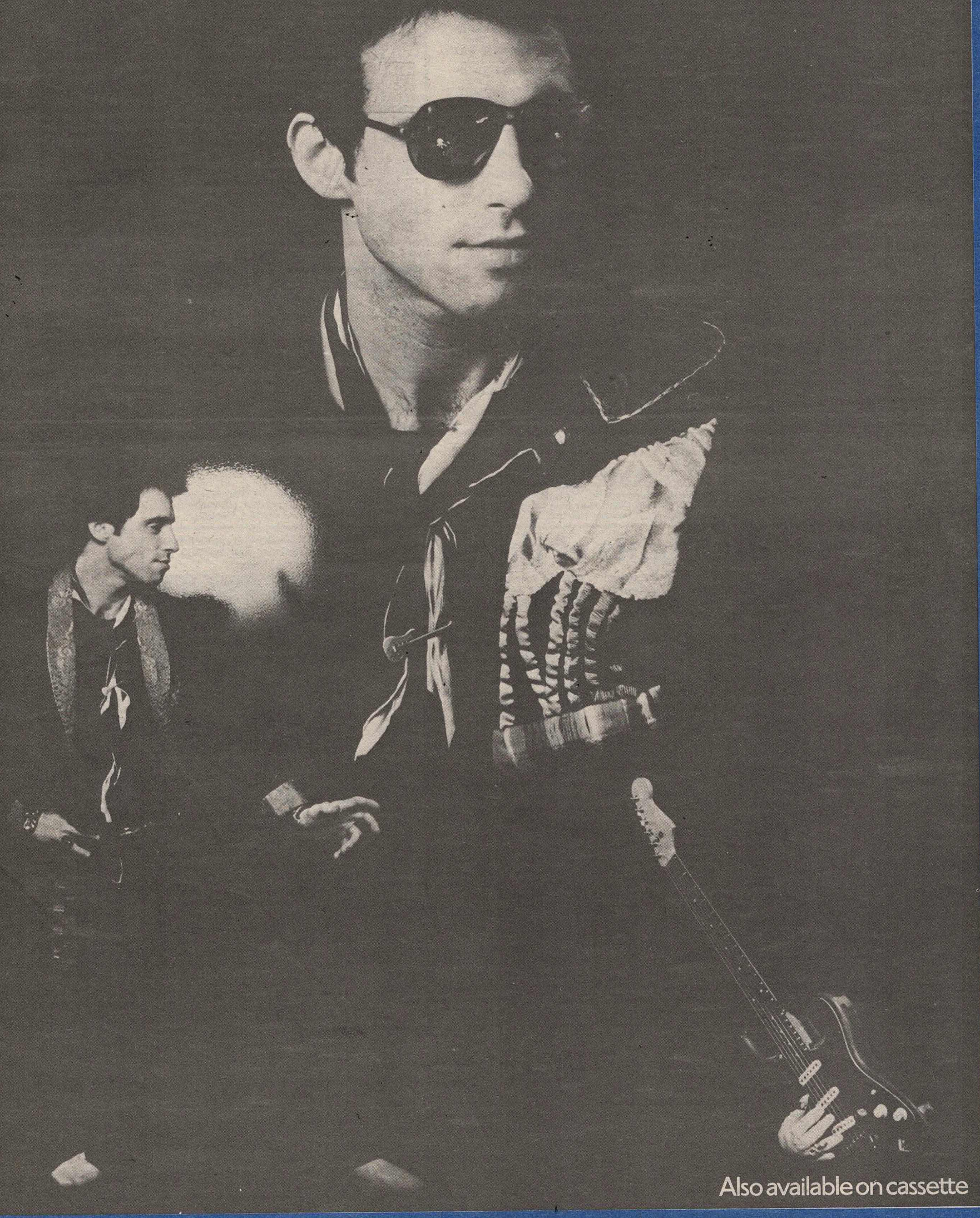
So ... a change for the better? Not *yet.* As it is, their repertoire is limited, the violin lacks the *presence* of the sax, and the symphonic backdrop is sorely missed. But here are the makings of another great band, and Hammill always has something up his sleeve.

Jonathan Barnett

NILS LOFGREN

I CAME TO DANCE

a new elpee of teen tunes & tough licks



AM RECORDS

Also available on cassette

RADIO TV

THE ENTERPRISING "Sight And Sound In Concert" series has gone a long way towards boosting the rock cause on the box. And the stereo link between BBC-2 and Radio 1 provides a high level of sound quality, falling a little short of hi-fi reproduction. What's more, the powers-that-be have had the sense to transmit it at a sensible hour. Let's hope it will become a regular series like "Whistle Test". Showcased in this Saturday's programme at 6.30 are **Gallagher & Lyle.**

Stephen Bishop, the U.S. singer-composer who penned a couple of tracks for Art Garfunkel's "Breakaway" album, makes his British TV debut in BBC-2's "Whistle Test" on Tuesday when he'll be featuring material from his own new elpee "Careless" — and British band **Charlie** are also on the show. Earlier the same evening, same channel, there's the second edition of **Oscar Peterson's** new series.

If you're one of the six or seven NME readers who follow the fortunes of the annual Eurovision Song Contest, you'll want to know that the time has come for Britain (sorry, the United Kingdom) to choose its entry for this year's event. The "Song For Europe" rigmarole is screened live from the New London Theatre by BBC-1 on Wednesday — when the 12 short-listed songs will be performed by the likes of **Lynsey de Paul, Tony Monopoly, Lyn Paul** and the **New Seekers.**

This week's **"Max Boyce** In Concert" (BBC-1 Friday) has, as guests, two highly-rated double acts from the folk world — **Gary & Vera Aspey** and **Neil Lewis & John Luce.** Incidentally, don't forget **"Porridge"** a couple of hours beforehand.

Tony Palmer's epic "All You Need Is Love" continues on the ITV network on Saturday, and this week's episode is devoted to jazz. And with a script by Leonard Feather, it promises to be credible and authentic. Just some of the jazz giants seen in action are **Louis Armstrong, Kid Ory, Earl Hines, Count Basie, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck, Chick Corea** and **George Shearing.**

And Mike Mansfield's "Supersonic", also on Saturday, has the **Kursaal Flyers, Justin Hayward, Barbara Dickson, The Real Thing** and **Eddie Powell** in the line-up. This show is currently seen by ITV viewers in the London, Scottish, Anglia, Ulster, Border, West, Channel and Harlech areas.

Wally Whyton's Radio 2 series "Both Sides Now" celebrates its first anniversary on Saturday, when guests include **Mike Harding, The McCalmans** and **Brian Golbey.**

BBC-1 films include **Ann-Margret** in "The Swinger" on Friday, while the **Clint Eastwood** movie on Monday is "For A Few Dollars More".

Radio 1 Continues its **Elton John** story at lunchtime on Saturday, followed at teatime by **Alexis Korner's** blues and soul show. On Radio 2 tonight (Thursday), **Tex Withers** and **Young Country** are in "Country Club", while "Folkweave" has **Na Fili** recorded at the 1976 Loughborough Festival.

Neil Diamond freaks (and there are plenty of 'em) won't want to miss his Radio Luxembourg special at 9.30pm on Saturday, devoted to his Greek Theatre live album.

NATIONWIDE

THURSDAY

AYLESBURY Britannia: JEM
BATH Pavilion: SMOKIE
BEDFORD Angel Hotel: COME ALL YE
BELFAST Grosvenor Hall: CHIEFTAINS
BELFAST Queen's University: ROOGALATOR
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WAYNE COUNTY
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Old Moseley Arms: FRANKIE CROW & KAY RUSSELL
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRIGHTON Sussex University: MARTIN SIMPSON
BLACKPOOL Queen's Hotel: FOX
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: BULLY WEE
BRISTOL Chute Club: DRAGONS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: URIAH HEEP/U-BOAT
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY
BRISTOL Polytechnic: JOHNNY COPPIN
BRISTOL University: SILLY WIZZARD
CARDIFF Capitol Theatre: TED NUGENT/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: ROY ORBISON
COLERAINE New Ulster University: FAIRPORT
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: GEORGE HAMILTON IV/MELBA MONTGOMERY/PETE SAYERS
CROYDON Red Deer: THE DAMMED
DERBY Cleopatra's: MEDICINE HEAD
DERBY King's Hall: STREETWALKERS/FOSTER BROTHERS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: CAN
DORKING Halls: ALAN PRICE
EASTBOURNE Winter Gardens: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
EASTLEIGH Crown Hotel: RED SHIFT
GAINSBOROUGH Club Casablanca: TENDER TOUCH
HANLEY Victoria Hall: JAN AKKERMAN — KAZ LUX BAND
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: JOHNNY THUNDER'S HEARTBREAKERS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: THE STRANGLERS
ILFORD King's Club: DAVE BERRY & THE CLEVELAND COUNTY BAND
ILFORD Town Hall: BERT WEEDON
KILMARNOCK Grand Hall: CALEDONIA
LAMBLEY Robin Hood Inn: PETE QUIN
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '77/ SCOTT FITZGERALD
LIVERPOOL Sportsman Club: AMAZORBLADES
LIVERPOOL University: PETE ATKIN
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: SWIFT/JOY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: COCK SPARROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CADO BELLE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BAMBOO & THE REGGAE GUITARS & HORNS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: CHERRY VANILLA & THE POLICE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: THE SUNDAY BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CLOVER/JOHN HARTFORD
LONDON Marquee Club: MEAL TICKET
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON RICHMOND Beehive: JENNY BEECHING & TONY CLIFF
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TROUPER
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDIN W.1 Speakeasy: JOHN OTWAY
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: TOM ROBINSON BAND
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: IGGY POP
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NORWICH Cromwells: MOMENTS/RIMSHOTS
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Suite: DEL SHANNON
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR

NOTTINGHAM University: MAGNA CARTA
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: NASTY POP
PORTSMOUTH Collingwood Club: TRAX
POYNTON Folk Centre: MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
RAMSGATE Granville Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
RHYL Tito's Club: MARTY WILDE & THE NEW WILDCATS
ROYSTON Folk Club: MIKE SILVER
SHEFFIELD City Hall: VAL DOONICAN
SOLIHULL New Cresta Club: JED FORD/CULPEPPER COUNTY
STAINES Pathfinder Club: RICHARD DIGANCE / PAUL KING
STEVENAGE College of Education: THE 'O' BAND
STIRLING University: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
SUTTON COLDFIELD Dog Inn: STAGE FRIGHT
TAUNTON Odeon: WURZELS
THORNTON I.C.I. Sports Club: BRIAN DEWHURST
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Cherry Tree: VILLAGE
WEST BROMWICH Oakdale Social Club: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
WORCESTER Bankhouse: DIRTY TRICKS
YORK University: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES

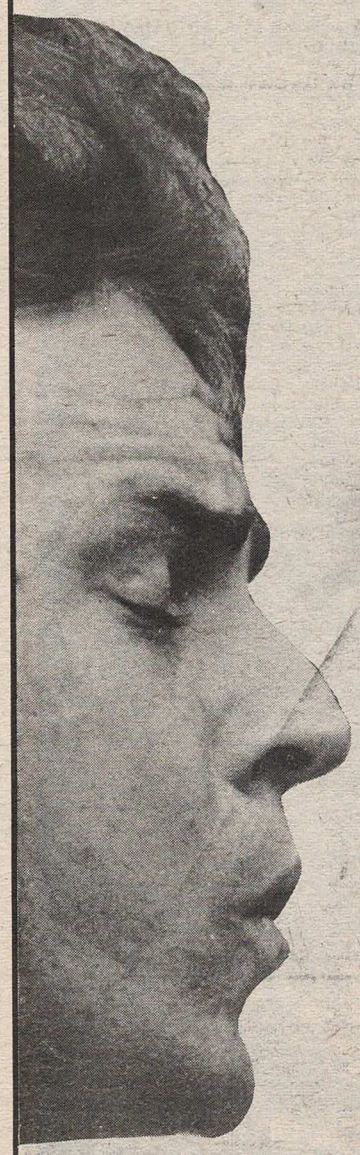
FRIDAY

ABERDEEN University: BERT JANSCH/WARM
ABERYSTWYTH University: STEVE ASHLEY
BATH University: DOCTORS OF MADNESS/PAT TRAVERS BAND
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: CAN
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: AL MATTHEWS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: IGGY POP
BIRMINGHAM Newman College: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: TED NUGENT/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Westhill College: BULLETS
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: DEAF SCHOOL
BRADFORD Star Hotel: BILL CADDICK
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: STORMTROOPER
BRISTOL University: SUZI QUATRO/PETE ATKIN/ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
BURTON Football Club: JOHNNY COPPIN
BURTON 76 Club: FLYING ACES
CARDIFF University: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
CHELMSFORD Odeon: GEORGE HAMILTON IV/MELBA MONTGOMERY/PETE SAYERS
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: THE 'O' BAND
CHIPPENHAM Technical College: CASINO
CLACTON Colchester Institute: CHARLIE
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: ROY ORBISON
COLCHESTER Institute of Higher Education: SUPERCHARGE/HUMAN ORCHESTRA
CONGLETON Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: RAINMAKER
DURHAM University: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
EXETER University: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: WURZELS
GLOUCESTER Roundabout: JIGSAW
GUILDFORD Star Folk Club: BOB DAVENPORT
GUILDFORD Surrey University: PROCOL HARUM/HERON
HIGH WYCOMBE College: LEFT HAND DRIVE
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: CHERRY VANILLA & THE POLICE
HORSHAM Capitol Theatre: BUSTER
INVERNESS Civic Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
KENILWORTH Chesford Grange: FOUNDATIONS
KIDDERMINSTER College of Further Education: SHANGHAI
LANCASTER University: JAN AKKERMAN-KAZ LUX BAND
LEEDS Town Hall: VAL DOONICAN
LEEDS Trinity & All Saints College: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: TEQUILA
LINCOLN Drill Hall: WARREN HARRY/GREAT EASTERN
LIVERPOOL Empress Club: AMAZORBLADES
LIVERPOOL Empire: SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '77/SCOTT FITZGERALD
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: JABULA
LONDON BATTERSEA Town Hall: ANDY IRVINE/PAUL BRADY/JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JENNY HAAN'S LION/HOOKER
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: THE DAMNED
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SPITERI/CROSSFIRE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: WAYNE COUNTY
LONDON DOWNHAM Saxon Tavern: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON E.12 Three Rabbits: GLYDER
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CLEMEN PULL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHN OTWAY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: MEAL TICKET
LONDON KENSINGTON Queen Elizabeth College: NASHVILLE TEENS
LONDON Marquee Club: SCREEMER
LONDON North Polytechnic: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: JOHNNY G's ONE-MAN BAND/SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON School of Economics: JOY
LONDON S.E.4 Rivoli Ballroom: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON SOUTHBANK Polytechnic: THE SUNDAY BAND
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: WEE WILLIE HARRIS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BLIMPS
LONDON STRAND King's College: NASTY POP
LONDON TWICKENHAM St. Mary's College: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON W.I. Speakeasy: RAYMOND FROGGATT
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: LITTLE BOB STORY
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: URIAH HEEP/U-BOAT
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: BURLESQUE
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BLACK SABBATH
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: AC/DC
NORTHALLERTON Community Centre: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
NORTHOP Red Lion: PETE QUIN
NORWICH East Anglia University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
NORWICH Keswick College: BUSTER JAMES BAND
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: RACING CARS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: MATARKA
PETERBOROUGH Key Theatre: BULLY WEE
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: CRUISER
PONTEFRACT Wordsworth Ballroom: TENDER TOUCH
READING Wells Hall: GONZALEZ
REDDITCH Football Club Valley Stadium: DAVE BERRY & THE CLEVELAND COUNTY BAND
RETFORD Porterhouse: EDWIN STARR
SOLIHULL New Cresta Club: JED FORD/CULPEPPER COUNTY
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: MEDICINE HEAD
STEVENAGE Timebridge Coummunity Centre: FLAKY PASTRY
STOKE Alsager College of Education: DAI THE ROCK
STOKE Hummingbird Club: DRAGONS
THURSO Weigh Inn Motel: LES HONEYMAN
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: SMOKIE
WOBURN SANDS Youth Centre: SCRATCH
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: GEORGE HATCHER BAND

SATURDAY

AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: CAN
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: BULLETS

Highlights of the week



JACK BRUCE

ANOTHER busy week on the circuit, and it's difficult to place events in order of importance. So I'm not even going to attempt to do so. Just take 'em as you find 'em.

● GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR are one of the most exciting and enterprising of our newer breed of bands, and are obviously destined to go from strength to strength. And their 20-venue tour is all the more intriguing for the inclusion, as guest artists, of the highly-rated US ten-piece Stateside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes. Incidentally, Rumour are also augmenting to ten for these concerts which kick off at Canterbury (Saturday), Croydon (Sunday), Brighton (Monday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Portsmouth (Wednesday).

● JACK BRUCE BAND set out on their debut tour this weekend. With Bruce on bass and vocals, his new line-up comprises Hughie Burns (guitar), Tony Hymas (keyboards) and Simon Phillips (drums). Their first album "How's Tricks?" comes out coincidentally, and naturally they'll be featuring it heavily in their act. Initial gigs are at Leeds (Saturday), Birmingham (Monday) and Lancaster (Tuesday).

● THE HOLLIES are one of the few remaining big-name bands from the 1963-64 beat boom era, but these days their appearances — particularly in this country — are few and far between. They return to the concert platform this week-end to promote their new "Hollies Live Hits" album, though only with the barest minimum of three gigs — at Bradford (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday) and London Royal Albert Hall (Tuesday).

● FRANKIE MILLER'S Full House are back in action, following the curtailment of their autumn tour because of illness. They're set for a lengthy itinerary, which includes several of the venues they were forced to postpone on their last outing. This week they're at Norwich (Friday), Nottingham (Saturday), Canterbury (Sunday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday). The tour lasts until the beginning of April.

● MICHAEL CHAPMAN goes on tour with his new streamlined outfit, also featuring Keef Hartley (drums) and Rod Clements (bass), in marked contrast to the larger electric band he used last year. Chapman opens the show with a solo set, and is joined by the other two for the second half. You can catch this fine guitarist at Cardiff (Friday), Hereford (Saturday), Preston (Sunday) and York (Wednesday).

● SMOKIE headline a short concert series, promoting their new single and previewing their upcoming "Greatest Hits" album. They open at Bath (Thursday), Uxbridge (Friday), Manchester (Saturday) and London —Sunday. The London gig, which includes Cado Belle as guests artists, is one of eight Drury Lane shows being recorded by Capital Radio for subsequent broadcast.

● JACK THE LAD have been making a habit of doing three or four tours a year. And it says much for their prowess that they never seem to outwear their welcome. They're off on another round-Britain trek this week, their first four dates being at Glasgow (Saturday), Redcar (Sunday), Stafford (Monday) and Lancaster (Tuesday).

● WAYNE COUNTY the outrageous, grotesque, American performer — cashes in on the current punk-cum-new wave boom by playing some British dates before joining a European package tour. If you like your rock laced with exhibitionism, you'll find him at Birmingham (Thursday), London (Friday) and High Wycombe (Sunday).

● CHERRY VANILLA, the groupie turned rock singer, is joining the same Euro-tour as Wayne County — and like him, she plays British gigs first. Backed by Police, the new band formed by Curved Air drummer Stewart Copeland, she makes her first appearances at London (Thursday and Sunday) and High Wycombe (Friday).

● KEVIN COYNE plays a one-off London concert at the Shaw Theatre on Sunday. Billed as "Talking To Some one", he's working completely solo — apart from the use of backing tapes to support his own guitar accompaniment.

● CAN began their latest British tour a few days ago, but lack of space prevented a mention in last week's Gig Guide. They're on the road for the whole of this month, as replacement for their projected autumn tour, which was scrapped when one of their members was injured. Their schedule this week takes them to Doncaster (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), Aylesbury (Saturday) and Croydon (Sunday).

● ROY ORBISON is also already out on tour, though we omitted to mention his opening last week for the same space reasons. During the coming week the Big 'O' visits Cleethorpes (Thursday and Friday), Oxford (Saturday), Nottingham (Sunday) and Stoke (see Residencies).

A reminder always to check with venues beforehand, to see if there have been any last-minute alterations or cancellations. This applies particularly if you're planning to travel a fair distance to a gig. It could save you a wasted journey.

And please remember that, although we strive for accuracy, we can't absolutely guarantee the Gig Guide to be 100 per cent foolproof. Okay?

DEREK JOHNSON

GIG GUIDE

IGGY POP

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: RACING CARS
BIRMINGHAM KINGS HEATH Hare and Hounds: COCKY
BIRMINGHAM Monica Club: KILROY
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: STREETWALKERS/FOSTER BROTHERS
BIRMINGHAM Old Repertory Theatre: STU STEVENS/GRAHAM SCOTT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOI-POLLOI
BIRMINGHAM University: RALPH McTELL-/MAGNA CARTA
BISHOPS STORTFORD Hockerill College: MUSCLES
BOLTON Technical College: FLYING ACES
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: MOMENTS/RIMSHOTS
BRADFORD University: THE HOLLIES
CANTERBURY Kent University: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
CHESTERFIELD Bluebell Inn: AMAZORBLADES
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
DARLINGTON College of Education: BURLESQUE
DERBY College of Art & Technology: THE DAMNED
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE ENID
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: EDWIN STARR
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '77/SCOTT FITZGERALD
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: WEATHERSTON FAMILY
EDINBURGH University: ARTIE STRAUSS BLUES BAND
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: MEDICINE HEAD
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: HORSLIPS
GLASGOW University: JACK THE LAD/WARM
HALIFAX Kings Cross Club: TENDER TOUCH
HANWORTH Hope & Anchor: THE SUNDAY BAND
HARTLEY Social Club: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
HEREFORD College of Education: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: GEORGE HAMILTON IV/MELBA MONTGOMERY/PETE SAYERS
KENILWORTH Chesford Grange: FOUNDATIONS
LEEDS University: JACK BRUCE BAND
LEICESTER Gypsy Lane W.M.C.: BREAKER
LEICESTER Polytechnic: THE JAM
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: NASTY POP
LIVINGSTON Riverside Community Centre: BERNIE & THE BIONICS
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: LIGHTHOUSE/LANDSCAPE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: HOMBRE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT/KITES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SPITERI/CROSSFIRE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: SMITH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: TED NUGENT-/STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: CANNIBALS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Riverside Studios: QUINTESSENCE II
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: WARREN HARRY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LITTLE BOB STORY/HOOKER
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: IGGY POP
LONDON School of Economics: ARTHUR BROWN / VINCENT CRANE/CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND/KEITH CHRISTMAS / PAUL BRETT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: THE ONLY ONES
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE STRANGLERS
MANCHESTER U.M.I.S.T.: SMOKIE
MIDDLESBROUGH Pharoah's: BUSTER
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: GENERATION X/BABE RUTH
NEWCASTLE City Hall: VAL DOONICAN
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: AC/DC
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: STRIDER
NOTTINGHAM Imperial HOtel: GREAT EASTERN
NOTTINGHAM University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
OXFORD New Theatre: ROY ORBISON
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: THE GORILLAS
READING Bullmershe College: AL MATTHEWS
READING Technical College: CASINO
READING University: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / PAT TRAVERS BAND
RETFORD Porterhouse: DAVE BERRY & THE CLEVELAND COUNTY BAND
SCROWENSDALE Tanduale High School: THERAPY
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: DIRTY TRICKS
SHEFFIELD University: JAN AKKERMAN-KAZ LUX BAND
SLOUGH College: CHARLIE
SOUTHEND Kursaal: PROCOL HARUM/HERON
ST. ALBAN'S City Hall: DEAF SCHOOL
ST. ANDREW'S University: BERT JANSCH
STOKE Hummingbird Club: DRAGONS
TODMORDEN Bay Horse: VICTOR BROX BLUES TRAIN
THURSO Weigh Inn Motel: LES HONEYMAN
WALSALL West Midlands College: GONZALEZ
WIGAN Casino: GEORGE HATCHER BAND/BRANDY

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: CLEMEN PULL
AYLESBURY John Hampden: CROSSFIRE
BANBURY The Wheatsheaf: BILL CADDICK
BIRKENHEAD Deerstalker: SPARROW
BIRMINGHAM Monica Club: BOB KING
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: WURZELS
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: LITTLE BOB STORY
BRISTOL locarno: RACING CARS
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Focus Cinema: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
CANTERBURY Kent University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
CARDIFF New Theatre: YETTIES
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
CHISLEHURST Bulls Head: BULLY WEE
COLCHESTER Windmill Club: DAVE BERRY & THE CLEVELAND COUNTY BAND
CROOK Beehive Club: AMAZORBLADES
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
CROYDON Greyhound: CAN
DUNDEE University: WARM
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: THE HOLLIES
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: THE STRANGLERS
GT. CHESTERFORD Station Restaurant: PEABODY & McNULTY
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: THREEFOLD
HAYWARDS HEATH Clair Hall: McCALMANS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: WAYNE COUNTY
HITCHIN Football Club: JOHNNY COPPIN
HUDDERSFIELD Town Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HUNMANBY White Swan Hotel: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
KEELE University: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: NASTY POP
LEEDS Halton Moor Club: TENDER TOUCH
LEEDS Polytechnic: DEAF SCHOOL
LEICESTER Gypsy Lane W.M.C.: BREAKER
LEICESTER Vaughan College: NEIL ARDLEY
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: STEFAN CROSSMAN / SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: DAVE BURLAND
LONDON CHALK FARM Rondhouse: HENRY COW / MIKE WESTBROOK BRASS BAND / FRANKIE ARMSTRONG
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: SMOKIE / CADO BELLE
LONDON EUSTON Shaw Theatre: KEVIN COYNE
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: TED NUGENT / STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: ULTRAVOX
LONDON HOUNSLOW Sneakers Club: THE SUNDAY BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CHERRY VANILLA & THE POLICE
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: FRANKIE VAUGHAN
LONDON Marquee Club: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ADVERTISING
LONDON Victoria Palace: BOYS OF THE LOUGH/ JOHN HARTFORD
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: AC/DC
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: JAN AKKERMAN-KAZ LUX BAND
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: BUSTER
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: VAL DOONICAN
NEWCASTLE St. Mary's College: BERT JANSCH
NORTHAMPTON Plough Hotel: JOHN GOODLUCK
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: PELICAN
NUNEATON Arts Centre: MARTIN SIMPSON
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Suite: ROY ORBISON
OXFORD New Theatre: GEORGE HAMILTON IV / MELBA MONTGOMERY / PETE SAYERS
PLYMOUTH Guildhall: RALPH / McTELL / MAGNA CARTA
POYNTON FOLK Centre: FRANCIS GILVRAY & MICK BURKE
PRESTON Polytechnic: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: JACK THE LAD
ROMFORD Albemarle Club: ILLUMINATUS
SELKIRK County Hotel: CASPIAN
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: EDWIN STARR
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: HORSLIPS
STAFFORD New Bingley Hall: BLACK SABBATH
WHITEHAVEN Haven Club: DEL SHANNON
WOKING Centre Halls: HARVEY ANDREWS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: NO DICE

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Aston University: JACK BRUCE BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BOSTON Folk Club at the Copper Kettle: BOLD RODNEY
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: CHARLIE
BRIGHTON Dome: GRAHAM PARKER AND THE RUMOUR/STATESIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASBURY JUKES
CARDIFF University: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
DONCASTER Outlook Club: NASTY POP
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: BURLESQUE
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
EXETER University: RALPH McTELL/MAGNA CARTA
FAREHAM Bugle Hotel: BILL CADDICK
HAWICK Town Hall: THE STRANGLERS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS East Ward Labour Club: TENDER TOUCH
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: BLACK SABBATH
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: WARM

FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE

LIVERPOOL Moonstone: BLUE PIG
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: WIRRAL '77 FREE FESTIVAL
LONDON ACTON King's Head: JOHNNY G's B'ZERKO
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SPECIAL BREW
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MARKIT
LONDON EALING Teachers Centre: BULLY WEE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: MOMENTS /EDWIN STARR
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DAVE EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE
LONDON Marquee Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND/MOTORS
LONDON North East Polytechnic: JOHNNY COPPIN
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: STEFAN GROSSMAN/SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: IGGY POP
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester CASTLE: KOSSAGA
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshead: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LOUGHBOROUGH College of Education: NEIL ARDLEY
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: AC/DC
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: BAND CALLED 'O'
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: NO DICE
PRESTON Guildhall: WURZELS
PRESTON New Britannia Inn: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
SHEFFIELD University: PROCOL HARUM/HERON
STAFFORD Top of the World: JACK THE LAD
ST. ALBANS City Hall: DOCTORS OF MADNESS-/PAT TRAVERS BAND
STOKE King's Hall: BUSTER
SUTTON COLDFIELD Boldmere Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
TOLWORTH Toby Jug: THE DAMNED
UCKFIELD Youth Club: TOM ROBINSON BAND

TUESDAY

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: BURLESQUE
ABERTILLERY Rose Hayward Club: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
ABERTILLERY Six Bells: DIRTY TRICKS
BARNSTABLE Chequers Club: NO DICE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE STRANGLERS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: JAN AKKERMAN — KAZ LUX BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BLACKBURN Horden Raike Inn: BRIAN DEWHURST
BRISTOL Colston Hall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / STATESIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
CARDIFF Top Rank: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: THE HEROES
EDINGBURGH Usher Hall: WURZELS
GLASGOW Tiffany's: CALEDONIA
HARROW Tithe Farm House: SMITH
HUNGERFORD Football Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LANCASTER University: JACK BRUCE BAND
LEEDS Trinity & All Saints College: JOHNNY COPPIN
LEEDS University: MARTIN SIMPSON
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: WOLF
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JOHNNY THUNDER'S HEARTBREAKERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TREVOR WATT'S AMALGAM
LONDON ENFIELD Middlesex Polytechnic: BANDIT-/TOBY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: FABULOUS POODLES
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LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MOTORS
LONDON Marquee Club: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD Troubadour Club: "KICKING MULE" SHOW with JOHN JAMES / BOB HADLEY / TOM PALEY / HAPPY TRAUM
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: GORILLAS / CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: FLYING ACES
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: HOLLIES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: HIGH ON THE HOG
MANCHESTER CHORLTON Oaks Hotel: ASWAD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM Polytechnic: DEAF SCHOOL
PORTSMOUTH Union House: THERAPY
SHEFFIELD City Hall: URIAH HEEP / U-BOAT
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: OSCAR PETERSON
ST. ALBAN'S City Hall: WARM
SUTTON COLDFIELD The Crown: STAGE FRIGHT
WORCESTER Bankhouse: BUSTER

WEDNESDAY

ABERYSTWYTH University: DEAF SCHOOL
BASILDON Towngate Theatre: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIRGO
BRADFORD University; SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BRIGHTON Top Rank: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CARDIFF Capital Theatre: BLACK SABBATH
CHATHAM Central Hall: GEORGE HAMILTON IV / MELBA MONTGOMERY / PETE SAYERS
COVENTRY Warwick University: FLYING ACES
DORCHESTER Clay Pigeon: CHRIS BARBER BAND
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: WURZELS
GRIZEDALE Theatre in the Forest: YETTIES
KEELE University: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / PAT TRAVERS BAND
LEEDS University: PROCOL HARUM / HERON
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BEN
LONDON CHELSEA College: WARREN HARRY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: VIBRATORS / DIAMOND LIL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE JAM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: MIKE KAHN BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON MORDEN The Rose: BRANDY
LONDON PENTONVILLE RD. The Bell: THE DAMNED
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ROGER WILLIAMSON BAND
LONDON University College: BILL CADDICK
LONDON W.1. Gulliver's Club: EDWIN STARR
MANCHESTER University: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
NEWCASTLE City Hall: URIAH HEEP / U-BOAT
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: DIRTY TRICKS
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: WARM
NORWICH East Anglia University: NASTY POP
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: JOBE ST. DAY
OSSETT Masons Arms: BRIAN DEWHURST
OXFORD New Theatre: JAN AKKERMAN — KAZ LUX BAND
PLYMOUTH Castaways: PAUL BURNETT / ULTRAVOX
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
READING University: KITES
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
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WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: THE STRANGLERS / SNEAKERS
WATFORD The Hartspring: "KICKING MULE" tour with JOHN JAMES / TOM PALEY / BOB HADLEY / HAPPY TRAUM
WOLVERHAMPTON: Lafayette: CITY BOY
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Week from Sunday
CHARNOCK RICHARD Park Hall: GARY GLITTER
Week from Sunday
DERBY Bailey's: RAIN
Thursday for three days
FARNWORTH Blighty's Club: DEL SHANNON
Wednesday (9) for three days
HARROGATE Gallop Inn: DAVE BERRY & THE CLEVELAND COUNTY BAND
Week from Monday
HULL Bailey's: BIG JOHN'S ROCK'N'ROLL CIRCUS
Thursday for three days
LONDON ENFIELD Starlight Rooms: TONY CHRISTIE Thursday for three days
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: GENE PITNEY
Week from Monday
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: TASTY
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STOKE Jollees: ROY ORBISON
Week from Monday

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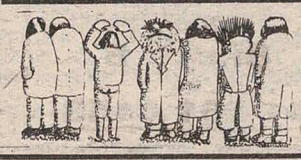

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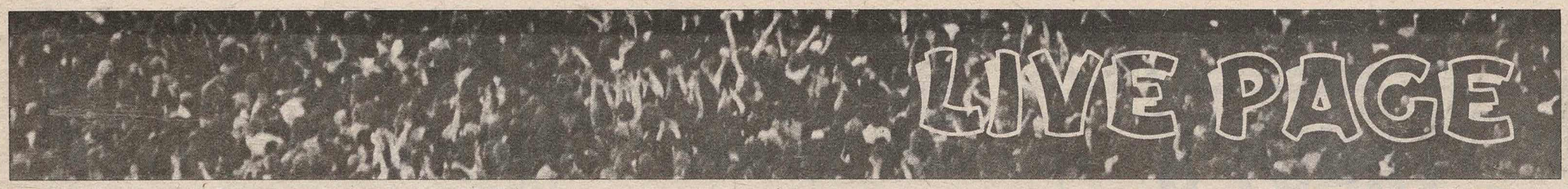

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SPOT ON

Squeeze

BRECKNOCK

I JUST CAUGHT the end of Squeeze's set when they played support to The Pirates (who were a total knockout, by the way) at The Nashville and that was enough to get me down to The Brecknock in Camden for them the following Wednesday. They are five guys all around 20-21 years, with a New Wave look but without the musical amateurishness of a lot of other such outfits.

They're tight and professional, with a good thick furry R&Bish sound (but with a decidedly pugnacious hard rock attack) and a refreshing-lack of the treble overkill that characterises many of the other New Wavers, so you can hear the vocals a lot better. I didn't in fact manage to pick up much lyric on one hearing, but they *looked* quite witty, if you know what I mean . . .

The front line comprises Glenn Tilbrook on pretty nifty lead and vocals (he also writes most of the "melodies"), Chris Difford on heavy rhythm (he broke his *fourth!* string near the end of the set) & vocals (he's responsible for most of the lyrics), and Julian Holland, whose ching-ching piano gives them a distinctive sound on their more aggressive numbers. He can also roll out some great boogie woogie on numbers like "Down The Road Apiece" or "Boogie Woogie Country Girl" (which are just two of the large repertoire of "non-originals" they can do as well as their own), and he sings 'em great too. All three handle vocals well, solo or in unison.

These three — all cropped hair, black gear, shades, and not a square inch of brushed denim between them — have been together since they first started two or three years ago shortly after leaving school down in SE London, Greenwich/Blackheath way.

Holding all this down on bass is Harry Kakoulli from Camden — black teeshirt, shades, Tony Curtis (now *there* was a punk and he's into Carlos Castandea now . . .) coiffure, the New York mugger of contemporary folklore as popularised by Lou Reed of Syracuse University . . . and the hilarious Gilson Lavis, who not only drums great but handles a large family of tomtoms with a lot of stick-twirling and face-pullling up on his stool every so often to remonstrate like some epileptic grizzly with the other guys or the audience. Good to see a musician who knows you're out there.

So go and see 'em and buzz jelly-babies at 'em , because they're only just not starving right now — although I expect to see things looking up for them pretty soon.

Geoff Hill

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The Damned

LEEDS UNIVERSITY

RAT SCABIES swats venomously over his kit, like a man trying to pin down a ground sheet in a hurricane. Grimacing sometimes, sometimes grinning.

Captain Sensible isn't sensible at all, he's wearing a yellow plastic hard-hat with an amber flashing light on top. He stomps back and forth, stopping to sing back-up vocals, close to the mike, even with the mike in his mouth occasionally. He plays his bass brute-like and loud.

Brian James is probably the most ominously aggressive personality on stage. He doesn't seem to have the in-built safety valve of self-depressive humour that the others have; almost as though he takes himself seriously. His guitar playing is a continuous trebly buzz, a merciless powerslide of gilt-edged riffs and half formed solos.

Hunched into what appears to be a mal-fitting donkey jacket is Dave Vanian. All glossed back hair, pit shaft eyes and skinny leg jeans. looking for all the world like a sexless spectre from an Isherwood nightmare who's fallen on hard times in pre-war Berlin.

He slinky-creeps round the stage, very fast, staring into the audience, occasionally swinging on the hangman's noose that dangles above Rat's drums. Oh yeah, and he sings also. He sings, or rather vocalises, in a toneless, bottomless monotone, seemingly oblivious to all the recognised niceties and subtleties adopted by the more main stream rock vocalists.

Over the last few years I've witnessed more gigs than I can remember, some good and some bad, but not once have I seen a band that turned my head around so abruptly; they wiped me out; did me in and converted a cynic.

Actually, I was a little nervous about making an appearance at the gig. I've read the articles, the reviews and those stories ... Fascists, rampant anarchists, bitten off ear lobes, chicks blinded, vicious thugs lusting for blood, plastic trousers. Badness incarnate. Sweet Jesus, what the hell's happening to this country?

Only it wasn't like that. There was definitely a spectacular amount of overdress present, fashion wise, but everybody was real friendly and I felt absolutely at ease. Good fun.

John Hamblett

JAZZ DIARY

THE CEDAR WALTON QUARTET is currently on at Ronnie Scott's. Meanwhile, the Nice Jazz Festival has started taking bookings for its 7-17th July tear-up. This year's cast includes **Count Basie's Kansas City 7, Dizzy Gillespie Quartet, Muddy Waters, Thad & Mel, Brubeck, Mingus** and **Wallace Davenport's New Orleans Jazz Band. Cab Calloway** will be M.C. for a package entitled 'Harlem on Parade', featuring the music of **Ellington, Basie** and **Lunceford** in the '20's and '30's. Also on hand will be **John Faddis, Billy Harper, Kathy Stobart, Bruce Turner, Tony Coe, Jaws, Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, Budd Johnson, Buddy Tate** and **Arnett Cobb.** Contact David Balfry & B&C Travel for the cheapest package tour, 5a Chapel Street, Stratford-upon-Avon, CV37 6ES. On 2nd March **Pacific Eardrum** are playing at the Phoenix, Cavendish Square. **Dexter Gordon** is at 7 Dials on 3rd and **Jabula** at Battersea Town Hall on 4th. The **Dave Mitchell Quintet** will be playing at the Star & Garter, Putney on Saturday 5th.

A new jazz venue, 'Jazz at the Bedford' opens on 5th March at The Bedford, Bedford Hill, Balham. Kick off at 7.30, every Saturday and Sunday, with **Stan Tracey's Octet** on Saturday and **Jeff Clyne's Turning Point** the following evening, 6th. The Cellar Jazz Club at the Old Town Hall, High Street, Hemel Hempstead re-opened on 24th February, and continues every Thursday with the **Saville Row Band** with guest soloists.

Platform are having to cut down on their activities due to financial losses. They are possibly featuring **Dexter Gordon** on 1st March, and definitely the **National Youth Jazz Orchestra** on 25th at the George Square Theatre, which will be televised.

Stan Kenton's "Greatest Hits" has been re-issued by Capitol, including "The Peanut Vendor", "Artistry In Rhythm" and "Eager Beaver". From ECM, drummer **Edward Vesala's** "Satu", featuring trumpeter **Tomasz Stanko** and **Terje Rypdal.**

Sonet are keeping up the good work with **Vic Dickenson** playing **Bessie Smith,** "Trombone Cholly". **Frank Wess** and **Joe Newman** also in attendance.

Brian Case

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JAZZ DIARY

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Sounds called them "one of the best new bands to surface in the last year." and went on to say that "their success is totally deserved too..." Nice of them.

The review finished by saying "... and for those of you still naive enough to believe that bands make it on merit alone, Racing Cars are a hefty piece of evidence for that belief."

So try and stop a Racing Cars album soon.

And maybe get in front of them for a gig.

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ROCKPILE DRIVES OUTTA ROCKFIELD

(Earthquakes, tornadoes, Nick Lowe, etc.)

Dave Edmunds' Rockpile

THE NASHVILLE

FOR A MAN who's been a lurker on the threshold of rock stardom since 1968, Dave Edmunds has preserved a near perfect anonymity, the result not only of his infrequent live appearances but also of his chameleon-like changes of identity on vinyl. Popping out of nowhere every year or so with a hot new 45 radically different in sound from all previous releases, rarely giving interviews and living a reclusive existence in rural Wales . . . he's a mystery man alright.

But by shunning the limelight so successfully Edmunds has built up such a mystique that London's Nashville was packed to the seams last week when Rockpile (his first working outfit since the break-up of Love Sculpture) played the opening date of their Monday night residency.

Many of those lined up against the bar had clearly come for no other purpose than reviving memories of "I Hear You Knockin'," and they got their money's worth when the band ground out a gritty version of the old R&B chestnut mid-way through the set. Others had come out of curiosity, some even came to dance. But a highly vocal contingent were there for a chance to catch up with Stiff mainstay Nick Lowe, a man whose status as a music business legend is as secure as the front-man's.

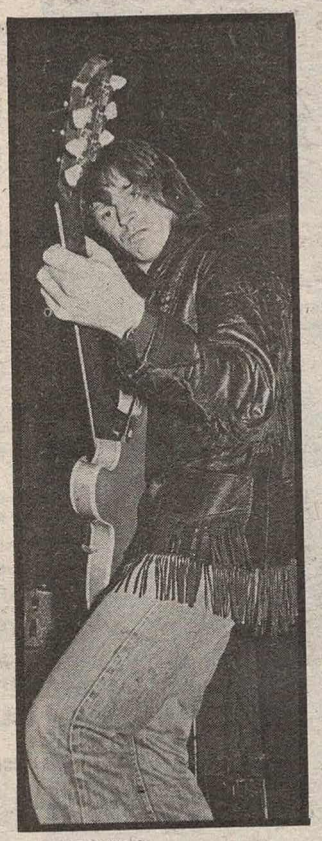
Lowe it was who took all the honours for sartorial style and dynamic stage presence, bounding on stage in a natty black two-piece with narrow lapels and drainpipe strides, a skinny schoolboy tie establishing the bassist/producer's strong links with the New Wave. He continued to be the vocal point of visual interest throughout the evening, and he was at the heart of the sound too, pounding out high-tensile bass runs which welded with Terry Williams' revivalist tub thumping to form a block-solid layer of rhythm over which Edmunds and co-guitarist Billy Bremner (equally bulldogish in appearance as his namesake) poured white-hot guitarwork.

The combined effect was such an adrenalin rush that the blood was pounding in my ears by the time Rockpile returned for a second, genuinely in-demand encore and tore into Graham Parker's angry "Back To Schooldays". Almost too much to take, then, when Parker himself leapt onstage, grabbed a hand-mike and took it even higher . . .

When the smoke had cleared the only faint regret I had was that Edmunds and Lowe had neglected some of their own top-grade compositions ("So It Goes", "Here Comes The Weekend") in favour of a host of non-originals stabbed at nightly by every band in the land ("Promised Land", "Get Out Of Denver", "Mess Of Blues" and you can guess the rest). Maybe, with the injection of a few more varied self-compositions, Rockpile will grow into a lot more than a semi-serious leisure activity for Edmunds and Lowe — it could be their ticket to ride for a mighty long time to come.

Jeff Morgan

LOWE & PARKER *Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES*



EDMUNDS

SAHB Without Alex

NEWCASTLE

LEMME TELL YOU about the adventures of Shirley and LaVerne. Ee, it's a rough, drunken crowd that meets of a midnight in Newcastle's Mecca Metropole. But the bouncers are more than a match for us, see.

Right off the bat Shirley, the SAHB's press officer, and I get denounced at the door. Obviously those gweat big powerful men know two broads ain't trying to crash such a swell place because it's their *job*. So while Shirl's looking to tell the manager a thing or two I'm hanging around watching two young girls, engaged in some kind of boozy tiff with a bouncer, being roughly dragged and booted out. "I'm gonna get the law on you, my old man's a lawman," one of them wept. Way to go, sis, you tell em.

Once in and safely huddled with the sound men upstairs, I'm thanking my stars I'm not downstairs. It's really a boys' night out, see, and the crowd is reeling in the stage-front crush. "I was quite scared," Chris Glen said afterwards. "They're tough, those little boys . . . well, *big* boys."

As it turned out, there's nought to fear with these guys running the show. Pretty tough cookies themselves, and educated in crowd control by the old headmaster Alex, between them Zal Cleminson and Glen managed to keep the hi-jinkers happy but obedient with a few well-timed stern looks and good-natured smart-ass one liners.

The big question was how well do the SAHBs hold up without Alex Harvey. To tell you the truth, I never missed him. He's inimitable and I love 'im, but doing their own material in their own, more relaxed way, the band has plenty going.

Zal, without his make-up and in charge of the droll patter between numbers, is a revelation. Looking like a punk Gordon Jackson in his tartan trousers and sash, he takes care of business with flair and aggression without any guitar hero tricks to distract attention from the force of the ensemble.

Hugh McKenna's musicianship is much more in evidence in this presentation, singing smoothly with feeling and swinging deftly from punchy moog riffs in "The Jungle Rub-Out" to sweet and purty pop in "Love You For A Lifetime".

Ted McKenna brought the house down with his drum-solo-with-a-difference.

Dynamic and hilarious, he kept up a wry commentary on what he was doing — "You know what us drummers are like" whap, thud, barum, barum, barum, "We like a lot of rolls" spiddly-diddley round the rim and back — and augmented himself with vocal effects, "ah chooga, chooga, ribetty, bap" to mucha glee from the laddies.

Without Alex they all seem to be that little bit more adventurous and necessary. As yet each of the guys tends to sound tentative on their vocals, as though they're a little inhibited or want to avoid the intense, concentrated feeling excited in a SAHB *with* you-know-who gig. The definite feeling is that they want to be a solid, hard-working band that relies on powerful interaction and melodic material rather than heavy charisma, and it's working.

Not only are their new songs impressive — particularly the dramatic "Smouldering" and the punchy, rockin' single "Pick It Up And Kick It", full of snakey bass lines from Glen — but they delivered nice vocal builds and distinctive arrangements in the Tubes' "Young And Rich" and Bowie's "Stay". The knock-out set-piece finale was the theme from the original 1933 *King Kong*, with Cleminson wringing a beautiful viola sound from his guitar.

Totally out of their heads, the audience roared "Delilah" for an encore without the band even singing a word.

It will be interesting to see what the future holds for the SAHBs and Alex. Certainly on this tour SAHB are providing the kind of reliable whoopee that makes for a good night out.

LaVerne Errigo

Ralph McTell

BRISTOL UNIVERSITY

"RALPH McTELL IS BRITAIN'S TOP SINGER/SONGWRITER! RALPH McTELL EARNS £5,000 A WEEK!!!"

The last pop performer to appear on the *Points West* TV news show was Steve Harley, so I guess Ralph McTell must be a star.

A genuine STAR yet, for he hath humility; see him mumble that there are many better songwriters than him; watch his bemused "what do you know about my accountant that I don't?" expression at the mention of enormous sums of money.

Equally surprising was the spectacle of Bristol University's Union building packed solid with steaming denim. I guess Ralph McTell must really be a big star — all these people haven't just come to see someone who's been on *Top Of The Pops* once. He obviously knows where his audience is: this current excursion is billed as A Campus Tour, and when you come to think of it, living in a 10 foot square cell in the impersonal high rise student residencies of your average red brick university is just as depressing as existing in a bed-sitter.

And make no mistake, it's bed-sitter ballads that are the potage du jour ici. They seem to fall into two main categories. Firstly and predominantly we have his romantic songs, like "From Clare To Here", "Weather The Storm", "Barges", "Let Me Down Easy", "Naomi" and "Old Brown Dog". These all feature wistful lyrics over gentle picking with catchy little sacharrine sing-along choruses, and these are the ones for the girls (who comprise at least half the audience) because it is mainly they who sing along in restrained half-whispers.

For the boys, meanwhile, we've got uptempo numbers like "Run Johnny Run" and mildly humorous songs like "Tequila Sunset" and "Sweet Mystery", which are about drinking and You (nudge, nudge) Know (wink, wink) What. Chuck in a couple of Blind Blake numbers that show you can ragtime it with the best of them, plus a song about Dylan ("Zimmerman Blues") and That Song, and ain't none o'your fans got complaints.

Ralph McTell, unaccompanied, commanded the intense attention of over 1000 students, all of whom must have felt as though they were dripping through the floorboards, for two whole hours, a sizeable achievement.

I can appreciate that he writes good songs (of that type) in a highly skilled, craftsmanlike fashion, but I was bored. The old and new songs tended to sound too indistinguishable, and the prevailingly mellow mood did not alleviate the tension between bum and floor. I longed for something unexpected and imaginative, the kind of creative energy that makes John Martyn so compelling to watch.

Towards the end. as my mind wandered hither and thither, it struck me it all could easily be a University gig ten years ago. McTell has perfectly captured the super-serious, naive romantoptimism of that period and is now handing out highly refined shots of the stuff to the large number of people who still believe you should say it with flowers.

David Housham.

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239 OFFICIAL GOOD IN BED EMBLEM

LIPSMAKIN
THIRSTQUENCHIN
GUTROTTIN
BRAINDAMAGIN
TEETHEATIN
BLINDMAKIN
NAUSIACREATIN
WINDGIVINSOUL
DESTROYIN
STOMACHTURNIN
COOLFIZZIN

126. LIPSMAKIN

238. CHICAGO

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142. SANTANA

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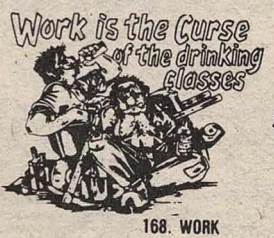

168. WORK

188. PRODUCT

517. TRUCKIN'

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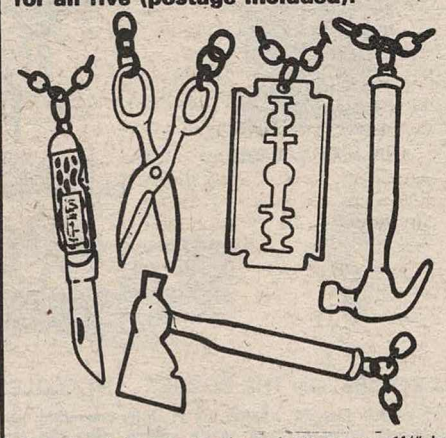
Pendants only 55p each to clear or £2 for all five (postage included).



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SOUTHERN COMFORT

538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

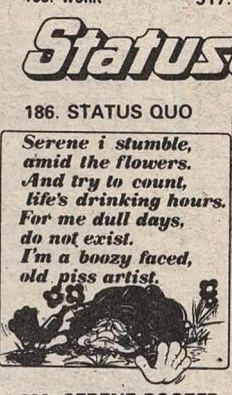
125. VULTURES

167. JOIN THE ARMY

134. GENESIS

612. PATCH

528. APOLLO



186. STATUS QUO

229. SERENE BOOZER

111. NEWCASTLE BROWN

663. COOL (FONZIE)

214. BIONIC COCK

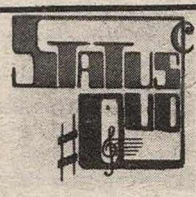
JOIN THE AIR FORCE
FLY OVER DIFFERENT COUNTRIES
LOOK DOWN
ON FRIENDLY WAVING PEOPLE
AND DROP BOMBS ON THEM
219. JOIN AIRFORCE

506. STATUS QUO

650 CHOKED

159. BEETHOVEN

175. UNION JACK



135. STATUS QUO

CONTENTS untouched by human hands
CERTIFIED all moving parts in working order

224. WINGS

JOIN THE NAVY
SAIL TO FAR OFF DISTANT PORTS
MEET PASSIONATE ORIENTAL BEAUTIES
AND CATCH
EMBARRASSING EXOTIC DISEASES

222. JOIN THE NAVY

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

GUARANTEED PURE

129. CONTENTS

FLY UNITED

132. FLY UNITED

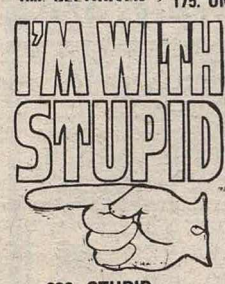
215. SING IN MORNING

227. MILCH TRAY

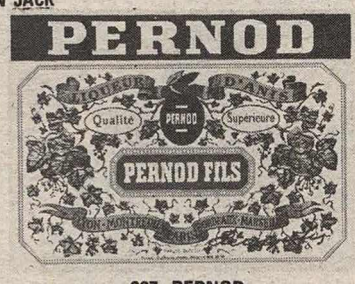
220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN



680. STUPID



667. PERNOD

200. NAZARETH

148. LED ZEP

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION, CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.

232 REALITY

677. SUPERSIGN

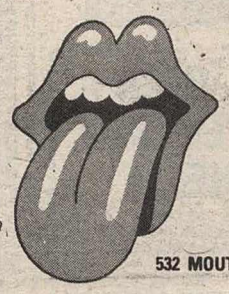
169. EAGLE

174. FOX

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. 'Cause I am the meanest Son of a Bitch that ever walked in the valley.....

143. SON OF A BITCH

653. STARSKY & HUTCH



532 MOUTH

115. BLACK SABBATH

234. THIN LIZZY

674. OSTRICH

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Procol Harum

EDINBURGH

YOU COULD never accuse Procol Harum of over-exposing themselves to the British public. This long overdue tour marks a welcome attempt on their part to re-establish themselves in the nation's collective consciousness. There is also, surprise, surprise, a new LP to be aired and a new member to be introduced.

Let's take the new material first, which took up a good half of the set. To be frank, I wasn't all that impressed with it — but it was, after all, a first hearing, and new Procol material always takes time to settle; witness the vastly underrated "Exotic Birds And Fruit". But they continue to tread their own distinctive path with a bit more solidity than the rather flimsy "Procol's Ninth".

The rest of the set came from their treasure chest of oldies — "Conquistador", "Beyond The Pale", "Grand Hotel" (complete with Palm Court section), "Pandora's Box", "Unquiet Zone" (including Barrie Wilson's multi-rhythmed drum solo) and "Salty Dog".

The encores were firstly the new single "Wizard Man", and a hoedown, "This Old Dog", and secondly a string of rock-'n'roll oldies as the audience refused to let them go — "Roll Over Beethoven", "Long Tall Sally", "Jailhouse Rock" and "Oh Black Joe". And you thought Procol Harum, were pedestrian . . .

The only possible way to stop was to dust off "Whiter Shade Of Pale" again. But here's one for the Believe It Or Not Dept: Gary Brooker actually got the words wrong after the number of times he must have sung that song!

Now for the new member — on keyboards, Pete Solley, a name that will bring a smile to those who remember that ace original Terry Reid trio. This man is an astute acquisition. He slotted right in, and his excellent synthesiser work is a fine foil to Brooker and Mick Grabham. Talking of Grabham, he must be the most underrated quitarist this side of the Zambesi — and probably the other side as well. Definitely one of the most powerful but tasteful axemen on the boards.

I have certainly heard them play better, but at no stage could they be said to be poor, and it was vastly enjoyable. The band evidently enjoyed it too — they played for 2¼ hours.

It's unfortunate that Procol Harum's lack of appearances has let them become saddled with a grandiose "Grand Hotel" type image, but this tour should rectify all that. Their music demands some effort and attention from the audience — commodities in short supply it seems — and they are not the easiest band to get into.

Mike Heron's new band Heron supported, and I've heard far worse headlining bands. This is about as far removed as you could imagine from the ISB — real mainstream rock but imaginatively so, and heavily scored for the electric guitar and synthesiser. The potential is tremendous.

Ian Cranna

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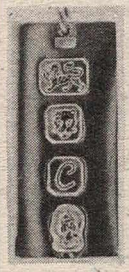

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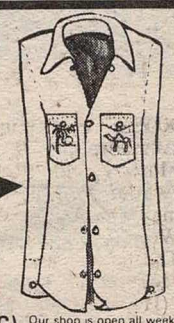

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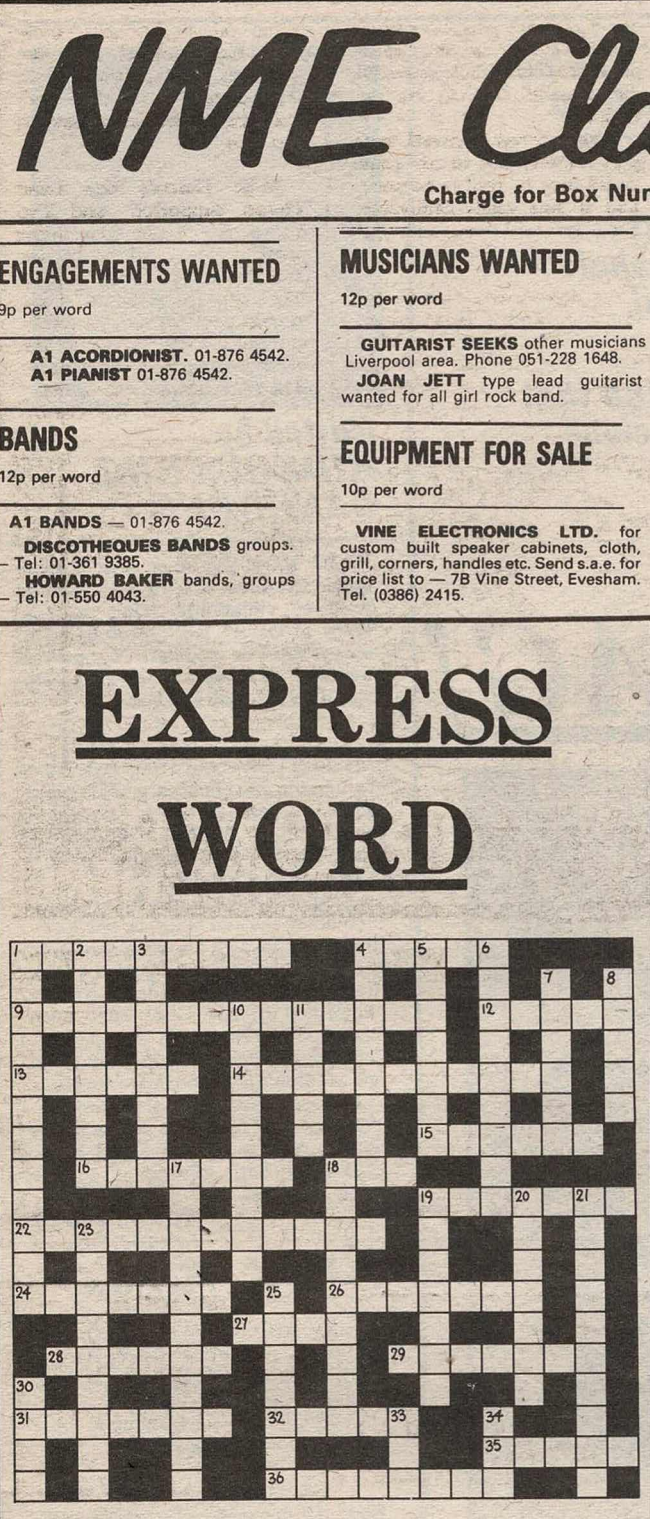

ACROSS

1 In early '70s, one of several U.S. songwriters lumbered with "tag new Dylan" (4,5)
4 & 36 Joe Egan was his other half in Stealers Wheel
9 Ranks alongside Smokey, Sam Cooke etc as a major innovative force in soul (6,8)
12 Descriptive of a guitarist in decline?
13 See 7
14 Breton harpist (4,7)
15 See 8
16 See 25
18 & 19 down After abortive Tempest, he re-formed Colosseum in summer '75
19 A No 1, and Beatles' first Lit " on Apple (3,4)
22 Faces live album — it was subtitled 'Overture And Beginners" (5,2,5)
24 Former Fab Four's former manager
26 & 11 Murdered us softly with her song
27 Mother of Sean, wife of John
28 Ms Mitchell's latest
29 Now solo, and obviously on the side of the angels
31 First line up was Stevie, Jim, Dave, Chris
32 C&W starlet
35 B. Holly/Crickets 45, also title of a '50s U.K. pop TV show (2,3)
36 See 4 across

DOWN

1 Arranger for Phil Spector during vintage years, he was also with Crazy Horse and has played with Neil Young (4,8)
2 Second album "The Train" was based on ancient Irish myth
3 One of last appearances before suicide in April '76 was Chile benefit gig with Bob Dylan (4,4)
4 Burton Cummings, Randy Bachman and Dom Troiano were all members at various times (5,3)
5 See 30
6 Possibly the most-covered Mop Tops' ballad
7 & 13 Outlaw C&W star out of Texas
8 & 15 One of the ones who left 10cc
10 Clear pain (anag. 4,5)
11 See 26
17 Little Richard r&r classic (5,6)
18 Formerly of Alan Bown and the Butts Band (4,5)
19 See 18 across
20 Instrumental hit for East Of Eden (3,1,3)
21 Lego fodder (anag. 2,8)
23 The former troubadour of bed-sitter land, currently enjoying success in USA (2,7)
25 & 16 Bonnie, Ruth, Anita and June
30 & 5 Signed D. Riot (anag. 4,7)
33 One-hit Wondered with "How Long"
34 U-/.../C

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 8 "Wings Over America"; 9 "Night Moves"; 10 "Romeo"; 11 Arthur Brown; 13 "(Leaving On A) Jet Plane"; 16 Wet (Willie); 17 Argent; 19 The Shadows; 23 Ralph McTell; 25 Ian Gillan; 26 "(Honky Tonk) Woman; 28 Gram (Parsons); 29 "Your Song". **DOWN:** 1 "A Night On The Town"; 2 Bob Marley; 3 (John) Denver; 4 Tams; 5 Peter (Frampton); 6 Bill Medley; 7 Parsons; 8 "Wind And Wuthering"; 12 Nona (Hendryx); 14 Poco; 15 Eric Stewart; 18 "(Honky) Tonk (Woman)"; 20 Harris; 21 "Delilah"; 22 Slim; 24 "Honky (Tonk Woman)"; 27 Anne.

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PART ONE:

Armageddon, Cosmic Noise, and the Sound of the Supermarket

IT'S GETTIN' a bit like *Waiting For Godot*, this waiting for the Rock 'n' Roll Messiah business. Same old star/superstar/hyper-star charade — build them up just to bring them down.

Now the latest phase is to create a whole new rock 'n' roll movement: punk rock.

It's an obvious step; students of history will realise that mass movements (Nationalism, Liberalism, Socialism) have played a greater part in shaping our destinies than "Great Men" (Bismarck, Lincoln, Churchill). Apply the same thinking to rock music, and we've Merseybeat, white British rhythm-and-blues, San Francisco acid rock, L.A. soft rock, and now punk rock from London.

Rock 'n' roll sociologists will notice that the correct ingredients are there: a potential mass youth movement in the unemployed school leavers who've been held as a sacrifice to the I.M.F. to save the country's economic system — plus a chart saturated with disco-dreck and advertising jingles.

But of course it isn't really like that, it's just the NME going over the top, giving saturation coverage to any bunch of kids who form a "punk rock" band.

Naturally the music is terrible. They haven't been given time to develop outside the media eye, unlike the Beatles and the Stones. "Last week we were out of work and on the streets, and now we've got a record contract."

Even if the punk rock musicians *do* make it, they'll be too busy trying to avoid paying their taxes, and writing stream-of-unconsciousness lyrics, to bother leading revolutions . . . cos, when you're rich, the system ain't so bad right?

Isn't it about time we brushed aside all the media hype, all these adolescent Rock Dreams, saw what's on the end of our forks, and looked at the man with the chain-saw straight in the eye?

ESTRAGON 'N' VLADIMIR, Essy-in-Ossy

Hold on, hold on. Right. Sussed. Bleedin' intellectual, I presume. You got a nerve coming round here with that toffee-nosed crap. This is a PEOPLE'S paper, right? Now look. Rock 'n' roll will stand. It always has and it always will. It's no more irrelevant today than it ever has been. And what we don't need round here is bleedin' flash intellectual poseurs telling us that rock 'n' roll is mainly a mass-producing consumer industry and an instrument of capitalist repression. Even if it is. At least it's OUR mass-producing consumer industry. Right? Right. Buy on, bro.

IN YOURS and other magazines/newspapers, there have been words bandied about the remarks that various "new wave" personalities have made. Most of these words have been written by "faded hippies". Here's one to redress the balance a little.

First — to quote from *The Lone Groover* a while back: "There's no constructive anger, no anti-establishment movement . . . today's thing is nihilism."

This sums up what punk, new wave, call it what you will, is all about.

I think everybody is agreed that rock had stagnated by 1974/5 and that 1975, with a few notable exceptions, was musically no-go. "Punk" was a reaction against this: a re-assertion of musical dynamics.

Rock can be seen to be passe by the fact that so many rock bands had turned to "mixed media" presentation or classical rip offs. O.K., so it can be argued that rock must absorb other styles to progress; when, however, bands turn to other styles to disguise an inherent flaw (i.e. boredom) things are getting out of hand.

Why don't these hippies accept the fact that their type of music is anachronistic — a dinosaur in 1977. Accept the inevitability of action/reaction.

O.K., if you members of "the Woodstock generation" want to listen to your music, you can. I'd rather listen to power chords and basic drumming than someone playing silly buggers on synthesisers and improvising masturbatory guitar sounds. We want to hear about things that we can associate with, i.e. dole queues, glue sniffin' and deviant sex.

You may like to listen to lyrics about peace and love. Okay — except for one thing: it ain't real and never will be.

What was it Lennon said about the middle classes getting in on rock via the Beatles and he was sorry for it? Also, who uttered those truths about hippies in Britain coming out in the summer of '67 and going back in again in the autumn?

It looks as though the tattered remnants of '67 are just crawling out of the woodwork. Let's hope they crawl back again soon.

You — faded, dandruff-encrusted hippies — may get fooled again; we won't.

P.S. Thanks, NME, for making a stand on our behalf (sometimes).

PAUL IRRESPONSIBLE, Poet Laureate of the Blank Generation.

Right!!! Love and peace — what a shambles, eh? These hippies'll believe anything. They're like sheep, they are. Not that I dislike sheep myself, I do. Very much. In fact I have to agree with you totally about the things we want to hear about being things we can associate with. Rock 'n' roll has *always* been about queues, glues, and screwin' ewes. It always will be.

I AM writing to sort out Neil Spencer who last week described the Bakunin quote — "the urge to destroy is also a creative urge" — as a *negative* statement. All Mr. Bakunin was suggesting was that a transitionary phase of nihilism may well be necessary.

Anyone who can seriously think that the replacement of existence controlled completely by a government or institution is preferable to a life dictated only by one's own conscious, needs the contents of their skull removed.

If you want a really ideologically sound group, try Henriques Vache.

WILLIAM GILONIS, London

Absolutely. I totally agree. Rock 'n' roll is not dead, it just smells funny. However, if by Henriques Vache you mean Henry Cow, I saw them and they're a bunch of bleedin' posey intellectuals who know nothing about anarchy in the U.K. '77, though tons about Michael Bakunin, whoever he might be. I think your sentence beginning "Anyone who can seriously think" and ending "needs the contents of their skull removed" is great and I recommend all our readers to examine it carefully and, if possible, commit it to memory.

THOSE WHO have ears to hear let them hear. I, personally, think it pathetic that your *Gasbag* page has again become a battleground for paranoid individuals who believe that by defending their narrow musical (?) tastes they have something constructive to offer.

On this occasion we have the Love Squad versus the New Wave (or so-called "punk") bands and, like every other squabble that's taken place via *Gasbag*, if it isn't replaced soon by some constructive letters it will continue ad finitum.

Fascism!! Revolution!! Anarchy!! Social Apathy!!

Pshaw!!

Yours is a music paper. If I want to read politics, the last place I expect it to be is in your weekly. *(It's the last place you'll find it, bub — Ed.)*

It's only rock 'n' roll but I like it. Anything from Grateful Dead to Steve Hillage and from Mike Nesmith to Talking Heads.

So why stir the muck? If a person likes The Damned and you can't understand why, put the tabla away for a moment and have a good listen — at the music — forget the ideals for a minute and enjoy the sounds. Think of all that added music you'll benefit from. It's mind expanding man — wow!!

PAUL.

Hold on! Everything you do is a political action — from buying paperbacks on Michael Bakunin to sitting on the john, staring at the patterns in the wallpaper. If you think about it, we're all oppressed. All roles are cages and it's well past time to burst out and sniff some glue! This letter strikes me as coming from a geezer with his head firmly screwed on, as they say. He knows what he likes and he's prepared to pay considerable sums of money to get it. Why stir the shit, indeed? Ideals — *out!* Sounds — *in, in, in!*

HOW CAN PEOPLE be so smug?? I'm referring to the old hippies' bland reaction to the new wave. Can't people see that it's exactly the right kick up the arse that was so needed in rock?

Everything had stagnated to such an extent in '75-early '76, that so-called "rock fans" were listening to fuckin' Glenn Miller!!! And remember Farren shitting his load about the state of rock and praying for a new MC5?

I don't regard myself as a punk, man, I mean, I've sat in the shit with a crunched brain at many a free festival and I have my hair down to my tits, but I know what I dig man, man, and as far as I can see —

Oh shut up.

PART TWO:

Blades Out! — Readers Rip Our Flesh

WHILST LISTENING to Nicky Horne's show the other night, I happened to hear young Nick remark that the Floyd's Roger Waters had told him that "the people who buy Wing's records are the same people that buy Abba's records" (obviously a reference to the W. H. Smith's M.O.R. set).

Although I have no love for either of these combos I thought, Christ! What a cheek. Who the hell does Waters reckon buys Floyd albums?

I bet more than a few Abba fans whipped out to pick up a copy of the atrocious "Animals".

Indeed, was it not Waters who master-minded the classic M.O.R. album of all times with "Dark Side Of The Moon", an album I have heard piped into cocktail lounges on more than one occasion (not that I frequent such establishments).

Finally, just to add a bit of fire to next week's mail, may I just nominate a few more notables to this M.O.R. category — viz., Elton John, Mike Oldfield, Stevie Wonder, Tangerine Dream, Moody Blues and Genesis.

MARK B. London

Right on, right on. Though you are surely wrong about the Floyd who, despite being phoney middle-class intellectual fat-cats, are still a great band — as witness the incredible amount of "product" and concert-tickets they still manage to "shift". "Animals" is, in my opinion, a total masterpiece. It reflects a reality that we can all associate with — a total brained-out nihilistic materialism, right? And Waters' lyrics are just so *well-written.*

IN MY VIEW the February 26 issue of NME contains a disgraceful comment on the forthcoming Sinatra concerts.

I am not rich and neither am I stupid and frankly I take exception to the comment printed. It is not for your publication to pass judgement on the musical taste of rich or poor.

Whether the talent be Sinatra or Maria Callas, Fitzgerald or Sammy Davis, exceptional talent has always been in demand.

Has your journalist equal talent?

R. G. C. PLUMMELL, Bickley, Kent

I'm not rich either. Had you thought whether our journalist had EQUAL PAY? Have you ever *seen* a dole queue (let alone heard a punk band in a "live" situation)? What do you know of talent? Rock'n'roll has also always been in demand. That proves nothing. Anyway, Scott Fitzgerald was a writer, not a singer.

CRASSBAG!

OK you intellectuals out there. You've had it soft and nice on this page for a long time. And some of us think: too long.

Some of us, in fact, think that it's time for a total rethink of this whole posey middle-class white liberal playground.

Some of us, as it happens, think that it's long past time for the auspicious ass-shakin' inauguration of street-walkin', jive-talkin', razor-totin'

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

Edited by HIDEOUS BILL GANGRENE

MY LETTER about Friars Aylesbury (printed in your February 12 ish) sure stirred up some trouble. Gangs of club-wielding Weekend Hippies are roaming the streets looking for me. Constructive Criticism???!

I expect you've had a lot of letters defending the evil place, as one local-promoter has told his congregation to write, but I still stand by what I said. Saturday's Greenslade concert confirmed it. My God! They even clapped the drum solo! One particularly long-haired individual then told me he didn't like Roogalator because they were a cheap copy of the Stones.

If any one wants to argue about this, I can usually be found in an Aylesbury bar, spitting at anyone from *Zig-Zag*.

JOHN WYCLIFFE Leighton Buzzard

The word is "gobbing", actually. Apart from that, I totally agree.

THERE ARE New Wave supporters, old hippie supporters (facing relegation), Funk fans, Boogie Boys, Jazz Freaks, Country Rockers . . .

The music biz is beginning to look like the football league.

ALAN, London

What do you mean *"beginning* to"?

RICHARD NEVILLE's writing for Punk? Oh, *Punch*. I see.

A. HILTER, Fuehrerbunker, Berlin.

Right, right. A typical lice-infested hippie sell-out. He's had his revolution and now he sits back, working for the establishment and laughing at OURS. Our *revolution*, that is. Let's get one thing straight. It's too late to stop now. We want to degenerate and nobody's going to stop us. Rock'n'roll will never die, everybody knows that. Rock'n'roll has, after all, *always existed* in one form or another. Caligula, Genghis Khan, Dr. Crippen — they were all rock'n'roll artists when it came down to it. So nothing changes and nothing's new. If I want to stick tooth-picks through my ear-drums, I will — and nothing any of you flakey old love'n'peace bleeders is going to stop me.

IN REPLY to a letter in NME dated February 26, we'd appreciate it if you could print this because it has a hidden meaning for those who know us:

We would like to contribute one bumblebee and on quarter ounce to your fanzine "Sniffin' Flowers". Please contact us at A.B.L. C.L.S.

THE MAD PERNOD DRINKERS

Who said that punk lacked a vibrant mythopoeic ecology of the imagination?

NOW YOU GUYS gotta help me out! Coz you're a big-shot music paper and IN THE KNOW! I'm an American expatriate burning around Europe and need some down-home nowness to relieve my historical overload! So bend my ear as to the latest bizarre depravity undertaken by the mighty IGGY POP! — the one and only cybernetically-infolded psyche to take up this art form you and I call rock 'n' roll! The only conjurer of maniac street-level energy magic! T.V., Rimbaud's shamster ghost-daughter, The Damned and Nils are each and every one oh-so-cool and Dr. J. and the Shake King got too heavy and fall off the planet so —

Oh shut up.

TEAZERS

A WEEKLY ENCRUSTATION

SO LONG AS **Van Morrison** ain't playin' an April Fool's trick on us all — and so long as Van don't go and scrap it thereby making it the *third* finished set of tapes he's dumped — April 1 should witness the release of the man's first album since "Veedon Fleece" back in 1974.

Entitled "A Period Of Transition" (which is maybe putting it mildly), the album is co-produced by Van and **Dr. John**, who is also featured on all tracks on keyboards. With a rhythm section of drummer **Ollie Browne** and bassist **Reggie MacBride**, and one **Marlow Henderson** on guitar (in addition to *some* Rebennack fretboard work) and brass section on all seven cuts, the album is described by one who has heard it as "exceptionally relaxed". Tracks are: "Heavy Connection", "Flamingoes Fly", "You Gotta Make It Through The World", "Joyous Sound", "It Fills You Up", "Cold Wind In August" plus a very unusual workout of **Wilbert Harrison's** "Kansas City" retitled "The Eternal Kansas City"...

Can I 'it 'im now guv corner: **The Ramones** were playing at the LA Whiskey Etc when **Malcolm McLaren, S. Pistols** manager, dropped by, got into an argument with **Johnny Ramone** and got whopped by a punk punch. Johhny told our **Lisa Robinson** later that McLaren provoked him . . .

Further news on the **Pistols** is that **Sid Vicious** has replaced **Glen Matlock** on bass, and that the group is on the point of signing a new record deal. "All that remains is to put our signatures on the dotted line," McLaren told NME . . .

Rod The Mod has filed suit against Private Stock Records for five million bucks claiming that the label's "**Rod Stewart** — A Shot Of Rhythm And Blues" features cuts not authorised for release by the singer. All songs included are from Stewart's pre-Beck days...

And you don't have to be white to lose your brains: **Toots Hibbert** of Maytals fame is apparently doin' a **P. Green**. People at Island Records, Toots' label, describe him as having "a bad case of religion" and tell sordid stories of his giving away his money and requesting not to be given his royalties...

"I figured *everything* was incredibly corrupt. It'd have been a shock if I'd gotten into the music business and found out it was honest." — **F. Zappa** on his early days. (See also feature on Page 19)...

And more on men who've found God: **Eldridge Cleaver**, '60s black power king, recently appeared on US TV with Watergate casualty **Charles Colson**. Said Colson of Cleaver (both Cs being heavily in the Big G): "He's one of the men I feel closest to."...

Johhny Thunder and The Heartbreakers in Essex Studios last week cutting four tracks — "Born To Lose", "Let Go", "Chinese Rock", and "All By Myself". The as-yet unrecord companied band intend two or more of these to their first single...

Drummer **Dave Mattacks**

So we didn't have a new pic of Van Morrison. So we had to substitute. So you got any complaints?

upped and "walked out" on the **Kate And Anna McGarrigle's** tour...

The Rumour have now almost completed their own (without **G. Parker**) album...

Incidentally, **G. Parker** maintained in last Sunday's *News Of The World* that at the time The Parker Official Bootleg was recorded he didn't know the tapes were rolling. But, Graham, members of *NME* had been invited to the recording session — as Phonogram described it — weeks before...

Bruce Springsteen hanging out in Detroit with **Mitch Ryder**...

Can I 'it 'im now, guv, Part Two: Showbiz whizz-kid and record co. boss **David Geffen** and showbiz lawyer **Brian Rohan** settled a three year feud (reasons unknown) when they met at **Clive Davis'** post-Grammy brunch. Whilst **Paul Simon, Linda Ronstadt, Leonard Cohen, Barry Manilow, Eric Carmen, Peter Asher** and **Ray Davies** ('sright, the usual bunch) stood aghast in the Crystal Room at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Rohan walked up to Geffen and *pushed* him to the floor. Right in the middle of the party to. Quite took the fizz out of the champagne, *T-zers* can tell you...

Brian Eno is considering moving to Amsterdam. Of **David Bowie** and their co-work on "Low" he says, "The way he worked impressed me a lot. Because it reminded me of me ... He'd go out into the studio to do something, and he'd just come back hopping up and down and jumping about with joy. And whenever I see someone doing that I just trust that reaction. It means they really are surprising themselves."...

OOps!!! Printer's Error Creates Collectors' Item: first 2,000 copies of **Damned** debut album on Stiff/Island — have pictures of Island band **Eddie And The Hotrods** on the rear sleeve instead of Rat and the lads...

"It was like going to see **John Wayne**."— **N. Spencer** on **Jerry Lee Lewis's** Rainbow gig...

"It was like 'Waiting For Godot'."— **M. Farren** and **C. Davies** on **Jerry Lee Lewis's** Manchester and Birmingham gigs. The dynamic duo's brief was that they would spend the weekend with Jerry Lee, *you know*, like *hanging out* and being New Journalists and watching him get drunk. No problem, mate, said the record co. Unfortunately no-one told Jerry Lee. It all started to go wrong in Manchester when the security forces quit in the face of knuckle-duster wielding Teds, although it was pleasing to see Jerry playing "Great Balls Of Fire" with one hand and signing autographs with the other. Then Jerry went to his hotel room and locked himself in with his 23-year-old fifth wife-to-be. Then he travelled to Brum by limo. After having been kicked offstage at the Birmingham Odeon by a tour manager, our duo were hanging out around the stage door when who should walk by but Jerry Lee Lewis humming "Great Balls Of Fire". "Hi boys," he said, and walked past them. The two just stood there and scratched their heads...

Muppetmania!!! Viewing figures for *The Muppet Show* jumping as high at 13 million with 70-75 per cent of the audience adults. In UK alone there are now Muppet toys, clothes, jewelry, slippers, t-shirts, board games, pillow cases, pyjamas and finger puppets...

And out on the same day as the **Van Morrison** album is the "Time Loves A Hero", the **Little Feat** newie. Featuring three **Doobie Bros** (no further details), string arrangements by **Nick de Caro** and production by **Ted Templeman** (who produced the Feats, second elpee, "Sailin' Shoes"), the record was recorded in LA and Sausolito. Titles include "Rocket In My Pocket", "Day At The Races" (no connection with either the Marx Bros or Queen), "New Delhi Freight Train" and "High Roller"...

Also out the same day (on the same label, Warner And His Brothers) is "**The Beach Boys** Love You", which contains 14 tracks including "I Wanna Pick You Up", "I'll Bet He's Nice", "Let's Put Our Hearts Together" and "The Night Was So Young"...

Phil Spector went to the LA Whiskey Etc to see **The Ramones** and **Blondie.** In the dressing-room afterwards, The Legendary Phil cornered **Joey Ramone** for half an hour to say he dug him and did Joey wanna make a solo album. "Uhhh," said Joey...

Led Zep's US tour, due to begin earlier this week, postponed for four weeks as a result of **Robert Plant's** going down with tonsilitis...

Hmmm. Seems someone's been pulling a nasty on the two young ladies who tailor and sculpt ol' jumble sale clothes into elegant New Wave threads for **Clash**; the letter in *Gasbag* a fortnight back purporting to be from Alex and Krystyna was *not*, we are assured, from them at all. No offence meant, ladies. Keep up the good work with the needles and pins...

Can **Brian Turrington**, late of the much lamented **Winkies**, ring **Gary Brewer** on 01-546 0020 where he will hear something to his advantage...

To accomodate the 22 stitches on her head, battle-scarred **Pattie Smith** has had her hair cut and claims that she now looks like **Johnny Rotten.** Obviously she has brain damage too...

Labelle have knocked it on the head, called it a day, split up etc etc...

Southside Johnny (see page 25) bringing sexy sidekick **Ronnie Spector** along for his UK tour with **Graham Parker**. The Rumour's last gig, incidentally, was at Southside's Stone Pony hang-out...

Peter Gabriel currently rehearsing his noo singer-songwriter-esque act in Noo Yawk and living in a plush pad with neighbours who inclued **Kathreen Hepburn** and sonwriter **Stephen Sondheim**. He also reported as being "rather taken with **Television**. So taken with **Tom Verlaine's** bunch is he that scurrilous NY rumours suggest that they may end up supporting him on his US tour...

Gabriel, by the way, apparently considered going to live in a commune near Bath for two years to experience traditional English village life. It would've been either the commune or his solo career. The commune's name? Oh. Genesis...

When asked by the Old Bill to give his name and address, 22 year-old **Anthony Dewhurst** of Leyland, Lancs, refused, saying "I'm not telling you anything, you Gestapo pigs." Summoned to court on the charge of using insulting abusive words with intent to provoke a breach of the peace, he was acquitted and awarded £15 costs. He was told by the court that there was no legal obligation to answer the officer's question. Now you try it and see what happens...

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Supercharge's Albie Donnelly reacts adversely to hearing the tapes of the band's new album.

new MUSICAL EXPRESS

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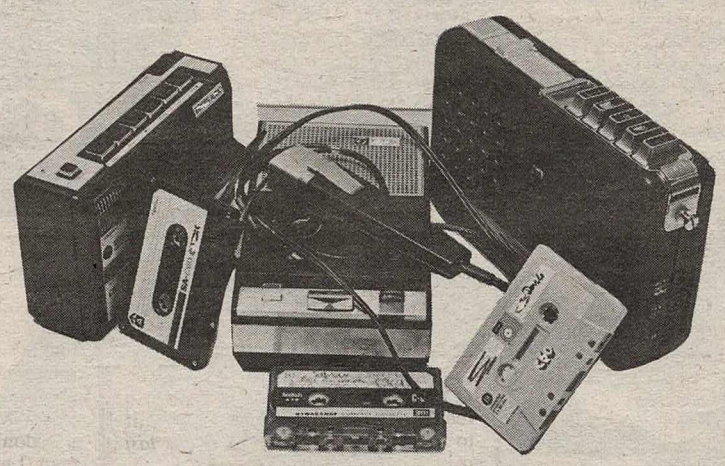
Psssst!

(NME/LASKYS BASEMENT TAPES SONG CONTEST)



OK, we figure we've got the measure of you kid; we know your type. You're the kind who's always bitching 'bout how you can pen a better toon than any of those tax-exiled superstars, right? OK, then this announcement's for you and you alone (the rest of you can start reading the Iggy Pop piece).

Aspiring songwriters is what we want. Original songs is what we want. And over coming weeks in this here magazine we'll be telling you how to send you and your toon on the way to possible stardom, and how you could win yourself some £600 worth of home studio equipment to boot. That's all we're telling you right now, because we're cunning like and want you to buy next week's paper and the one after that to find out more.

But before we go, we ought to explain the odd discoloured triangle to the right of this announcement. Read it and you'll discover that it can help you get a discount on cassettes from Laskys stores, cassettes which could be v. useful when we give you the full details of The Big Deal.

Note, though, that you're gonna need two of these little triangular patches, so keep this one and collect another next week. So cut out the voucher, start writing your song, and eat this ad. End of announcement.

NME/LASKY'S BASEMENT TAPE CASSETTE VOUCHER 1

This voucher, in addition to one other voucher (numbered 2 or 3), allows the bearer a 10% discount off the retail price of a 5 or 10 pack of Audiotronic cassettes when presented at any Lasky's store. Offer closes March 31, 1977.

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